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BOOK-LORE.

BOOK-LORE:

A Magazine devoted to Old Time Literature.



VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1887—NOVEMBER, 1887.

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW E.C.

1887.

~~VIII, 466~~
BP121.4
1887, June 7– Nov. 15.
Sewer fund.



No. 31.] [June, 1887.

BOOK-LORE:

A Monthly Magazine of Bibliography.

(With which is incorporated THE BIBLIOGRAPHER.)

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ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.
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BOOK-LORE.

"A LADYE GAYE."

ERCILDOUNE, the little Berwickshire village which sleeps on the banks of the Leader, has had more than its share of historic fame. From its quiet groves and lanes sprang St. Cuthbert, the glorious Apostle of Northumbria, and Thomas, surnamed the "Rhymer," another apostle of still greater celebrity, whose wanderings about and below the earth have been invested with the very essence of romance. It is but rarely that such a small place as Ercildoune can conjure up, within measurable distance of each other, two such spirits to bear witness to the decadence of modern cities, which can scarce produce a celebrity in several centuries; but perhaps it vomited forth its whole stock of immortality at once, leaving a future

> "Dead as the mouldering wall which Ivy propped
> Leans on its bane."

However this may be, Ercildoune is as much identified with the two celebrities above mentioned as Coldstream is with the energy and prowess of General Monk. The actors have set off the scene, strutted over the boards for a short space, and then the audience has departed, and the gas is turned down for the last time. In the silence which follows, Thomas the Rhymer somehow plays again to bare walls and empty seats, but his face is muffled, and his steps awake an echo from the grave.

It is curious, but Thomas has been a spirit for nearly seven hundred years, and Ercildoune has produced not one celebrity to take his place; therefore we say that perhaps it vomited forth its whole stock of immortality at once. Larger places have been known to do the same.

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and also in the *Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century*, printed at Edinburgh in 1804, was the

only believed in a hereafter, where men would be rewarded and punished according to their deeds on earth, but seems also to have believed in the doctrine of eternity. The effect of this mixture of religion and philosophy on his poetry was to make his writing so elaborate as to be in many places obscure and utterly incomprehensible. Sublime thoughts mingled with logical conclusions made the construction of his words involved and his sentences complicated, and has rendered translation almost an impossibility. But the greatest disadvantage under which Pindar laboured was that he was a professional poet, ready to write anything for anybody provided that he was sufficiently well paid. He himself felt that such conduct was a disgrace to poetry, and, in a seeming fit of melancholy, hints to us that he was degrading his muse; for, alluding to the older lyric poets, he writes as follows, in *Isthm.*, ii. 6 *et seq.*:

ἀ Μῶισα γὰρ οὐ φιλοκερδής πω τότ' ἦν οὐδ' ἐργάτις·
οὐδ' ἐπερνάντο γλυκεῖαι μελιθφόγγου ποτὶ Τερψιχόρας
ἀργυρωθεῖσαι πρόσωπα μαλθακόφωνοι ἀοιδαί.
νῦν δ' ἐφίητι τὸ τὼργείου φυλάξαι
ῥῆμ' ἀλαθείας ὁδὼν ἄγχιστα βαῖνον,
χρήματα χρήματ' ἀνήρ, ὃς φᾶ κτεάνων θαμὰ λειφθεὶς
καὶ φίλων.

Corinthian courtesans or tyrants of Sicily, it made no difference to him in whose honour he wrote so long as he was paid. In one poem he would excuse the habits of those ἑταῖραι who used to worship at the Temple of Aphrodite, saying that their trade was a necessity; while in another his verses would attain the highest standard of morality. So completely professional and subservient to money did he make his genius, that, acquainted as we are with the mercenary character of the dedications of some of our own poets, yet we feel disgust and contempt for the lyric verse-monger who not only bartered his art, but also his principles of religion.

With the acuteness which is in all times and ages the leading characteristic of men greedy of pay, Pindar avoided politics. None of his poems are political, a curious coincidence, when we take into consideration the spirit of these times, when domestic bickerings between rival states and intestine warfare constituted the history of the age. Once he is recorded to have committed a mistake, when he was fined by the Thebans for having termed Athens glorious (λιπαραί); but this seems to have been an oversight, and not intentional on his part. Almost invariably his patrons were rich aristocrats or wealthy rulers. He would write a poem to celebrate a victory, or any other subject of national rejoicing, but he would take care to bring in personal praise, which might be either relevant or irrelevant, but for which he would get a fee. In short, his patriotism was conspicuous by its absence. Yet his Epinikia, or hymns of victory, were the most

OLD COOKERY BOOKS AND ANCIENT CUISINE.

By WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT.

MR. HAZLITT gives in this work a historical sketch of the subject of cookery as supplied by the literature of this and other countries; he also furnishes a very complete bibliography of Cookery Books, with much curious and amusing information gleaned from them; incidentally much little-known and out-of-the-way information is supplied concerning the progress of the science of preparing food, with the gradual modification of dressing and serving it, the introduction of cooking and feeding utensils and implements; the diet of the English yeomanry and poor; the use of the public tavern and cook shop, the ancient etiquette of the table, and many other points of interest which are rarely studied, but which yield much quaint and entertaining matter.

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Gleanings in Old Garden Literature.

By WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT.

Author of "Old Cookery Books and Ancient Cuisine."

AMONG the subjects treated of in the early days of English literature, when books and readers were few, works on gardening held a respectable position; and as our literature advanced these increased constantly in number. During the 17th and 18th centuries gardening books became more numerous, and were studied principally by those who could afford to maintain gardens, and indulge in the pastime of systematic rearing and training of fruits, flowers, and vegetables.

The literature of gardening in England yields to the reader of to-day much that is entertaining and curious, and opens out a view of the ways and modes of life of our forefathers, as well as of the progress of garden culture, which is rich in quaint interest.

popular poems that he ever wrote, probably for the reason that they were the most easy to understand. This difficulty of comprehension on the part of Pindar was in fact one of the main causes of the decay of lyric poetry. The elaborate metres of themselves necessitated complication, while the subjects which he chose could only prove interesting to men of learning, and were not such as would be likely to suit the public taste, or touch the hearts of men. For it must be borne in mind that the primary requirement of any school of poetry is that it should touch the heart, and not merely the understanding.

Yet whatever faults Pindar had, it is beyond all dispute that he has kept his place amongst the leading poets of ancient Greece. One of his poems was inscribed on a stele in the temple of Jupiter Ammon at Thebes, and the Athenians honoured him with a statue, which, considering how little he wrote for Athenians, was a great tribute to his genius. It is certain, from a careful examination of his writings, that he had visited Ægina, Delphi, Olympia, Thessaly, and Argos; and it is probable that he had been, at various stages of his life, to all the great cities. His clients, for by that name we may well call his patrons, were chiefly Sicilians, Hieron of Syracuse being one of his most esteemed friends; while, strange to relate, he never wrote anything for Sparta. He was, in short, a profound master of what the Germans call the universal melic; that is to say, he was not bound down by local prejudices, but was the national lyric poet of all Hellas. Nor did he confine his genius to lyric poetry. Böckh and Müller both assert that he wrote lyrical tragedies, and their assertion is borne out by the notice in Suidas that he wrote tragedies. Mahaffy, however, dismisses this theory as unworthy of credence, so with such conflicting authorities the matter must be considered doubtful, and scholars can only console themselves with the knowledge that after all it is not a matter of much interest, though it may serve as an oasis of quibble in the dry desert of undisputed facts.

In regard to the metres used by Pindar, I cannot do better than quote the words of Professor Mahaffy, which he uses in his well-known work on the *History of Classical Greek Literature.* They are as follows: "The rhythms are divided into Dorian, Æolian, and Lydian; and the researches of the commentators have pointed out that the Dorian are chiefly dactyls and trochaic dipodies, giving a slower and more solemn movement, with which the tenor of these odes corresponds. The Æolian and Lydian are lighter in character, and the latter specially used in plaintive subjects. Why the metres should vary with the quality of the scales employed is a matter for which we can now see no solid reason; and, indeed, we are told that Dorian melody might be set, and was set by Pindar, to an Æolian accompaniment. The odes are generally strophic and antistrophic, and meant for a marching or dancing chorus, which stood still when epodes were added." The above quotation will enable those readers who do not care to study the poetry of Pindar—no inconsiderable number, since his

verses are extremely difficult to translate into modern English—to grasp some idea of the nature of the Greek lyrics.

I have already alluded to the religion of Pindar, and to the influence it had on his poetry. The national religion, which was intensely polytheistic, and the conception of a unity which his pantheistic philosophy led him to form, were so completely at variance, that Pindar, in the natural perplexity into which his mind was thrown, became in reality a fatalist. In fact, on a careful examination of his works, it will be found that throughout all the later ones there is an undercurrent of fatalism. Of his personal character it is impossible, after such a great lapse of time, to form any accurate judgment. It is hard to understand how the man who wrote verses for Corinthian ἑταῖραι could have been a man of high moral character; while his mercenary nature, and the spiteful jealousy of all rivals which he indulged in, do not tend to make our opinions of him high. Yet we must remember that he lived in times when the worship of Aphrodite was not only openly recognised, but even formed part of the national religion, and when poets were accustomed to receive princely fees from their patrons in whose praise they wrote. In order to condemn Pindar, we must also condemn all the customs of his age. But it is ever far more preferable to the right-minded critic or historian to praise than to blame, and the highest meed of praise is due to Pindar that he showed such great advance beyond the spirit of his age. If occasionally money made him write that which had been best left unwritten, yet, from those writings which were written spontaneously, we may feel confident that in practice he was a man of irreproachable morality. He died at the Bœotian Argos in B.C. 441, having thus reached his eightieth year.

Before completing this brief survey of Pindar, I would wish to pay some tribute to Professor Mahaffy for the erudite account he has given us, not only of that poet, but of all others whose names are celebrated in Greek history, in his work from which I have already quoted on Greek literature. The best tribute I can pay him is to say that if I have been unconsciously guilty of plagiarism, I cannot borrow from a more trustworthy source. So great an authority do I consider him to be that I feel I cannot do better than conclude this paper with yet two more quotations from his valuable work. The first consists of a summary of Pindar, and is in these words: "On the whole, we may say of Pindar that he is so intensely Greek as to have lost much of his beauty by transference from his native soil and society; and, again, that his work was so strictly special and occasional that, of all the great poets left to us, he suffers most by being removed from his own time and circumstances. Taking all these things into account, and, moreover, that he worked for pay, his lasting and deserved reputation is perhaps the most wonderful tribute to Greek genius."

The second quotation, which will be of special interest to the readers of this magazine, relates entirely to the bibliography of Pindar. His bibliographical account is as follows: "As to our extant MSS., Tycho Mommsen has established

several families, and has collated a vast number of copies under each. The oldest and best are the Ambrosian C 122, of the twelfth century (called by him A); the MS. of Ursini in the Vatican (No. 1,312) called B; and a Medicean of the thirteenth century—all furnished with scholia. These older MSS. are far better than the Thomani or Moschopulei. The earliest edition was the Aldine of 1513, followed by Calergi's (Rome) in 1515; then Stephanus (1560 and 1599); Erasmus Schmid (1616); an Oxford edition by West and Walsted in 1697. Modern studies began with Hayne's great book (1778, and reprinted); then A. Boeckh's monumental work (1811-22), supplemented by G. Hermann's notes, and Dissen and Schneidewin's elaborate commentary. The latest texts in Germany are Bergk's (in his Lyrici), and the exhaustive critical edition of Tycho Mommsen (Berlin, 1864), who first ordered and classified the legion of MSS. In England we have three good recent editions: Donaldson's (1841), a careful and scholarly work; Cookesley's (Eton, 1852); and the newest by Mr. C. A. M. Fennell (Cambridge University Series, 1879), of which the Olympian and Pythian odes have just appeared. These, together with H. Bindseil's elaborate Concordance (Berlin, 1875), are quite adequate for the study of this difficult poet. We may now add Mezger's Commentary (Leipzig, 1880)."

It is only now my duty to add that the second edition of Professor Mahaffy's *History of Classical Greek Literature* was published in 1883 (London: Longmans, Green and Co.), and is a work both of genius and vast erudition.

GEORGE F. UNDERHILL.

A PENNY IN THE POUND (?).—The Free Libraries Acts, five in number, and a sixth in process of concoction, are worked or enforced or imposed upon the people by the verdict of a majority, at a uniform rate of a penny in the pound at the highest. Nominally this rate cannot be increased, but actually it is frequently exceeded by 300 or 400 per cent. In practice, money for supporting these so-called Free Libraries, many of which are not libraries at all, can be borrowed on future rates, or rates spread over a term of years can be mortgaged in order to purchase sites and erect buildings. The penny rate is expended in the purchase of books and general working expenses, while fresh rates are levied to keep down the interest on the borrowed money, and will have to be increased when the principal comes to be paid off. This is not what the Acts, when fairly and impartially studied, really warrant; but so long as the deluded people who vote for their adoption are ignorant of the tactics employed, so long will library after library be started in places where there are not sufficient people to support them. It must be remembered that however striking the failure of these institutions, there is no possible means of closing them. The ratepayers must still go on paying the nominal sum of a penny, and the actual sum of 3d. or 4d.; their votes cannot be recalled.

If a poll were taken of the persons who use these libraries, it would in all probability be found that hardly one out of six contributed in any way towards their maintenance, and that nineteen out of twenty frequented them, not for purposes of instruction, but out of sheer laziness. The principle of law and justice which compels people to provide books and newspapers for the benefit of others, who in these days of cheap editions can very well afford to purchase them for themselves, is rather obscure.

"MORALL GOWER."

THE wonderful genius of Chaucer has so monopolized the attention of English literature when directed to the poetical work of the fourteenth and early part of the fifteenth centuries, that the writings of his supposed master have received but little of the notice and praise due to them; although it has been observed, that if Chaucer had never penned a line, the poems of John Gower would have preserved his age from being stigmatized as illiterate and barbarous. Gower is stated to have been the early guide and encourager of the aspiration of Chaucer's genius; but the evidence on which this statement rests is, we are bound to say, worthy of only slight credence, therefore we are but able to give him the benefit of the doubt. It is certain, however, that he was much older than the illustrious pupil he is said to have instructed, as he was born about the year 1325, whilst the date of Chaucer's birth is 1340. Leland, in his *Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis*, says that he was informed that our poet was a member of the ancient family of Gowers, long settled at Stitenham or Sitenham in Yorkshire; another biographer tells us that he was of Kentish origin; whilst Caxton, in his edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, journeys farther afield, and gives him a Welsh parentage. Of this conflicting testimony that crediting him with Kentish birth is now most generally received, close research having of late been made disproving the others. Other statements made by Leland of a like nature—for instance, that Gower was a Knight and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas—must be read with similar caution, for it has been clearly shown that no judge of that name flourished either in Edward III.'s reign or later. He is known, however, to have studied law, being one of the roll of celebrated men members of the Middle Temple.

It was probably in the above-mentioned place that Chaucer and he first met, and commenced the friendship to which frequent allusions are made in the writings of both. Their love for poesy was not the only bond that subsisted between the two highly-gifted Templars; their political opinions and leanings were alike. Chaucer was an ardent partisan of John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster;" and Gower was no less keen in his attachment to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. Both of these nobles were uncles of that unhappy and unfortunate monarch, Richard II., and Gaunt was the father of Richard's deposer, Henry IV. In the *Confessio Amantis*, Gower severely censures the profligacy and vices of the clergy, and this censure was in direct harmony with Chaucer's sentiments; but notwithstanding their close agreement in general, Leland says that they had many mutual arguings and disputes, and at one time their differences seem to have run high and to have interrupted the course of their friendship. Tyrwhitt says: "If the reflection (in the prologue to the *Man of*

Lawes Tale, verse 4,497) upon those who relate such stories as that of *Canace* or of *Apollonius Tyrius* was levelled at Gower, as I very much suspect, it will be difficult to reconcile such an attack with our notions of the strict friendship supposed to have existed between the two bards;" and as Tyrwhitt elsewhere remarks, the strictures that Chaucer passed on his friend came with worse grace as he was just about to put into the mouth of the "Man of Lawe," a tale derived almost wholly from the *Confessio Amantis!* But, on the other hand, at the conclusion of *Troilus and Creseide*, Chaucer bears witness to the qualities of his friend by bestowing on him the title of "Morall Gower," thus:

"O Morall Gower, this boke I directe
To the and to the philosophicall Strode,
To vouchsafe there is nede for to correcte
Of your benignities and zeli's gode," etc.

And it is justly remarked that this epithet can be ill-reconciled with the charges and condemnation Chaucer put forth, if they were directed against his fellow-poet.

On Gower's side, however, evidence is not wanting that towards the close of their lives their friendship was broken, for the following verses delivered by Venus in the *Confessio Amantis*, and showing Gower's sensibility on the merits of Chaucer,

"And grete wel Chaucer when ye mete
As my disciple and my poéte,
For in the flowers of his youth
In sundry wise as he well couthe,
Of dities and of songés glade
The which he for my sake made," etc.,

were omitted in the new edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, published shortly after the accession of Henry IV. (see MS. Harl. 3,869). Chaucer's recent death may have occasioned the withdrawal of the above lines; but we agree with Tyrwhitt on this point, that that event alone could have been scarcely a sufficient reason for leaving them out, especially as the original date of the work was retained.

Gower was justly esteemed for his great learning, and being a man of considerable affluence, he was the better able to devote his time to study and pursue the natural bent of his genius. In 1368, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Gower, of Multon in Suffolk, conveyed to him the Manor of Kentwell, and from his will we learn that he was possessed of the Manors of Southwell in Nottinghamshire and Multon in Suffolk, whilst to his wife he left £100, and many bequests to divers charities. During his life he was noted for his generosity and munificence, and he contributed almost, if not wholly, to the rebuilding of the conventual Church of St. Mary Overy, now St. Saviour's, Southwark, and afterwards founded a chantry in the chapel of St. John, now used as a vestry. In

1399, the first year of the reign of Henry IV., he became blind, and in 1402 he died; two years after the death of his friend Chaucer, and two years before the death of another great spirit, William of Wykeham.

The body of Gower was interred in St. Saviour's Church, and the monument over his tomb still shows much antique magnificence, although it has suffered severely from dilapidations and careless repairs. It is of the Gothic style of architecture, covered with three arches, the roof within springing in many angles, under which is a recumbent effigy of the poet in a long purple gown. On the head is a coronet of roses, and it is resting on three books, the *Speculum Meditantis*, the *Vox Clamantis*, and the *Confessio Amantis*. This monument was restored in 1852 by the then Duke of Sutherland, head of the family of Yorkshire Gowers, and with which family the poet was for a long time supposed to have been connected.

Chaucer early emancipated himself from the use of the French language, and devoted himself to the elevation and purifying of his mother tongue, whilst Gower, influenced, no doubt, by his closer acquaintance with the French and Latin schools of poetry, preferred following accepted models and styles to venturing on the exploration and cultivation of new ground. His first work was in the French measure, it was written in ten books, and entitled "*Speculum Meditantis*. Un Traitteé, selonc les aucteurs, pour ensampler les amants marietz au fins qils la foy de lour seints espousailles, pourront per fine loyalte guarder, et al honeur de Dieu saluement tener." It comprises a series of precepts, illustrated by examples taken from various sources, for those in the state of matrimony. Of this work there are two copies in the Bodleian Library, the only ones that exist.

Gower's next essay was in Latin, the *Vox Clamantis;* of this work many copies are extant; that in the Cottonian Library is entitled as follows: "Johannis Gower Chronica, quae Vox Clamantis dicitur, sive poema de Insurrexione Rusticorum contra ingenuos et nobiles, tempore Regis Richardi II., et de causis ex quibus talia contingunt Enormia: libris septem." There are a few lesser pieces annexed to this copy, some historical and some moral. The specimen in the library of All Souls College, Oxford, appears to have been written, or rather dictated, in his old age, and when burthened with his affliction of blindness. There is an epistle in Latin verse at the commencement, to which these words are prefixed: "Hanc epistolam subscriptam corde devoto, misit senex et caecus Johannes Gower, reuerendissimo in Christo patriac domino suo principio D. Thomae Arundel Cantuar: Archiepiscopo, etc., pr. successor Thomae, Thomas humilem tibi do me." Probably this copy was the last transcript of any of his works that Gower effected, and was written somewhere about 1400-1402.

His greatest work, and the one on which his fame as a great English poet is founded and will rest, is the *Confessio Amantis*, finished probably about 1393, after Chaucer had written the majority of his poems, but while still engaged on the

completion of his *Canterbury Tales*. One day Gower was in a boat on the river Thames, and happening to meet the Royal barge, he was summoned on board, and enjoined by the King (Richard II.) "to boke some new thing;" and although, as he himself tells us, in failing health—

> "Though I sikenesse have upon honde,
> And long have had"—

he steadily set to work and composed some 30,000 lines. One hundred years after, in 1493, this composition was first printed by Caxton; in 1532 a second edition was brought out by Berthellette, who, in the dedication to Henry VIII., points out the several qualities of the book:

"And who soever in redynge of this worke doth consider it well shall find that it is plentifully stuffed and fournished with manifolde eloquent reasons, sharp and quicke argumentes, and examples of great aucthoritie perswadynge into vertue, not onlie taken out of the poets, oratours, historie writers and philosophers, but also out of the holie scripture. There is to my doome no man but that he maie by readynge of thes works git righte great knowledge as well for the understandynge of many and divers auctours whose reasons, sayenges, and histories are translated in to this worke, as for the plentie of English words and vulgars beside the furtherance of the life of vertue."

The expression of estimation contained in this quotation sufficiently apologises for its introduction into these pages. Gower's popularity had now reached its zenith; in 1544 a further edition appeared, and ten years later it was followed by the fourth and last. The decline subsequently of the liking for early English poetry was owing to the unsettled and fluctuating condition of the English language; Anglo-Saxon was rapidly becoming obsolete, education was being widely disseminated, schools were springing up, and under the attraction and influence of the new learning there was an inrush of fresh terms that threatened to stamp out whatsoever simple beauty might be remaining in the mother tongue; and as Butler styles this pedantic affectation in his *Hudibras:*

> "'Twas English cut on Greek or Latin,
> Like fustian heretofore on satin."

In the *Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe*, Skelton says that "Gower's Englishe is old;" and Barclay, the author of the *Ship of Fools*, was requested by Sir Giles Aylington to abridge and modernize Gower's masterpiece. This, however, Barclay declined to do; possibly he felt that such a task was beyond his abilities both as an author and on account of the magnitude of the labour.

The *Confessio Amantis* is in the form of a dialogue between a youth burthened with the joys and woes of love, and his confessor, Genius, a priest of Venus. It is framed on the lines of Jean de Meun's *Romaunt de la Rose*, and in its course all the passions, desires, and evil affections of the heart likely to hinder or defeat the

first to rouse anything like an inquiry into the circumstances attending the life and death of Thomas the Rhymer, though his "prophecies" had already been printed at Edinburgh in 1691. It is true that Lord Hailes, in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*, 1773, and John Pinkerton, in his edition of *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786, referred incidentally to Thomas and some of the legends, which survived even to their own day, respecting his antics when in the flesh; but nothing had been done to collect authentic biographical references, and even now hard and dry facts respecting his career are few and scanty. Legend and romance are indeed plentiful, but history is almost silent; and the little knowledge we possess is derived from incidental references rather than from direct evidence.

As to the year of the birth of Thomas of Ercildoune, nothing whatever can be said with certainty. It is known, however, that he was living between the years 1162 and 1189, because the name "Thomas Rymor de Ercildoune" occurs with others as witnessing a deed whereby one Petrus de Bemersyde bound himself and his heirs to pay "dimidiam petram cere" annually to the Abbot of Melrose. No date is affixed to this document, but the grantor himself is witness to another charter, by which Roger de Moreville, who was Constable of Scotland from 1162 to 1189, granted certain serfs to Henry St. Clair. It may, therefore, safely be said that contemporary documents prove that Thomas of Ercildoune was living at the end of the twelfth century, when the little village itself was under the dominion of the Lindeseys and the powerful Earls of March.

How long he continued to live is as uncertain as the year of his birth; for though Patrick Gordon, in his *Rhymed History of Robert Bruce*, says that Thomas survived to 1307, he produced no authority for the statement, and none is known to exist.

Thomas of Ercildoune, in fact, lived in a foggy cloud, and at this day he seems rather to have belonged to some company of fairies than to the ranks of men such as we find them; and the reason of this is not by any means obscure. Thomas was essentially a "prophet"—that is to say, he had earned the character of a soothsayer—and this, combined with certain weird verses which we shall shortly refer to, invested him, in the eyes of the superstitious, with a sinister character, rendered still more mysterious by his retired and mysterious life.

In 1286 Thomas, according to the *Scotichronicon* of John of Fordun, who wrote about 1430, predicted the calamitous death of Alexander III. of Scotland. According to this account, on the night before the King was killed by being thrown over the precipice at Kinghorn, "Thomas of Erseldon, visiting the Castle of Dunbar, was interrogated by the Earl of March in the peculiar manner he was wont to assume with the Rymour, what another day was to bring forth. Thomas, fetching a heavy sigh from the bottom of his heart, is said to have expressed himself to this effect: 'Alas for to-morrow, a day of calamity and misery! Before the twelfth hour shall be heard a blast so vehement that it shall exceed all those that have yet been heard in Scotland—a blast which shall strike the nations with

amazement, shall confound those who hear it, shall humble what is lofty, and what is unbending shall level to the ground."

Divested of the grandiloquence of its monkish chroniclers, the story, says Sir Walter Scott, would run simply that the Earl of March was, according to his custom, amusing himself by making a butt of Thomas the Rhymer, who on request, and doubtless oblivious of the mock nature of the homage rendered to him, predicted a violent storm for the following day at noon. Being a man of sagacity and foresight, he veiled his observations under obscure words, speaking, like all other prophets, past and present, in the familiar and convenient form of an allegory, which may subsequently be adopted or repudiated at pleasure.

That Thomas, however, in this instance really intended to predict an actual storm, and had no thought at all of the approaching death of the King, is more than likely; for it will be found that in nearly every case his prophecies are founded on meteorological investigations, and refer to storms and tempests to come.

The prophetic renown of Thomas the Rhymer was, whether deserved or not, thus very great even in his lifetime, and is found chronicled after his death by writers of world-wide celebrity—as, for example, Sir Thomas Gray, in his *Scalacronica*, a French chronicle of English history written in 1355; by Barbour, in his *Life of Bruce;* and Andro of Wyntoun, in the eighth book and the thirty-second chapter of his *Orygynale.*

Thomas lived in an ignorant and superstitious age, and was, perhaps, exceptionally clever in dressing his language in a double or triple garb. Like Dante, his very appearance may have inspired awe in the minds of the vulgar—"See, there is the man who journeyed to Hell and back again."

Revered as a prophet, Thomas was likewise no less venerated as a poet, and numerous compositions claiming to be his, and all accessory to the main spirit of prophecy, are still in existence. The chief of these is a poem in three "fyttes," preserved in four manuscripts, which, however, have many and important textual differences, easily noted by reference to the Early English Text Society's reprint, where the versions are placed in parallel columns.

The manuscripts themselves, which, as we have said, are four in number, comprise, first, the Cotton MS., the same used by Sir Walter Scott in preparing his Appendix to his *Border Minstrelsy*, where the poem of Thomas the Rhymer is set out in full; the Thornton MS., in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, used by Dr. David Lang in his *Select Remains*, 1822; the Cambridge MS., in the University Library, used by Robert Jamieson in his popular *Ballads* (Edinburgh, 1806), and by J. O. Halliwell in his *Illustrations of Fairy Mythology;* and, lastly, the Lansdowne MS., in the British Museum.

These versions, when and by whom composed it is impossible to say, though differing sometimes in detail, agree substantially in placing before the reader an account of a mysterious journey undertaken by Thomas in company with a

"ladye gaye," whom he met by chance when lying listlessly one May morning on "Huntly Bankes."

The spot where he lay is pointed out even now to curious travellers and old-time students. It is a little above the North British Railway, at the point where the line is crossed by the road to St. Boswell's, about a quarter of a mile after leaving Melrose Station. The field next the road and railway at this point (No. 2,405 in the Ordnance Map) is called Monk's Meadow; and higher up the hill above this are two fields (Nos. 2,548 and 2,408) which have preserved the name of Huntlie Brae, and to which tradition still points as the scene of Thomas's vision of the "Ladye Gaye." The Eildon tree referred to and connected with Thomas's prophecies stood on the declivity of the eastern of the three Eildon Hills, looking across the Tweed to Leader Water and Earlstoun. Its site is believed to be indicated by the Eildon Stone, "a rugged boulder of Whinstone," standing on the edge of the road from Melrose to St. Boswell's.

Somewhere, then, in the vicinity of Fields 2,548 and 2,408 tradition relates that Thomas of Ercildoune was reclining one May morning some seven hundred years ago; or, as the Lansdowne MS. puts it:

"In a Mery-Mornyng of May,
In huntly bankes My selfe alone,
I harde the Meryll and the Iay,
The Maner Menede of hir Song,
The wylde wode-wale song notes gay,
That alle the Shawys abowte him Rong."

That Thomas, while thus pensively musing, should have seen something out of the common, was only to be expected. Like the small boy who can often discover birds'-nests where the traveller sees nothing but branches and leaves, so Thomas had, according to his own account, the inestimable gift of seeing spiritual things dressed in a mundane garb:

"But in a loning, as I lay,
Vnder neth a semeley tre,
I saw where a ladye gaye
Cam rydyng ouer a louely le.
Thowth that I leue styll tyll domys day
With any my tonge to worble or were
The certayn sothe of hir Array
May neuer be descreued for me."

Probably not, for this "ladye gaye" was covered from top to toe with jewels, she had three hounds in a leash, and carried a "horne of gold." Had Swedenborg seen such a vision as this, he would assuredly have said, with Shakespeare,

"Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery!—hence!" for in his book which treats of the dire torments and dismal caverns of hell, he puts deep down, a vast army of "syrens" of surpassing loveliness attired in exquisite robes, who advance with tinkling feet to allure other devils less desperately wicked than themselves. These "syrens," says Swedenborg, are the worst of all the evil spirits—except, indeed, the "genii," who for obvious reasons are kept immured by themselves in the gloomy caverns of the West. Possibly, then, the "ladye gaye" may have been a syren; but, whether or not, Thomas did not stop a single minute to inquire.

"She blewe A note, and treblyd Als,
The Ryches into the Shawe gan gone;
There was no man that herd the Noyes,
Saue Thomas there he lay a lone."

This winding of the horn and her brave trappings had completely seduced the fickle heart of the Rhymer, for he takes her to be the Queen of Heaven, and says:

"I wyll go wyth all my myght,
And mete with hir at Elden tre."

At the Eildon tree he makes violent love to this "Queen of Heaven," and with such great success that she tells him of another country under the earth, and bids him take leave of sun and moon and go there with her. This is no sooner said than they sink together under Eildon Hill, where Thomas is shown the several ways which lead to Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell, and instructed how he is to behave.

Thomas lives with this "ladye gaye" in her subterranean castle for three years, amid revel, game, and minstrelsy, until at last he is suddenly bid to return to earth, in order to escape seizure by the fiends, who had thus tardily discovered his whereabouts. The "ladye" brings him again to Eildon, and bids him farewell—not, however, without putting in his mouth many wonderful prophecies foretelling the ruin of the Baliols, the battles of Halidon Hill and Falkirk, of Bannockburn, Neville's Cross, and Otterburn. She then leaves him, promising to return again; and Thomas, sitting under the Eildon tree, laments the departure of his fairy love.

Such is the story of the "Ladye Gaye," and such the deep hold it appears to have taken on the superstitious minds of succeeding generations, and so great the awe inspired by the very name of Thomas of Ercildoune, that this fairy romance became invested with a halo of absolute reality.

When Thomas, following the ordinary course of nature, at last died, it was said that he had merely gone to meet his lost love, and would at no distant day return again. As Herne the Hunter haunted Windsor Forest, so the Rhymer was

never absent from the groves of Ercildoune; nay, he penetrated far beyond, for we read that the gates of Fyvie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, stood open for seven years and a day after his death, waiting for the appearance of the "true Tammas." At length one night he suddenly appeared, in the midst of a hurricane of wind and rain, the gates flew together with a bang, and Thomas of Ercildoune departed like a shadow as he came.

But as a great name never dies, it may so happen that Thomas the Rhymer may reappear, invested with phantasy and all the horrors of his subterranean life. He may appear even to us, and break the silence of some quiet midsummer evening with the wailings of seven hundred years of experience in the land of shadows. But from this evil—from the "true Tammas" in any shape or form, from his stock of infernal knowledge, from the Eildon tree, and especially from "ladyes gaye," good Lord deliver us!

A. L. CARPENTER.

GILT TOPS.—Whether or not a gilt top constitutes a protection to a book by presenting—it might almost be said—a metallic surface to the falling dust, is a question which both practical and unpractical bookmen are not agreed upon. Says Buxton Forman anent this subject: "In case publishers pay any heed to the views of book-readers and book-lovers, I should like to record my vote against cutting and gilding the top of any book which is not bound, but merely put up in a cloth case. Gilt tops are as suitable to one *format* as another; but for cloth-cased books, of whatever size, they are unsuitable, because the pressure to which the leaves are subjected is not nearly so great as that given to bound books by a regular binder. Thus the leaves of a cloth-cased book are not absolutely close together, and if the top edges are shaved smooth for gilding, dust settling on the top finds its way down between the leaves, whereas that roughness which Mr. Evans describes as 'a trap for the dust,' at the top of a book which has been cut open with a paper-knife, is a very useful trap. It catches the dust on its way down and keeps it at the top till you remove it—an operation which is very simple." To this *plaidoyer*, Mr. Lord, of the *Bookmart*, adds his curt plea in the following words: "There is another good reason for not gilding the top edge of cloth-bound books. In case they have to be rebound in calf or morocco this preliminary gilding has to be cut off, thereby reducing the margin, a process which is very disfiguring in most cases, as average printers seem to delight in 'skimping' that part of their pages." These two spokesmen against gilding the tops of books make out very good cases, but what they say is not conclusive. The slight ploughing necessary to secure a gilding surface, if carefully done, would not work any great detriment to the edges. And there can be no question that if a top edge be well gilded it does present an inexpugnable exterior to that enemy of all good books—dust. Whereas an uncut edge cannot be kept closed so tightly as to exclude the dust while the book is standing upright; it will work in and downward, and no art is potent enough to restore to pristine whiteness a dust-coloured margin. It is like the blood-stain in *Macbeth*, it will not go. Then again, the idea that dust can, by a sudden and sturdy rap, be entirely detached from a rough edge as it may be from a burnished one is erroneous.

THOMAS HEYWOOD, DRAMATIST.

ATTENTION has been lately attracted towards this celebrated dramatist by the reproduction at one of the London theatres of the most widely-known and undoubtedly best of his plays, *A Wife Killed by Kindness.* Very scanty and indefinite are the records of Thomas Heywood possessed by the literary world; no trace of his parentage, birthplace, or early life is to be found, and of the enthusiastic genius who purposed to write the lives of the poets from Homer to his own age, no loving and reverent biographer has thought it worth while to hand us down the bare outline of his life, or to preserve even the date of his death, or the whereabouts of his grave. Prominent for fifty years in the eyes of the public as an able and skilful writer in an age renowned for its dramatic productions, probably a friend and possibly a comrade actor of Shakespeare, esteemed, indeed, more highly in his time, his personal history shares with nine-tenths of his reputed works the impenetrable darkness of oblivion. Allowed to be a native of Lincolnshire, it is disputed as to whether the claims made for him by William Cartwright, who reprinted the *Actor's Apology* just before the Restoration, to a Fellowship of Peterhouse, Cambridge, can be acknowledged; indeed, Ward says, in his *Dram. Hist.*, research had of late been made in the archives and registers of that college, but it was futile; no entry of whatsoever nature could be found respecting him. In his dedication to the *English Traveller*, Heywood lays claim to being a gentleman; in his *Apology for Actors*, he mentions his residence at Cambridge; and in the *Wise Woman of Hogsdon* (IV. i.), Sencer says, "Petrus dormit securus. I was, Sir, of Peterhouse;" but this fellow Sencer is of no good reputation; and it may be reasonably questioned whether Heywood would tack on him any portion of his own early life, and his excessive modesty prevents him from alluding elsewhere to his family rank, that is, assuming that he had any.

First taking pen in hand to write for the stage in 1596, Heywood found the occupation so congenial, and probably so lucrative, that for an unbroken period of nearly half a century, from 1596 to 1640, play after play was produced by him, and he tried his hand at almost every kind of drama known to the English stage. In his address to the *English Traveller*, 1633, he had then, as he puts it, "had either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger," in the prodigious number of two hundred and twenty plays! "True it is," he says below, "that my plays are not exposed unto the world in volumes to bear the titles of works as others; one reason is that many of them by shifting and change of companies have been negligently lost; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third that it was never any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read."

Of this ponderous mass some twenty-three or four remain, just a tithe of his gigantic labours. In one of his prologues Heywood thus refers to the various sources of his multifarious efforts:

> "To give content to this most curious age
> The gods themselves we've brought down on the stage,
> And figured them in planets; made even hell
> Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
> Saving the Muses' rapture—further we
> Have trafficked by their help; no history
> We have left unrifled, our pens have been dipped
> As well in opening each hid manuscript
> As bracks more vulgar, whether read or sung
> In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
> Of fairies, elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
> The lawns, the gróves, no number can be scanned
> Which we have not given feet to."

Of Heywood's extant plays some are histories (a species of dramatic writing resembling the old mysteries in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities), written in the manner that Shakespeare's predecessors were wont to delight in; some are romantic comedies founded on popular traditions, and ranging from that over the whole gamut to subjects taken from ordinary domestic life; some are comedies in which he deals with contemporary events and common manners; besides these there is a series of mythological plays, one tragedy and one mask.

Let us first notice *A Wife Kilde by Kindnesse*, as it is the one most entitled to consideration. The play opens with the congratulatory nothings that are being offered to one Frankford, whose name shows his nature, after his marriage with the sister of Sir Francis Acton, a young Yorkshire squire; there are the usual festivities, winding up with a retainers' dance in the hall. Before the night ends, however, a hawking match and a dog match for sums of money are arranged between Sir Francis and another Yorkshire squire, Sir Charles Mountford. The match takes place in the morning, when both dogs and birds belonging to Sir Francis are beaten. High words arise and bad blood is engendered, ending in a party fight between the rivals and the servants on either side. Again Acton is worsted, two of his men being slain by Mountford, who takes flight, vowing eternal enmity. The sheriff appears on the scene, and gently escorts Sir Charles to York Castle. One Wendoll, the villain in the piece, conveys the account of the fray to Mr. and Mrs. Frankford; he is conquered by a burning passion for Frankford's wife, and after vainly trying to smother it for some time, declares his love to her;

Mrs. Frankford is indignant, her indignation subsides to resistance, and resistance melts into acquiescence.

For some considerable time their clandestine connection is concealed, but an old servant of the husband, Nicholas, who happened to overhear their first interview, keeps watch on them, and when persuaded of their guilt acquaints his master. Frankford and Nicholas plan a trap, duplicate keys are obtained of every door, and a false message calls Frankford one night on urgent business to York. Here comes a fine scene between Mrs. Frankford and Wendoll:

> "*Mrs. Anne.* O what a clog unto the soul is sin.
> We pale offenders are still full of fear,
> Every suspicious eye brings danger near;
> When they, whose clear hearts from offence are free,
> Despise reports, base scandals do outface
> And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.
> *Wendoll.* Fie, fie, you talk too like a Puritan.
> *Mrs. Anne.* You have tempted me to mischief, Mr. Wendoll.
> I have done, I know not what. Well, you plead custom:
> That which for want of wit I granted erst,
> I now must yield thro' fear. Come, come, let's in.
> Once o'er shoes, we're straight o'erhead in sin."

Frankford and his servant set out a short way, secure their horses and re-enter the house. The lovers, as was to be expected, are found "in flagrante delicto." There is a speech of some power occurs at this point by the husband, and in it is that sentiment that appeared in a well-known drama lately on the boards. We refer to the lines:

> "Stay, let me pause awhile.
> O God! O God! that it were possible
> To undo things done, *to call back yesterday.*"

Dryden also made use of these lines in *Sigismonda* and *Guiscardo*. *Vide* line 335:

> "If yesterday could be recalled again."

Frankford's rage quickly dwindles into his dominant quality, kindness, or rather gentleness, Wendoll being allowed to go scot-free, and Mrs. Anne being packed off to a distant manor. On her departure, the aggrieved husband tries to obliterate every remembrance of his perjured wife by either sending her trinkets after her or destroying them:

> "*Enter* CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.
> *Cran.* Why do you search each room about your house
> Now that you have dispatched your wife away?
> *Frank.* O sir, to see that nothing may be left

That ever was my wife's. I loved her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wier,
Nor anything that ever was called hers
Left me by which I might remember her.
Look round about.
Nich. . . . Master, here's her lute flung in a corner.
Frank. Her lute? O God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note; sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung.
Post with it after her; now nothing's left—
Of her and hers I am at once bereft."

Overwhelmed by the magnanimous conduct of her husband, Mrs. Anne avows her determination of starving herself, and starvation coupled with excessive grief soon bring her life to a close. On her deathbed she is forgiven by her husband, and the tragedy closes by her death in his arms. The by-plot shows the acquittal of Sir Charles Mountford, purchased by the total expenditure of his patrimony, his re-imprisonment at the suit of a crafty and flinty creditor, and his release owing to the intervention of Sir Francis Acton, exercised in order to purchase the honour of Susan Mountford. Eventually, however, Acton relents and marries his proposed victim, Susan resolving to love him whom up to that moment she had hated.

Heywood might have made a much stronger play than this if he had infused more individuality into his characters, and not depended for effect on the situations. Scenes that should give powerful exhibitions of passion are stamped with an aggravating repose, and passages where sweetness should be touching and brief are tediously drawn out. Frankford is a character essentially weak, for a man whose will is strong enough to keep his rage and fury in check under such disturbing circumstances cannot have any natural bile in his composition worth speaking of, and certainly not sufficient to entitle him to be called a man of spirit and self-estimation; his exasperation vanishes too suddenly to be genuine, and throughout these scenes he acts like a poltroon.

Mrs. Frankford seems to us to be the best limned character; vain of her

personal charms, but devotedly attached to her husband, her weakness is well shown in her fall as soon as temptation appears, and she sins not because she loves Wendoll, but because he flatters her. How finely touched is this sentiment, extracted from her speech in the first interview with her lover!

> "What shall I say?
> My soul is wand'ring and hath lost her way."

Long before the exposure, she has repented, and she continues the intimacy, not from any liking, but from the difficulty of extricating herself from the damning toils cast around her by Wendoll. Pathetic indeed would have been this play if she had died from pure grief alone, instead of committing suicide by voluntary starvation.

The play, as a whole, will afford much interest and gratification to the reader: free from extravagance in both action and language, it steadily inculcates a healthy moral teaching. The characters are not strained, they are attractive, and they give us the impression of being exceedingly well-bred. We subjoin the epilogue, which indicates the opinion held of the piece by Heywood himself:

> "An honest crew disposed to be merry
> Came to a tavern by and called for wine;
> The drawer brought it smiling like a cherry,
> And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
> Taste it, quoth one. He did; O fie! quoth he;
> This wine was good, now't runs too near the lee.
>
> "Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,
> And said unto the rest it drunk too flat;
> The third said it was old; the fourth too new;
> Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
> Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour
> The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.
>
> "Unto this wine we do allude our play,
> Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave;
> You as our guests we entertain this day,
> And bid you welcome to the best we have.
> Excuse us then; good wine may be disgraced,
> When every several mouth has sundry taste."

In the card-table scene there is a variety of allusions to the situation by playing upon the names of games, cards, etc., and this scene may possibly have suggested similar ones in Machin's *Dumb Knight*, Chapman's *Byron's Tragedy* and Fletcher's *The Spanish Curate*, although the bases are different, and in the last named the *equivoques* are comic.

The earliest edition known of this play is that of 1617, 4to., although it most certainly appeared before 1604 (Heywood receiving three pounds in full pay-

POPULAR BOOKS.

SOME few books, but, considering the number published, very few have taken such a firm hold on the popular fancy, that as each supply of copies becomes exhausted, a fresh is as urgently demanded. To be the author of a successful book is to be on the road not only to fame but to fortune, while the publisher reaps a no less substantial reward in the early days of the author's success. Subsequently he will not make so much, for the first flush of excitement over and the last shadow of poverty departed, at least for a time, the author carries his wares to the best market, or, in effect, puts them up for sale by auction, and the competition in such cases is so keen that the margin of profit is reduced to a fractional part of what it was when the risk fell on one pair of shoulders. The only risk existing now is whether the new book will go through ten editions or only eight, and the publisher who speculates bids for the rise, and wins or loses according to the temperament of that most fickle and incomprehensible literary thermometer, the Public. The *vox populi* is lifted up according to no settled rule; it will exalt an author to the seventh heaven to-day and treat him to a contemptuous approval or neglect him altogether to-morrow, and in this respect it is getting more and more irrational every year. In the good old times when Fielding and Smollett turned out their word-painted narratives, the mob had but few sources of inspiration—it was either Fielding or nothing, Smollett or the deep sea; and hence a new work by either of these two somewhat dissipated geniuses was absolutely certain to make a furore. Nowadays it is quite different; the demand for light-hearted and marrowless literature is positively voracious, and novelists spring up and are forced down again like an army of jack-in-the-boxes, under the control of a still larger army of wayward children. They are let out and put back again once or twice, and then the toy is thrown aside and discarded for a painted monkey on a stick, which goes through *its* extraordinary antics for a brief season, and then is also cast aside. The novel-writers must know this, they see examples every day; but still the race is kept up. Edition after edition comes out with startling rapidity, fresh books are written in hot haste lest the public grow cold in the meantime, until finally some fresh adventurer is lucky enough to seize the coveted wreath and make off with it. Still, though laurels fade, it is very pleasant to wear them and so long as the *vox populi* shouts itself hoarse, so long will the competition continue.

During the reign of Napoleon and just after the Peace of Amiens, a Dr. Solomon of "England" made his appearance at the French capital, determined to get up a name as a preliminary to getting patients. With this object he hired a number of horses and chariots, and entertained a score or two of servants attired in liveries the exact counterpart of those worn by the followers of the first

Assiduous, however, as was Heywood's attention to Thespian demands, it did not preclude him from interesting himself with other branches of literature, and he published works in quarto and folio, both in prose and poetry. Amongst others, a translation of Sallust; the *Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*, which was a particular favourite of the "Ariosto of the North"—Scott; the *General History of Women;* and nine books of various histories concerning women, a folio of from four to five hundred pages, which he tells us in a Latin note on the last page was all excogitated, written and printed in seventeen weeks; a narrative work, *England's Elizabeth, an Account of her Life and Troubles during her Minoritie from the Cradle to the Crowne;* an heroic poem, *Great Britain's Troy;* and *The Life of Ambrosius Merlin*, the great necromancer and seer, published in 1641, which is supposed to have been his last literary performance.

Heywood's poetical abilities do not rank so high as his dramatic; but his verse presents the main characteristics of his plays; never rising in exalted imaginative flights, nor presenting pictures of the intensity of the passions, it charms us by its native simplicity and smooth-flowing current; bright, sparkling, and clear, we can enjoy its freshness over and over again with never-satiated appetite. The exquisite little lyric we give below, from the *Rape of Lucrece*, is a very fair specimen of his pleasing fancy:

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the world to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

"Wake from thy rest, robin red-breast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill, let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow."

And the following description of Psyche, from *Love's Mistress*, is in his best manner:

"ADMETUS—ASTIOCHE—PETRÆA.

Admetus. Welcome to both in one! Oh! can you tell
What fate your sister hath?
Both. Psyche is well.
Admetus. So among mortals it is often said,
Children and friends are well when they are dead.
Astioche. But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy.
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosian fare;
Winds, and the light-winged creatures of the air;
Clear-channelled rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams;
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads;
When Psyche gilds their crystal with her beams:
We have but seen our sister, and behold!
She sends us with our laps full brimmed with gold."

Of great versatile and energetic genius must Heywood have been to have embraced so many phases of literature; and not only did he do these things, but stoutly championed the stage in an erudite composition, *The Apology for Actors*, 1612, standing up manfully for their dignity and antiquity, and proving by examples the moral potency and beneficial influence on society and manners of stage-plays. The circumstances that led to the publication of this work are unknown; possibly it was an attack on the stage made by one of those who some six years later rose up in violent controversy about King James's *Book of Sports*. For many years Heywood remained faithful to his profession; the theatre was all in all to him; he cared only for the success of his works in it alone; he despised the notion of writing for art's sake, without any further object in view than the idealization of beauty. "I don't care to be in this kind voluminously read," he said, and consequently when the public were tired of one novelty, to him its life was over; he produced another, and neglected to collect and publish the scattered creations of his mind. Posterity is now left to regret the unmindfulness of such conduct, and lament the loss of works that would have formed a valuable addition to dramatic literature. True it is that his imagination is not of the more brilliant type, and never sheds a powerful glow over his subjects; but its pure steady flame never wavers: he never startles by unnatural and exaggerated transgressions, and his style is never forced. His characters are most scrupulous in their propriety without offending by over-preciseness, and we agree with the summary of Lamb: "Heywood is a sort of prose Shakespeare, his scenes to the full are as natural and affecting; but we miss the poet, that which Shakespeare always appears out and above the surface of the nature."

LIONEL G. CRESSWELL.

LITERATURE AND TYPOGRAPHY IN CHINA.

"Pau-tsee, the four precious things—paper, ink, pencil, and marble."

WHILST our British ancestors were enjoying themselves in primitive simplicity, and the nations of Southern Europe were contending for the mastery of the world, it is interesting to know that advancement was being made in the arts of literature and printing by the people of China. Amongst themselves, indeed, a high antiquity is claimed for these arts; but investigation must be cautiously conducted, for the dates given in many cases cannot be relied on. Their legends disagree as to who was the inventor of writing; one tradition ascribes the honour to the Emperor Fuh-he (3200 B.C.), who is stated to have caused the knotted cords in use up to that time to be superseded by characters founded on the shapes of his diagrams; but another record points out Tsang-Ke (2700 B.C.) as being the Cadmus of China, saying that he observed a tortoise on the sand, and hitting on the device of taking its footprint for its symbol, formed others on the same hieroglyphical principle.

The number of Chinese characters has been grossly exaggerated, the sum of the radical signs being very small. The first complete dictionary was published by Kang-he (A.D. 1700); it contained 40,000 signs. Johnson's *Dictionary* has 45,000 words; the Leu-Lee may have 100,000, but throughout the whole work there will not be more than 1,800 distinct characters, the others being merely inflections of the root-forms. Previous to this, a Jesuit named Trigeult, who made Nanking his residence for some time about 1620, printed a Chinese vocabulary in three volumes—which Sotuellus describes as *excusam in Sinis*—probably at the above-named place. The first European *Dictionary* of Chinese was drawn up by M. de Guignes, aided by a grant of money from the French Government, and under the patronage of Napoleon. It had the following title, *Dictionnaire Chinois, François et Latin, publie d'après l'ordre de Sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi Napoleon le Grand.* Paris, 1813, 1 vol., fol.

The Chinese have six forms of characters for printing and writing, what may be styled their running-hand being placed in perpendicular columns. Bamboo tablets, or thin boards or leaves of wood, seem to have been originally used for writing purposes; these were succeeded by closely woven silk, which remained in use until the beginning of the Han dynasty (about 200 B.C.), when the Marquis Tsae, or Tsaolun, invented the present method of manufacture of paper from old rags, the inner bark of trees, and of hemp, etc. Their first pens were probably bits of pointed stick, which they dipped in liquid ink. The Emperor Che

Hwang-ti invented the brush pencil, such as is commonly used in China nowadays.

According to Chinese chronology the art of printing was discovered during the reign of Ming Tsong, the first or second Emperor of the Tartar dynasty; but some writers have concluded from a passage cited by Father du Halde, from the pen of the Emperor Woo-Wang (1120 B.C.), that printing was known in the East upwards of 3,000 years ago. The passage is worth requoting:

"As the stone Me (*English*, ink) which used to blacken engraved characters can never become white, so a heart blackened by vice will always retain its blackness."

Fung Taou, a minister of state in the tenth century B.C., printed from stone; the characters were white on a black ground, and probably the idea was derived from the use of seals. Printing from blocks is stated to have been invented during the Tsin dynasty (298 B.C.), about the time that the Great Wall was built. Another account gives the date in the Han dynasty (202 B.C.), and a well-known Chinese encyclopædia tells us that on the 8th day of the 12th month of the 13th year of the reign of Wăn-ti (593 A.D.) it was ordained by a decree that the various texts in circulation should be collected and engraved on wood to be printed and published. This method of block printing is still used in China, and is similar to our wood engraving, excepting that the Chinese paste the drawing on the block and leave it, cutting away the intermediate spaces, whereas we retrace with Indian ink, leaving the surface clear. The block is then smeared with a brush dipped in ink, and the paper pressed down on it. Marco Polo in his quaint and interesting *Travels*, mentions the printing of bank-notes in this manner in the thirteenth century.

Little use, however, seems to have been made of the art of typography in these early ages by the Chinese, and it was not until the Sung dynasty (960-1127) that it arrived at its maturity; and to a blacksmith named Pe Ching must be given the honour of having invented movable type. "This inventor," says M. Julien, "used to take a paste of fine and glutinous clay and make of it regular plates of the thickness of a piece of money, on which he engraved characters, for each character a separate type, which he hardened at the fire. When he wanted to print he placed an iron plate on a table, covered it with cement composed of resin, wax, and lime, put on the plate an iron frame divided by perpendicular threads of the same metal, and ranged his types in the spaces. The plate was then held near the fire, and when the cement was sufficiently melted a wooden board was pressed on the type to render the surface even."

This method, says a Chinese writer, was neither convenient nor expeditious when only a few copies were wanted, but if a large edition was to be printed the saving of labour was manifest.

The Chinese are, and always have been, an eminently literary nation, learning being highly thought of, and the one thing that ensures respect every-

where; the literati rank above the military, and in a numerous family it is by no means uncommon for one to be selected, to support whom during his studentship the others will exert themselves strenuously day and night. The fact that education is of easy access, the halls of every district being open alike to poor and rich, and that knowledge is the only means of gaining wealth and office, accounts, perhaps, for the prevalence of learning. In the procurement of official positions, rank, wealth, or the influence of friends is of no avail—all candidates must pass the necessary examination before they are eligible for election; and the trying ordeals the Chinese student has to go through would cause an involuntary shudder to creep down the back of any of our university wranglers. Intense study is needed to gain celebrity, and the course of studentship often occupies from eighteen to twenty years! They observe that "the Imperial dignity descends from father to son, but offices of emolument and trust are open to all." They have a great national college at Pekin, called Han-lin-yen, supported by the Government, the members of which are the chief literati of China. There nothing but long-established principles are taught, and the student of the present day must not presume to eclipse the sages of old. Learning, therefore, though deep, is at a complete standstill. Mr. Sutzlaff says that "their learning consists of the knowledge of the classics, works which a student cons, and a Han-lin, or teacher, explains. If they can write a good diary, discourse on the doctrines of Confucius, uniting with this a knowledge of their own country and a few imperfect geographical notions, they are truly learned; but woe be to him who dares to utter anything beyond what Confucius has taught!" Mr. Sutzlaff writes depreciatingly, but the last point is true; and it is an unfortunate state of affairs, for the Chinese evidently at one time showed great powers of invention, and many truths might have been palpable, and many intricate problems solved in all the sciences which the genius of the world has yet to cope with. Their repressive and restrictive laws, first set in motion to ensure the safety of the fruits of personal ambition, have through succeeding ages cramped their expansive energies, and turned their acute observing faculties to childish juggling with trivial detail.

One of the most notable examples of this stationary condition is their language, which stamps them at once as an unmoving and peculiar people. It has suffered no change whatever in the course of hundreds of years, and, depending for being understood on certain fixed associations, it fails to express new or original ideas, whilst the same term by vocal inflection may be made to convey the most opposite meanings. The provincial pronunciations differ, but the written character exists in the same form throughout the whole of the Eastern part of Asia, and the traveller may make himself understood over a vast area if he only remembers to write his words instead of uttering them. This fossil language has been of late years rendered easy of acquirement by the indefatigable exertions of various missionaries and scholars, but the trouble of learning it is scarcely repaid by the additional field of literature opened, for

though the country is overrun with books, plays, and novels, they are chiefly of a trashy description, and their philosophical and ethical studies have long been surpassed by those of the Western schools.

The Tang dynasty (620-907) was the golden age of literature, and some fairly creditable work was then produced. Le Tai-pih is regarded by the Chinese as their greatest poet, and some of his work is of a high order, showing much careful delineation of nature and wealth of imagery. They have no epics nor any of the higher kinds of poetry, but have many plays, the most celebrated of which are contained in the *Hundred Plays of the Yuen Dynasty;* one—*The Orphan of Chaou*—served as the groundwork of Voltaire's *L'Orphelin de la Chine.* Their dramas have four or five acts; they are performed without scenery, the actors saying on their entrance where they are supposed to be. They have no change of dress, and two players only are allowed to be on the stage at the same time; in this respect being like the Greek drama. The stage directions are given with much care and minuteness, enter and exit being expressed by "ascend" and "descend;" aside, by "turn back and say."

Their most celebrated works are the compositions of either their great reformer Confucius or his disciples; they have had many escapes from total destruction, and are valued accordingly, being carefully committed to memory by every earnest student, as the foundation of his learning and future success. Altogether they consist of the Nine Classics, subdivided into two branches—the Five Classics and the Four Books.

The Five Classics are (1) the *Yih-king*, or Book of Changes or Diagrams, which is the least understood, and consequently the most revered. Its origin reminds us somewhat of that of Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, its author, Wăn-Wang, having been imprisoned for some political offence; and, to while away the tedium of his confinement, he traced out a system of universal philosophy from the eight diagrams and their sixty-four combinations invented by the Emperor Fuḫ-he. To this work must be awarded, indeed, the palm for obscurity, as we are told the great sage himself vainly strove to unravel its hopelessly tangled skein of reasonings. Some European writers have likened the above-named combinations to the mystical numbers of Pythagoras, but we know not what value to attach to their speculative comparisons. (2) The *Shoo-king*, or Book of History, a complete record of the Yu, Heu, Shang, and Chow dynasties, from the middle of the twenty-fourth century B.C., the time of Noah, to 721 B.C. From the latter time there is an official chronicle brought down to the middle of the seventeenth century, and, in order to facilitate reference, the whole of the chronicle is framed on the same model: first, the imperial records, dealing with purely political events; and then the records of mathematics, rites, music, laws, sacrifices, astronomy, geography, literature, biography, and travels. (3) The *She-king*, or Book of Odes, etc., chiefly collected in the time of Confucius; the poetry is occasionally spirited, and displays clear perception, but abounds with

Oriental hyperbole and extravagance. (4) The *Le-ki*, or the Book of Rites or Customs, the precepts of which are carefully enforced in the empire by one of the six governing bodies at Pekin; and (5) the *Chim-Chew*, giving an account of the times of Confucius, with a narrative of his life written by himself.

Of the Four Books, three—the *Ta-heo*, or Great Learning, the *Chung-Yung*, or Doctrine of the Mean, and the *Lun-Yu*, or Confucian Analects—were written by Tsze-sze, the grandson and disciple of Confucius; the fourth book—*Măng-tsze*—was penned by another disciple, Mencius. In addition to the above works is the well-known Commentary of Confucius, or *Choo-foo-tsze*, also closely studied.

The Chinese seem to have been very fond of collecting large libraries of books. From the annals of the Han dynasty (202 B.C.) it is learned that the imperial library consisted of 123 sections of classics, 2,705 on philosophy, 1,318 on poetry, 790 on military affairs, 2,528 on mathematics, and 868 on medicine; and in the eighth century A.D. an emperor named Yuen-te, giving himself to study, his prime minister, Shin-pau, took advantage of his retiring nature and revolted. When the shouts of the rebels came to the ears of the monarch, he shut his book, donned his armour, and ascended the ramparts of his castle; but, finding resistance too late, he broke his sword, returned to his library, kindled a fire, and honoured his suicide with a pyre of 140,000 volumes!

The greater part of the Chinese historical books were burned by order of Che-Hwang-ti, the founder of the Tsin dynasty, and the first nominal ruler of China, at the instigation of his prime minister, Le-sze. Five or six hundred men of letters were also buried alive for refusing to assist in the spoliation, which had for its object the destruction of all that related to China before the commencement of his sway; works on medicine, divination, and husbandry alone being spared. The love of the people for their learning caused them, however, to frustrate this design by making the roofs of houses, walls, and even the beds of the rivers the guardian repositories for their treasures. The Works of Confucius, the Book of History, the Book of Odes, the Spring and Autumn Annals, with the Book of Rites, and the Four Books by the disciples of Confucius, were destroyed. When, a few years later, efforts were made to restore the Book of History, twenty-eight sections out of the complete one hundred were taken down from the lips of a blind man, who had committed them to memory; another section was obtained from the memory of a young girl in the Province of Honan; and a little later the complete works of the venerable sage were found between the walls of an old house, in the process of demolition.

The works of the Chinese writers frequently consist of from two to three hundred volumes, and sometimes as many thousands; but they are almost all given away to natives, barbarians alone having to pay a small price for them. The whole writings of Confucius, in six volumes, may be bought for about ninepence.

The Chinese penal code has severe laws against the publication of anything

hostile to decency and good order; the publisher and purchaser of such are alike held in detestation, and rank or station avails nothing when the public decrees have been violated.

Before leaving this quaint people, we must take a short glance at their Cyclopædiæ, which form a prominent feature of their literary labours, and are indeed worthy of their name. The best known of these voluminous productions is the *Wăn-heen-tung-kaou*, compiled by Ma-Twan-lin; but the biggest and most important is the *Koo-kin-too-shoo-tseih-ching*, or the Complete Collection of Ancient and Modern Books. The Emperor Kang-he (1661-1721), to gratify some lordly whim of his own, caused a complete set of copper type to be cast expressly to print this gigantic compilation, consisting of 6,109 vols.! Copies of this work, however, are very scarce, and rarely find their way into the book-market; for his afore-mentioned Majesty, shortly after the publication of some few sets, being in want of funds, had the types remelted, and turned into hard cash. Occasionally, however, they go the way of all books, a copy being for sale in 1876; but we never heard of its fate, and the British Museum is fortunate in possessing a full set, occupying sixty-one volumes folio.

EDGAR ALSTON.

SONNET.

COMPANIONS of my days! Ye quaint old tomes
Of saw-toothed parchment, every wand'ring look
Flies like a homesick dove to yon close nook
Where ye ensconcèd hide: home of all homes
To him who loves strange charactery. What gnomes
Can build enchantments in a straying glance?
What mermaid sporting on the foam-topt wave,
Luring unwary men with peeps askance
From 'neath entangled locks, to spumy grave,
Can charm the fancy like your homely sides?
But stay; such thoughts your antique honour chides.
Light wild-blown nothings pluckt like thistle-down—
A puff! They are no more. Staid, sober frown
And converse deep befit your solemn prides.

SCIURUS.

LITERARY NOTES.

QUICKLIME has such a great liking for water that it would be exceedingly difficult to give a reason for its not being universally employed by librarians who have valuable books in their custody. If damp once attacks a volume it does so effectually, and no amount of bleaching can blot the record out; the book is, to all intents and purposes, ruined in the eyes of the bibliophiles, and its value falls in consequence from 20 to 50 per cent. with startling rapidity. It is, perhaps, not too much to assume that every man and woman, and most children in this country, are to some extent aware of this peculiar property of lime, and yet books are being foxed and mildewed every day for want of the commonest precautions. To light a huge fire and to carefully shut the library door and windows is one way of drawing out damp; and when the walls and ceilings become saturated with moisture the operator is much astonished at the result. He would be more astonished, perhaps, if informed that a small vessel full of lime placed in some convenient position on or near a book-case will do more to absorb the excess of moisture in the atmosphere than any number of close fires, however furious. Where fires are lit the windows should be left open; and when lime is used it should be changed every two or three days. If this is done, there will be no damp.

IT is generally admitted that practice is better than theory or precept, and taking the world as it stands this no doubt is the case. For all that, however, instances sometimes arise which seem to point to a directly opposite conclusion, and some persons, especially authors, rely entirely upon theoretical knowledge for their most startling effects. No writer, for example, has discoursed with more truthful simplicity on the joys of domestic life than Oliver Goldsmith, and yet he lived near the skies all his life, and from practical experience knew nothing whatever of either domestic happiness or the comforts and surroundings of home. Schiller had never been to Switzerland when he wrote *William Tell*, nor Moore to Egypt when he penned the *Epicurean*. Dr. Johnson was never in Abyssinia; and Steele was hardly ever sober, although his harangues upon the vice of drunkenness gladden the hearts of the Good Templars to this day. Dr. Johnson, again, was exceedingly fond of recommending habits of politeness to his young friends, yet he was notorious for his own roughness; and Young, who wrote the melancholy *Night Thoughts*, was in his conversation a buffoon. Dr. Dodd preached against forgery, yet was hanged for that very offence. Thomson, in his *Seasons*, says that it is a glorious thing to walk out in the early morning, to be up with the lark and hear it singing; but as a matter of fact Thomson was one of the most indolent men living, and could hardly be persuaded to get out of bed before noon. In these and many other instances theory took the place of practice, and imitated the result so well that the difference can hardly be detected.

SCOTLAND, although in our own days possessing many excellent printing presses, was never particularly famous for its proficiency in the art of book-making. What few books were issued there in old times have become excessively scarce, and the bibliophile should secure any work he can find which bears a date anterior to, say, 1600. A printing-press was established in Scotland before the battle of Flodden Field (1507), but the number of books issued during the next fifty years was very small, and they have become so scarce and costly as to be practically unobtainable except by the merest accident. For instance, a copy of the Scots' Acts, bought for a few shillings in 1779, sold recently for a trifle over £150. These early Scotch printed books are very big prizes indeed; there are none greater to be secured, now that first editions of Shakespeare and the other dramatists of his age are known to every street-hawker in the kingdom.

A COMPLETE set of H. B. caricatures, once so famous and so persistently sought after, consists of 917 pictures, and it is not often that a perfect collection is met with. It is worthy of note that sixteen volumes, containing 825 pictures, together with the two scarce historical keys, were recently sold by auction at Doncaster for £24 10s.

IT will soon become difficult to invent a good title for a novel, for the public taste is being educated into all kinds of fantastic grooves, ill-assorted indeed with the sober relation of events

true or false. At one time it was the fashion to make a title-page a sort of index to the contents of the book, but now we are going distinctly to the opposite extreme. The title is no guarantee of what is within; on the contrary, its object seems to be to raise a kind of morbid curiosity in the breast of the passer-by, and induce him to speculate in a copy of the work. What can be the meaning of "She"? says the novel-reader; and his mind wanders from one possible explanation to another, until he perhaps buys the book out of sheer desperation. Having read it, he cannot come to any other conclusion than that the title is a very foolish one; but it has set the fashion for all that, and if he lives long enough he may even yet see "Pshaw!" by the author of "Ugh!"

THE Public Library at Lyons is the happy possessor of a copy of Hippocrates, which belonged at one time to the illustrious Rabelais, who has, indeed, marked and scored it all over with annotations in Greek and Latin. The title of the book is as follows, *Hippocratis medicorum omnium longe principis epidemiorum liber sextus, jam recens latinitate donatus Leonardo Fuchsio interpretate.* It dates from "Haganoæ ex officina Johanis Secer. MDXXXII." This seems rather sober reading for Rabelais, who, judging from his writings, must have cordially hated his author. But perhaps this is only another example of the strange inconsistencies of authors, as already noted in the glaring cases of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Steele. Apropos of announcements of this nature, it is to be observed that on investigation hardly one out of a hundred will be found free from exaggeration. It was gravely reported some few months ago that a monkey had discovered some exceedingly valuable manuscripts in a Greek monastery. This turned out on investigation to be pure fiction—monastery, manuscripts, and monkey being each and all *in nubibus.* Everything considered, it is to be seriously doubted whether there is any such book in the Lyons or any other library, and the story is only related here for what it is worth.

THE Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is still raging, and sceptics are exceedingly busy doing their utmost to demolish the credit of the divine William, and to ruin his reputation. A society known as the Bacon Society was formed some time ago, the members pledging themselves to do their utmost to give Shakespeare the lie direct. One or two of them have been as good as their word, yet outsiders who do not enjoy their confidence may perhaps be excused for thinking that in these instances the chickens seem to have come home to roost. Mrs. Pott, a leading spirit in this Society, has read a paper.

THE Annual Report on the Mitchell Library contains an unique synopsis showing the use made of the current numbers of the magazines. The tables were examined 200 times at different periods, and each magazine was found to be in actual use as many times out of the 200 as shown by the figures prefixed to the name. This portion of the report is interesting, as it shows the popular taste in matters relating to periodical literature. The *People's Friend* heads the list with 190 times; the *Graphic*, 187; *Illustrated London News*, 185; the *Era*, 182; *Broad Arrow*, 163; *Punch*, 159; *Harper's Weekly*, 159; *Chambers's Journal*, 155; *Field*, 141; *Leisure Hour*, 136; *Truth*, 134; *Temple Bar*, 132; *Blackwood*, 124; *Longman's Magazine*, 111; *Land and Water*, 105; *Health*, 104; *Lancet*, 103; *Tablet*, 102. The most curious circumstance about this report is the immense popularity of the *People's Friend*, which is not published at Glasgow. The technical magazines, with the exception of *Engineering*, are nowhere.

WE have received the following catalogues: Charles Hutt, Clement's Inn Gateway, London; Charles Lowe, Broad Street Corner, Birmingham; Sotheran and Co., 49, Cross Street, Manchester; Henry Gray, 47, Leicester Square, London; William George's Sons, Park Street, Bristol; Thomas Simmons, 164, Parade, Leamington; Albert Cohn, 53, Mohrenstrasse, Berlin; William Brough and Sons, 1, Ethel Street, Birmingham; C. Elkin Mathews, 16, Cathedral Yard, Exeter; Frederick Muller and Co., 10, Doelenstraat, Amsterdam.

Also the following periodicals: Shakespeariana, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; The Century, Paternoster Square, London; Northamptonshire Notes and Queries, 62, Paternoster Row, London; Queries, Buffalo, U.S.A.; The Printing Times and Lithographer, 74, Great Queen Street, London; Book Chat, 5, Union Square, New York; The Book-Buyer, 743, Broadway, New York; Révue Bibliographique Universelle, 195, Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris; The Co-operative Index to Periodicals, 57, Ludgate Hill, London; The Library Journal (same address); The American Book-Maker, 126, Duane Street, New York; L'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin, Paris.

BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.

M. LAMBROS, who has lately been appointed a Professor in the University of Athens, writes to the *Athenæum:* "In the library of a Greek family at Philippopolis a most interesting codex of Aristotle has been discovered—a paper manuscript of the fourteenth century. It contains the *De Anima*, *De Cœlo*, and the *De Gêneratione et Corruptione*. The Professor at the Greek Grammar School at Philippopolis, Petros Papageorgiu, known through his Sophoclean studies, is preparing an exact description and collation of the manuscript."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO. announce that they will shortly publish a volume of essays by Sir John Lubbock, entitled *The Pleasures of Life.*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR ROBERT LAMBERT PLAYFAIR, who for the last twenty years has been British Consul-General at Algiers, is compiling for the Royal Geographical Society a bibliography of Algeria from 1500 to 1866. He will be obliged to anyone who will send him references to articles, etc., in English periodicals to which he may not have access.

Simple Mechanics and How to Mend is the title of a new encyclopædia published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. The same firm announces an English edition of Patton's *Concise History of the American People*, in two vols. 8vo.

WALT WHITMAN'S *Specimen Days in America* will be comprised in this month's volume of the "Camelot Classics." The reprint has been issued under an arrangement with the author, who has written for it an address to the British public.

THE materials prepared by the late Henry Ward Beecher are being arranged for publication as an autobiography by his widow and son-in-law. The authorities at Amherst College have resolved to establish a professorship in his honour.

ON the afternoon of the 22nd April last a meeting was held at the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Henry Irving presiding, to promote the establishment of a Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon.—Mr. Irving, in opening the proceedings, said they were gathered there that day to promote the well-being of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon. They knew that there were many libraries in the kingdom well stocked with Shakespearian literature, and in the British Museum there was a library containing almost every book upon this subject that the eye of man had ever seen. But the Stratford library was to be a selected and a special one—a library for those who might travel to the shrine, so that they might revel in intellectual as well as in imaginative delight. In time, no doubt, Stratford would become the Mecca of the Shakespearian student. This movement interested all comers from all lands who might visit the spot, and when they thought of the advance during the past few years amongst the public in the study of Shakespeare, and the interest shown in everything connected with his life, he would be a bold man who would deny to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of the poet, the right to a library, the richest that could be got together. At Stratford there was, of course, a library, and therefore there would be no cost to incur in the erection of a building. There were ample bookshelves in the library, but alas! there were no books. It was to fill these shelves that he appealed to them that day. It did not seem strange that at this spot, where, 323 years ago, this Nature's marvel was born, and which, after the turmoil of a feverish life, he chose in all wide England for his home, they should wish to plant a memorial for the benefit of those who, in the quiet of this Warwickshire town and by the ripple of sweet Avon's stream, might seek for opportunities of, and advantages for, the pursuance of thoughtful and loving work.—Sir Theodore Martin, in moving the first resolution, said that, as one who from early boyhood had been indebted to Shakespeare's works more than to any other book, he desired to render what assistance he could to the establishment of this Memorial Library. He moved, "That it is desirable that the Shakespeare Memorial Library, now partially formed in the Shakespeare Memorial Building at Stratford-on-Avon, should be extended so as ultimately to include a complete collection of the editions, English and foreign, and the translations, of Shakespeare's works, and of the best critical and other literature, illustrative not only of these works, but also of Shakespeare's life and Shakespeare's England."—The resolution was seconded by General Hamley, and unanimously agreed to.—Mr. Phelps (the American Minister) moved, "That it is desirable that in the same library should be included all the best dramatic works, English and foreign, and all works, historical, biographical, and critical, which illustrate the rise and progress of the acting drama in Europe and America." He said that

when the difference between the American and English nations was political and geographical only—for the family remained—the Americans carried away with them a hundred years ago many things which they did not intend to part with. One was the English language, another English traditions, and another English law; and they not only desired to contribute, but claimed the right to do so.—Sir A. Hodgson seconded the motion, which was agreed to.—The Chairman announced that he had received a telegram from Paris stating that a committee of the members of the Comédie Française had been formed, M. Mounet-Sully being chairman, to assist in the establishment of the library. M. Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, was a member of the committee.—Sir F. Pollock moved, "That the public be invited to take part in the formation of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, by contributions either of books or money, and to form a general committee; and that the following gentlemen be appointed, with power to add to their number, as the executive committee of the library, for the purpose of carrying out the foregoing resolution—viz.: Mr. W. Besant, Mr. C. E. Flower, Dr. Furnivall, Mr. F. Hawley, Mr. G. Godwin, Sir A. Hodgson, Mr. R. Holmes, Mr. A. H. Huth, Mr. Henry Irving, Sir F. Leighton, Sir T. Martin, and Sir W. F. Pollock."—The resolution was seconded by Lord Ronald Gower, and agreed to; and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Irving for presiding, and for the use of the theatre.

M. DE LESSEPS' long-promised reminiscences, extending over a period of forty years, will be published in Paris in October next. An English edition will be issued simultaneously by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

PROFESSOR SONNENSCHEIN, of Mason College, Birmingham, is about to issue a series of *Parallel Grammars* of the English, Latin, German, French, and other languages. Professor Sonnenschein will himself contribute the Latin grammar. The aim of the series is to secure uniformity of plan and terminology for the languages usually studied in the schools. Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. are the publishers.

A NEW EDITION is announced of Britton's *History of Bath Abbey*, revised and brought down to date by Mr. R. E. Peach, author of *Historic Houses in Bath*. The work will be profusely illustrated.

THE Treasurer of the Pipe-Roll Society writes to the *Athenæum:* "With reference to the work on original charters announced in your columns as in preparation by Mr. Birch and Mr. Ellis, of the British Museum, it is to be noted that a precisely similar work, dealing with the charters and deeds in the Public Record Office of a date prior to A.D. 1200, has for some time past been actively progressing for the Pipe-Roll Society, under the editorship of Mr. J. Horace Round. Under these circumstances, it would be of great advantage to the student if these projected volumes could be issued in uniform style. The Pipe-Roll Society's system has already been settled by the editor in the following manner: (1) The charters in each volume are to be arranged, as nearly as possible, in strict chronological order, and numbered 1 to the end. (2) Each charter is to have a brief descriptive heading, together with the precise reference to the place of deposit. (3) This heading will be followed by the charter itself, facsimiled in record type; and (4) editorial notes will be added, directing attention to the most material facts illustrated by the particular document. It is satisfactory to find that, in this second scheme for getting our earliest charters into type, the editors intend to follow out the principle, adopted by the Pipe-Roll Society, of limiting themselves to original charters only."

ANOTHER edition of *Festus*, being the eleventh English edition, is in course of preparation by Mr. Philip James Bailey.

THE American *Library Journal* for January—February, 1887, contains, besides its usual articles, a list of all the libraries in the United States which possess more than 1,000 volumes.

MR. JAMES GRANT, the well-known author, died on Thursday, May 5, at his residence in Westbourne Park. He had been ailing for about three months, and suffered from a complication of diseases. Born in Edinburgh in 1822, he spent some of his early years in Newfoundland, where his father, an officer in the army, had been sent with a detachment of troops. The military training the youth received showed itself in all Grant's writings. He was himself later gazetted to an ensigncy in the 62nd Foot, and in 1840 was in charge of the depôt of his regiment. Literature, however, and the study of Scottish antiquities, had greater attractions for him, and he severed his connection with the army. All his works have been translated into German and Danish, and several of them into French.

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AUG 10 1887

RALEIGH'S *HISTORY OF THE WORLD.*

THIS, the *magnum opus* of the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, made its appearance in the year 1614, and between that date and 1687 passed through no less than ten editions, each of which is in folio. That a book of the kind should have been so eminently successful is not to be wondered at when the character and habits of the author are considered. Apart from his personal popularity, there is no doubt that Sir Walter was one of the most enthusiastic voyagers of the age in which he lived, and as his journeyings to and fro were mainly undertaken in the search for gold, then believed to exist in prodigious quantities in many an El Dorado both of Africa and America, so the interest of the people was thoroughly aroused in the success of his enterprises, and when they failed, they turned to his book in the hope of discovering the secret of the failure and the true road to fame and fortune for themselves. Had not gold been promised in abundance, and without, moreover, the trouble of working for it, Sir Walter's *History of the World* would never have seen ten editions, and probably he himself would have died peacefully in his bed instead of meeting a violent death on the scaffold. Sir Walter was a victim of the gold fever, and when a history of the martyrs who have perished at the shrine of Mammon comes to be written, he will rank high among the most distinguished of them.

The first edition of the *History of the World* was, as we have said, published in folio in the year 1614, and the successive editions are dated 1617, 1621, 1624, 1628, 1634, 1652, 1666, 1677, 1678, and 1687. According to Dr. T. N. Brushfield, who has studied the subject of Raleigh's bibliography, and who is, perhaps, the best living authority upon it, the editions dated 1624 and 1678 are identical with those published in 1621 and 1634, a supposition which has several points of confirmation in its favour, one of which is that a subsequent edition (Oldys'), published in two vols. folio, 1736, is styled "the eleventh edition" on the face of the title-page. This, of course, does not prove the identity of the edition of 1624 with that of 1621, or that of 1678 with 1634; but it shows that in the opinion of the editor of the edition of 1736 there had been only ten previous editions and not twelve.

The main features of these ten editions are very much alike, though the last two (1677 and 1687) contain what does not appear in any of the others, viz., a life of the author.

Subject to this, we notice in all of them, first a frontispiece engraved by Elstrack; next some explanatory verses entitled "The Mind of the Front," supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson; and then the contents following:

3. Title-page and portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh (except in the first edition).
4. Preface.
5. Table of Contents.
6. The History of the World.
7. A Chronological Table.
8. An Index.

The frontispiece, which is allegorical, is engraved with the usual skill of Elstrack, and in copies of the earlier impressions is beautifully clear and distinct. After a time, however, the plate becomes much worn, and seems to have been retouched, with the inevitable result that the finest lines become comparatively speaking thick and clumsy. In the centre of the frontispiece is the inscription "The History of the World," and at the foot, "At London. Printed for Walter Bvrre, 1614." This is, of course, in the first edition; but it must be observed that in each edition up to and including that of 1634, the inscription and date remain precisely similar in every respect. The collector must, therefore, use the ordinary precaution of turning to the colophon, where he will find the actual date properly recorded. After 1634 there will be no difficulty, for though the colophon is omitted, the necessary alteration was made in the frontispiece, the original inscription at the base being erased, and the names of the printers and date inserted.

The first alteration (which took place in the edition of 1652) reads as follows: "London printed for R. Best, Io. Place, and Sam. Cartwright and are to be sould at Graies Inn and Furnivalls Inn gates in Holborne and at the hand and Bible in Duck Lane 1652." Dr. Brushfield points out that another issue took place in the same year, and that the only way in which it can be recognised is by the variation in the inscription given above.

Regarding Ben Jonson's copy of verses which are to be found in his collected works, nothing more need be said beyond that they are sometimes found on the leaf facing the frontispiece, and sometimes on the back of it.

The title-page bearing the portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh first makes its appearance in the edition of 1617, and is found in all subsequent editions. It reads "The Historie of the World. In Five Books. By Sir Walter Ralegh Knight," and, as was the fashion of the time, a list of the chief contents is ostentatiously displayed on the face of the title. In the issues up to and including that of 1652, Simon Pass's portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh is engraved on the lower part of the title-page, while in the editions 1666-1687 it is printed on a separate leaf. This portrait was the one that was universally copied by subsequent editors and used as a frontispiece to most of the editions of the author's

works for nearly a hundred years, until it was supplanted by Vertue's print of the author. After the title comes the preface, which except in the edition of 1687 is without pagination; in that edition it is numbered i-xxxij, and in all the others consists of a various number of leaves ranging from eleven to twenty, as also does the table of contents.

The *History of the World* itself is paged, though somewhat irregularly; the chronological table has fourteen leaves in all editions, and the index varies from nine to sixteen leaves.

We have said that the editions of 1677 and 1687 contain for the first time the life of Sir Walter, or as it is described on the title-page, "The Life and Tryal of the Author." This life bears no author's name nor initials, and is thus commented upon by Dr. Brushfield in his "Bibliography of the *History of the World*," read at the Annual Meeting of the Library Association, held at Plymouth last year. "There can be no doubt," says Dr. Brushfield, "that the folio form preceded the 8vo." (there were two issues of the edition of 1677, one in folio and the other in 8vo.), "as all the errors contained in the former are corrected in the latter. I may mention a glaring one: the name of 'Edward Littlebury Gent.' is included in the list of jurymen, raising the number to thirteen; this was omitted in the 8vo. volume. That the folio form was published separately is tolerably certain. The *Life* contained in the 1687 edition of the *History of the World*, in the British Museum Library, has a separate title-page, on which appears 'the third edition;' and the names of the publishers differ from those of the *History*. Moreover, many of the earlier issues of the latter work contain copies of the *Life*, as late insertions.

"Though published anonymously, there appears to be a general consensus of opinion that it was written by *a* Shirley, but by which of that name, authorities differ. Edwards (*Life of Sir W. Ralegh*, i., xlvi, xlvii) divides his opinion between Benjamin Shirley, 'of whom nothing is distinctly known,' and James Shirley, the dramatist, who died in 1666, eleven years prior to the publication of the work. The authorship is assigned to Benjamin Shirley in the British Museum Library Catalogue, on what grounds I do not know. His name certainly appears in the list of publishers of the 8vo. volume, but this can scarcely be received as sufficient evidence in favour of his being the writer. Wood (*Athen. Ox.* (1691), ii., 486) states that the author was John Shirley, and in a copy of the work in the Bodleian Library, 'written by Io. Shirley' is inscribed on the title-page. Halkett and Laing (*Anonym. Dict.*) declare this to be in the handwriting of Wood, who was contemporary with Shirley, and this opinion appears to me to be the correct one."

The following special points relating to the various editions should be noted by book-buyers:

The First Edition, 1614.—There were two issues of this, no title-page to

either; one issue contains a leaf of errata, the second incorporated the corrections and accordingly dispensed with it.

Second Edition, 1617.—This edition does duty for a third, the date alone being altered to 1621.

Sixth Edition, 1652.—Two issues identified by the variation in the inscription at the base of the frontispiece, as mentioned above.

Seventh Edition, 1666.—In some copies the frontispiece bears date 1665.

Eighth Edition, 1671.—Same edition as the seventh, but with a new title-page.

Eleventh Edition, 1736.—The last of the folio editions contains a new life by Oldys, that by Shirley being superseded. No frontispiece nor verses by Ben Jonson. Vertue's portrait substituted for the one by Simon Pass. "This," according to Bliss (in Wood's *Ath. Ox.* (1815), ii. 240), "is the best edition on every account; but an examination of the work itself, notwithstanding the assurance on the title-page as to its being 'printed from a copy revised by the author himself,' scarcely bears out this favourable opinion." "Refer to the prefatory remarks in vol. i. of the *Collected Works* of Sir Walter Raleigh, published in 1829 at Oxford. Since 1736, two 8vo. editions of the *History* have appeared; one in 1820, Edinburgh, 6 vols., and one in the Oxford edition just referred to (1829, 8 vols.), of which the *History* occupies vols. ii. to vii. The great popularity of the work is proved, not only by the number of these editions, but also in two other ways. First, in the publication of two abridgments of the *History* by different authors, one in 1650 by Alexander Ross, and the other in 1698 by Lawrence Echard; the latter passed through three other editions, in the last of which (1708) the abridgment is considerably enlarged. Secondly, by the same writers publishing distinct from each other a *Continuation of the Famous History of Sir Walter Raleigh*, in 1652 and 1708."

None of the editions mentioned above would appear to have any great pecuniary value, and during the past six months very few copies have made their appearance in the auction-room. The few that have been sold have in no instance realized as high a sum as 20s. each, though there can be no doubt that good copies of the earlier editions are worth more than that amount. It may be mentioned that a fine copy of the Oxford edition of the collected works, described as "Sir Walter Raleigh's Works, now first collected with Lives by Oldys and Birch. 8 vols. 8vo., cloth, 1829," sold at Sotheby's on the 10th of December last for £3.

THE BIBLE IN SCOTLAND.



N the 14th June last a copy of the first Bible printed in Scotland, and known as the Bassandyne Bible, was submitted to competition at auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Co., and knocked down for the substantial sum of £31. This Bible, which is a revision of the Genevan or Breeches Bible, was published in folio at Edinburgh in 1579, and is collated as follows: Nine preliminary leaves. On the title-page above the imprint is a woodcut representing the Arms of Scotland, 3¼ inches by 4¾ inches; on the reverse, "The names and order of all the Bookes | of the olde and New Testament," 1 p.; the second leaf begins on (∴) ij., "To the Richt Excellent Richt | heigh and Michtie Prince Iames the Sixt | King of Scottes," etc., 3½ pp., dated at the end, "From Edinburgh in our ge | neral assemblie the tent day of | Iulie 1579," the rest of the page blank. Then comes "An dovble Calendare | to wit, the Romane and the Hebrew | Calendare," etc. "Ane Almanake," etc., 7 pp. On the reverse of the seventh leaf is "¶ A table to find out in what signe the Moone is at any tyme for euer," ½ page, under which is "Rvles for vnderstanding | of this double Calendare," occupying that and half the next page, and signed "R. Pont;" the remainder of this page is filled with verses, ": Of the incomparable treasure of the holy Scripture." On the reverse of the next, or eighth leaf, begins ": A description and svccesse | of the Kinges of Ivda and Ierusalem" | etc., 1½ pp.; then comes on the rest of the page "An exhortation to the studie of the Holie Scripture;" on the reverse, "Howe to take profite on reading of the holie Scripture," signed by T. Grashop, 1 p., at the bottom of which is Arbuthnot's device, copied from Richard Jugge's, substituting his own arms at the bottom between the initials A. A. The text, Genesis to Second Maccabees, 503 folioed leaves, ending with "The Third Boke of | the Maccabees newlie translated out | of the original Greke." This third book, however, is not added, but next comes the title of "The | Newe Testament | of ovr Lord Ie | svs Christ | Conferred diligently with the Greke, and best approved | translations in diuers languages | [The Arms of Scotland the same as on the first title] at Edinburgh | : Printed by Thomas | Bassandyne | MDLXXVI | cvm Privilegio | ." Reverse blank; the text A ij folioed 2 [misprinted 1] to 125, ending on the middle of the reverse. Then comes "A briefe Table of the Pro | per names which are chiefly founde in the olde Te | stament," in double columns, not paged or folioed, but beginning on the recto of X vj, and ending at the middle of the verso of Y iij. Then follows on "A Table of the principal | things that are conteined in the Bible," etc., in treble columns, ending on the middle of the reverse of *Z* vj. The rest of that page and the next are filled with ": A Perfite svppvtation of the yeres | and times from Adam vnto Christ," brought down "vnto this present yere of | our Lord God 1576." On the reverse is "The

either; one issue contains a leaf of errata, the second incorporated the corrections and accordingly dispensed with it.

Second Edition, 1617.—This edition does duty for a third, the date alone being altered to 1621.

Sixth Edition, 1652.—Two issues identified by the variation in the inscription at the base of the frontispiece, as mentioned above.

Seventh Edition, 1666.—In some copies the frontispiece bears date 1665.

Eighth Edition, 1671.—Same edition as the seventh, but with a new title-page.

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THE HERMIT OF MARLOW.*

THE god of the Shelley Society, passing under the title of the "Hermit of Marlow," was, according to Mr. H. Buxton Forman, "goaded" not merely to produce two essays on concrete politics, which mark the year 1817, but also to compose his largest work, "that daring *Laon and Cythna*, whereby he hoped to awaken the better classes of his countrymen from their apathy, and startle them into a moral and intellectual fomentation calculated to bring about reform in all departments, radical, sweeping, and conclusive." Shelley at the time was *in extremis*, for not only had Harriett Shelley and Fanny Godwin committed suicide the previous year, but a Chancery suit was pending against him, based upon certain blasphemous insinuations contained in *Queen Mab*. For these and other reasons doubtless as well, he elected to place upon the pamphlet no author's name, and to let it go out to the world as from "The Hermit of Marlow." We cannot help thinking that if he had kept the manuscript to himself, or burned it on the first convenient opportunity, the world would have been spared the trouble of reading an agglomeration of rubbish, and the Shelley Society of reproducing the materials to enable it to do so. It may also have been very "daring" of Shelley to publish such a pamphlet, and we even agree with Mr. Buxton Forman in another part of his introduction, and assert with him that it was, though we cannot agree with his reason for the assertion. Shelley's genius as a poet, much overrated as some think, was absolutely invisible when directed to the manufacture of prose, and we have no hesitation whatever in saying that political pamphlets of vastly superior merit are to be purchased any day in the week for a penny. Many of the pamphlets which enjoy a brief existence on the railway book-stall, and are then carted away, with others like them, to be pulped in the mills, are as much superior to the Hermit of Marlow's *Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote* as is one of Macaulay's essays to a flippant article in the *Saturday Review*. Not one of the gentlemen on the *Proposal Free List*, from Sir Francis Burdett, M.P., to General Sir R. Ferguson, M.P., would in all probability read the tract; and it seems rather cruel for the Shelley Society, under the auspices of Mr. Buxton Forman (whose introduction is much more voluminous than Shelley's manuscript) to drag it forth from a well-deserved obscurity.

However, it is here in facsimile, and as the object of the Society is "to attempt to gather, investigate, and illustrate all he (*i.e.* Shelley) ever did," it must be assumed to be welcome to the members, who, after all, are the only persons who have any right to be satisfied or disappointed.

* *A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom.* Facsimile of Shelley's manuscript, with an introduction by H. Buxton Forman, London. For the Shelley Society, Reeves and Turner, 4to., 1887.

The Hermit of Marlow's effusion, then, was put forward in the year 1817, when the wretchedness and unrest of the lower classes in England was beginning to harass the Government of King George III., who was then in his dotage. Stump orators and demagogues were traversing the country stirring up the dregs of the people to outrage, and Leigh Hunt, William Cobbett, and others were doing their best to assist them on paper, or, as Mr. Buxton Forman euphoniously puts it, "were performing rough literary labour in the popular cause." The worst of it was that all this labour was apparently without result, for the mob had behaved in such a reckless and violent manner that the prejudice of the powerful and influential classes was distinctly against them. At this period, when Cobbett and the rest of them were addressing nobody in particular, the Hermit of Marlow was "goaded" to produce this and another essay on concrete politics, of which other essay, by the way, no manuscript or proof-sheets, or copy of the original issue is fortunately extant.

The *Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote* is, on the contrary, preserved in all three stages, and "not only have copies of the extremely rare print come down to us, but the proof-sheets revised by Shelley, and bearing sketchy drawings from his pen, were preserved by Leigh Hunt, and are now in the collection of Sir Percy Shelley, while the original MS., roughly and rapidly written, and full of erasures and corrections, remained in the hands of Mr. Ollier, the publisher, whose family in the fulness of time sold it."

From this original MS., which subsequently came into the possession of Mr. Wise, the Society's facsimile is made and published, and the members and the world at large are now in a position to satisfy their curiosity upon the important soul-absorbing question as to what Shelley thought of the Constitution in 1817. The following expression of opinion seems to be the sum and substance of his opinion: "An hospital for lunatics is the only theatre where we can cause so mournful a comedy to be exhibited as this mighty nation now exhibits, a single person bullying and swindling a thousand of his comrades out of all they possess in the world, and then trample and spit upon them, though he were the most contemptible and degraded of mankind, and they had strength in their arms and courage in their hearts. Such a parallel realized in political society is a spectacle worthy of the utmost indignation and anathema." A pseudonym, coupled with a temporary retirement to Marlow, was one of the most "daring" episodes in the life of Shelley; and even more effectual than "daring," for the poet escaped Newgate, on whose frowning portals he must have gazed many a time with anxious eye. It is only on the hypothesis that the Shelley Society is bound, consistently with the terms of its constitution, to publish everything the poet wrote, verse or prose, good, bad or indifferent, that the utility of reprinting the *Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote* is at all manifest.

NOTES ON THE CRAWFORD SALE.*

THIS important sale, which commenced on the 13th June last, and occupied the attention of book-buyers for ten days, is remarkable chiefly for the very excellent condition, as well as scarcity, of most of the lots that were disposed of. The total number of lots, 2,146, realized £19,073 9s. 6d., a very excellent average. The highest price bid was £2,650, for which sum a perfect copy of the Mazarin, or Gutenberg Bible, was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch. The same bookseller also secured for £1,025 (lot 449), Fust and Schoeffer's Bible of 1462. It will be noticed that both these books together fell short by £225 of the price paid for a no better copy of the Mazarin Bible at Sotheby's in 1884; but whether this is owing to a greater scarcity of money at the bankers' or the natural disinclination of bibliophiles to purchase works which seem to become common in proportion to the number of times they are exposed for public competition, it would be difficult to say. On the whole, however, it is hardly likely that the Earl of Crawford will be disposed to complain of the prices realized.

Dealing first with Bibles, of which there were a large quantity in a variety of languages, we first notice John Day's "Gospels of the fower Evangelistes," printed by him in 4to., 1571. This volume is rare, never evidently having been seen by Lowndes, as he states it to be dedicated to Archbishop Parker instead of Queen Elizabeth. Even in the seventeenth century the rarity of copies was so great that a former owner of Earl Spencer's copy, in a MS. note, records that "I was twenty yeares looking for to buy one of these bookes." The price realized at the Crawford sale was, however, only £11 10s.

Coverdale's Bible, the first English Bible printed, and so excessively rare that the Osterley Park copy was considered the only perfect one known, realized £226 (Quaritch). It was in folio (12⅛ in. × 7¾ in.), and dated MDXXXV. Another Bible, printed by Jacob van Meteren at Antwerp, and published in London by Grafton and Whitchurch, 1537, was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch for £161. This same volume, though wanting two leaves (since supplied) was sold at the Perkins sale for £195.

Taverner's Bible, "Printed at London, in Fletestrete, at the synge of the Sonne by John Byddell for Thomas Barthlet," MDXXXIX., realized £51 (Quaritch); and a perfect copy of the first issue of the Great, or Cromwell's Bible, folio (15¼ in. × 10¾ in.), 1539, brought £111 (Quaritch). It may be mentioned that the Great Bible passed through seven editions between the years 1539 and 1541, which indeed so closely resemble each other that of five of them the leaves of each begin and end alike, and are often used ignorantly or dishonestly to make

* Catalogue of the Library of the Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, 1887, June 13 and nine subsequent days. See also *Book Prices Current*, No. VII.

up each other. Mr. Lea Wilson managed to collect the whole seven editions, which, after his death, were disposed of to the Library of the British Museum at the moderate price of £80 each.

Cranmer's Bible, printed by Edward Whitchurch in November, 1541, brought £50; and Matthew's emendations of Tyndale's version (John Day and William Seres), 1549, an exceedingly rare book when perfect, as this was, £24 (Ellis and Elvey).

The Bishops' Bible, a revision of the "Great Bible," undertaken by Archbishop Parker, with the assistance of eight bishops, and printed by Richard Jugge, folio, London, 1568, brought £70. This Bible is sometimes called the "Treacle Bible," from Jeremiah viii. 22, "Is there no tryacle in Gilead," rendered *rosin* in the Douai version, and *balm* in that of 1611.

The first edition of the English Bible for Roman Catholics (L. Kellam, 1609-10) brought £18 5s., and the first issue of the 1611 version (London, R. Barker, 1611), £31. This first issue has obtained the name of the GREAT HE BIBLE, and the second that of the GREAT SHE BIBLE, from their respective reading of Ruth iii. 15, that in the first being "HE went into the citie," and in the second, "SHE went."

Tyndale's Bible, printed without place or date, in 16mo., was knocked down to Quaritch for £255. The copy was not perfect, as it wanted the title and prologue to Genesis; but, on the other hand, it had all the marginal notes, which were cut off in almost all other copies (as ordered by Act of Parliament in 1542).

Tyndale's New Testament, Antwerp, by Martin Emperowr, 1534, brought £230. Mr. Anderson's copy sold for £116, and Sir W. Tite's (imperfect) for £42 10s.

Coverdale's New Testament, 8vo., 1538-9, sold with all faults, brought £50 (Ellis and Elvey). This Testament is exceedingly scarce, having been prohibited, and nearly the entire impression was seized and burnt by the Inquisition. Cromwell brought the printing-presses, types, and workmen to London, and the few copies saved were completed by Grafton and Whitchurch. Gardner's copy, bought in for £82, was afterwards sold for £160.

The first Scottish Bible for domestic use, and containing the Psalms in metre, as they are to be sung in the Kirk of Scotland, 1 vol., 8vo., brought £10 5s.; and the first edition of the New Testament in French (Lyons, B. Burger, n.d., but about 1474), £200 (Quaritch).

On the other hand, the first issue of the Bible printed in Germany brought £144; it was printed by J. Mentelin, at Strasburg, about the year 1466. The second edition of the same Bible, *sine ulla nota sed Straszburg, H. Eggestyn, circa* 1466, realized £83. According to two very suspicious Latin inscriptions in the Wurtemberg copy, this Bible was printed at Mayence by Fust and Schoeffer in 1462.

The Bible of Worms, the Anabaptist version attributed by some to Kantz,

and by others to L. Hetzer, who was decapitated at Constance in 1529, realized £35 (Nutt). It is in folio, and printed by Schofern at "Wormbs," 1524.

Martin Luther's Bible, so-called because he translated this, the first edition of the entire Scriptures, was printed in folio at Wittemberg by Hans Lufft in 1534. It is in black-letter, and extremely rare when perfect, £51 (Quaritch).

The first edition of the Bible in Welsh, printed at London by the deputies of C. Barker, 1588, realized £60; and the second or Bishop Morgan's version, revised by Bishop R. Parry, folio, Llundain, 1620, £10 10s.

On the other hand, the first edition of the New Testament in Welsh, translated by Salisbury, and printed in 4to. at London by H. Denham, 1567, sold for £60.

The first portion of the Earl of Crawford's collection only contains one block-book, viz., the *Apocalypse of St. John.* This extraordinary rare and curious volume is generally considered as the second attempt in xylographic printing, the priority being given to the *Ars Memorandi.* It contains forty-eight leaves, printed from wooden blocks, the cuts printed in colours, and the xylographic text in brown ink, and although it bears no date, it is ascribed by experts to Lawrence Coster, A.D. 1430. It was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch for £500. Block-books are supposed to have preceded by nearly twenty-five years the discovery of printing with metal types, and the acquisition of a perfect specimen of one of them "is a feat worthy of the keenest bibliophile, as the likelihood of one occurring for sale within a lifetime is very problematical, and the chance of its purchase by a public library almost a certainty. The *Apocalypsis*, next to the *Biblia Pauperum*, is perhaps the most interesting, and the price paid proves it. Didot's copy sold for £540, and Weigel's for £466 10s."

Two books of the press of Wynkyn de Worde are next worthy of notice. The *Vitas Patrum* of 1495, and the *Golden Legende* of 1527.

The first of these books, considered the most magnificent of Wynkyn de Worde's typographical productions, is entitled "*Vitas Patrum, or Lyff of the olde auncyent holy faders hermytes.* Translated out of the Greke into Latyn by Saynt Jerome, and reduced into Englysshe (from the Frenche) by William Caxton." It is in black-letter, and has numerous woodcuts. Folio, London, 1495, £71 (Quaritch).

The *Golden Legende* of Jacob de Voragine, folio, London, 1527, containing the woodcut device of Wynkyn de Worde, realized £81 (Quaritch).

America was fully represented, and among the 147 lots may be noticed the *Epistola* of Christopher Colombus, 4to., printed at Rome in 1493 by Steph. Plank. Only four copies are known of this pamphlet, which realized the large price of £236. Esquemeling's *Bucaniers of America* (see note to *Book-Lore*, vol. v., p. 85), London, 4to., 1684, realized £14 14s., which we still consider to be an excessive price, as stated in the note. Martin Frobisher's *A True Discourse of the Late Voyages of Discouerie*, black-letter, 2 folding maps, London, 4to., 1578,

brought £100 (Quaritch); and Robert Harcourt's *Relation of a Voyage to Guiana*, 4to., London, 1626, £6 6s.

A very fair copy of Long's *History of Jamaica*, in 3 vols., 4to., London, 1774, was knocked down for 20s., a rather curious circumstance, considering that Dr. Heath's copy sold for £14 15s., and the Duke of Roxburgh's for £12 5s.

One of the rarest collection of voyages extant is that edited by Montalboddo Fracanzana, or, as some say, Alexandro Zorzi. Vicentia, Impensa de H. Vincentino, cura de Zamaria suo fiol, 1507. It is entitled *Paesi novamente retrovati et Novo Mondo da Alberico Vesputio Florentino Intitulato*. So extremely rare is this volume that the Beckford copy sold for £270. Mr. Quaritch, however, secured the Earl's copy for £147.

A long series of the little works of Savonarola (lots 1790-1865), all of which were published during the life of the famous martyr, or immediately after his death, realized sums varying from 7s. to £8 15s. each. Many of these works are exceedingly scarce, as all available copies were ruthlessly destroyed whenever found. Terrible as was the fate of Savonarola, yet book-lovers will remember that it was only a short time previous to his downfall that by his orders huge fires were raised in the public squares of Florence, on which were burnt priceless manuscripts and books, the sacrifice of an ignorant and fanatical tumult.

Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, London, 4to., 1590, a first edition and exceedingly rare, brought £93 (Hanson), Mr. Gardner's copy having sold for £34. As the variations between this first edition and the folio reprints are innumerable, and as not a few original poems not reprinted are contained therein, this 4to. edition has a peculiar value. With these remarks we must, in the words of the Earl of Crawford, "conclude the Decameron." Many are the rarities that have necessarily been passed over, by reason of the limited space at our disposal, though we have, we think, noted the chief of a vast number of books comprised in the first portion of the catalogue, and with others collected at great expense and with enviable taste, not only by the Earl himself, but by his progenitors.

J. H. SLATER.

THE COLOPHON.

THIS term, which has its origin in the ancient Greek proverb, "to put the colophon to the matter," that is the "finishing-stroke," is of frequent occurrence in the bibliography of the earliest printed books, from the fact that it was used to set up the name of the printer, the place of his residence, the date of his work, etc., all those details in fact which are now entrusted to the title-page. It usually took the form of an inverted pyramid.

So well pleased was the world with the new art and its almost miraculous results that printing-presses sprang up like magic. Before 1499 there were 236

in operation. Six years after Gutenberg had completed his Bible of forty-two lines there were fifty German cities and towns in which presses had been set up. Enthusiastic book-makers printed everything they could lay their hands upon—huge folios filled with interminable treatises on polemics—and it is no wonder that upon the completion of such a task they rounded off their colophons with such pious ejaculations as: Laus Omnipotenti Deo! Deo Gratias! Laus Deo! Amen.

The colophon of Gutenberg's *Catholicon*, a huge folio of 748 pages, double columns, sixty-six lines to the column, printed at Mentz in 1460, ends as follows: "Wherefore to Thee, Divine Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Triune and only God, let praise and honor be given, and let those who never forget to praise the Virgin Mary join also through this book in the universal anthem of the church: God be praised!"

The Mazarin Bible has no title-page, pagination, signatures or printed colophon. It is printed in double columns and contains 641 leaves (vol. i. 324 ff., vol. ii. 317 ff.). In the first nine pages there are forty lines to the column, in the tenth page forty-one lines, and in the remainder of the pages forty-two lines. In later copies the first ten pages were reprinted so as to make forty-two lines to the column throughout. An illuminator of Mentz, who decorated, bound and perfected a copy of the work in 1456, fortunately set the date upon his copy, and bibliographers are agreed that Gutenberg's part of the work was completed in the previous year, to wit, 1455.

The colophon of the first book printed with a date, the *Psalterium* of Fust and Schoeffer, a folio of 175 lines, page forms eight inches wide by twelve inches high, in type resembling Gutenberg's Bibles, and remarkable as being the first book in which were employed large capital letters printed in colours, reads as follows:

"This book of Psalms, decorated with antique initials and sufficiently emphasized with rubricated letters, has been thus made by the masterly invention of printing and also type-making, without the writing of a pen, and is consummated to the service of God through the industry of Johann Fust, Citizen of Mentz, and Peter Schoeffer, of Gernsheim, in the year of our Lord, 1457, on the eve of the Assumption." (August 14.)

The large initials printed in red and blue inks, or, as some bibliographers think, coloured by hand, are very beautiful, and if really printed are models of workmanship which the present century, practised in the art of typography as it is, would do well to study and admire.

The colophon of Fust and Schoeffer's *Cicero de Officiis*, a small 4to. of eighty-eight leaves, the first book having leaded lines, an innovation which considerably improved the appearance of the page, reads as follows:

"This very celebrated work of Marcus Tullius, I, John Fust, a citizen of Mentz, have happily completed through the hands of Peter, my son, not with

writing ink nor with pen, nor yet in brass, but with a certain art exceedingly beautiful." Dated 1465.

In the earlier incunabula it was customary for the printer to leave a blank line or space for the insertion by the illuminator with pen and ink of any Hebrew, Greek, or other foreign type. In Fust and Schoeffer's *Cicero*, however, Greek letters printed in the text make their appearance for the first time, but printed from a wooden block and not from metal type. Sweinheym and Pannartz, two German printers who had carried the art into Italy and printed the first book in that country near Rome, in 1465, were the first to print a book in the Greek language from metal type.

The colophon of a book known as *Oratio in Pace Nuperrimâ*, printed in England (London) in 1518, by Richard Pynson, who was contemporary with De Worde and with him acknowledged Caxton as his "worshipful master," may be translated as follows:

"Printed at London in the year of the Incarnate Word MDXVIII., nones of December, by Richard Pynson, printer to the King and vested with royal privilege by which no one is permitted to print this oration in the kingdom of England for two years or to sell within said kingdom any copy printed abroad." Pynson had begun operations as a printer long before this date. He was known as such in London as early as 1500. This book is remarkable from the fact that it was the first work printed in England in Roman type.

GEORGE PSALMANAZAR.

GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, or Psalmanaazaar, as he called himself when posing as a "Japponese," was a person of very considerable learning and vast ingenuity. The secret of his birthplace, name, and parentage has never been penetrated, and the little knowledge we possess is entirely derived from what he chooses to relate in his *Memoirs*, a posthumous work to which we shall have occasion shortly to refer.

Psalmanazar was, according to his own account, born in France in the year 1679, and educated in an archiepiscopal city by the Jesuits. The name of the city and of the college are unknown. When quite a boy he could speak Latin fluently, and had acquired a firm grasp of those principles of grammatical construction which afterwards served him in such stead when he came to concoct a language for himself wherewith to deceive the Bishop of London and other learned divines of the age.

With the advantage of a sound education in his favour, he left his preceptors the Jesuits, and started life as a tutor, and then speedily fell into rambling ways,

and became involved in poverty and disappointment. Finding that the narrow road, combined with a temperate and sober life, might be as good in theory as he soon discovered it to be difficult to follow in práctice, he decided to become a sufferer for religion's sake; and having procured a certificate that he was of Irish extraction, and a declaration vouched for by several persons of position that he had left that country for the sake of the Catholic faith, he started for Rome on a pilgrimage.

In those days it was customary for the devout who journeyed towards the Eternal City to go arrayed in a pilgrim's garb, and to carry an oaken staff in their hands. Psalmanazar, whose chief object was deception, commenced his career well by stealing what his wardrobe was deficient in, for happening to enter a chapel dedicated to a miraculous saint, he stripped the walls of a serviceable staff and cloak, and begged his way in fluent Latin, accosting the clergy and persons of figure whom he met. So generous and credulous did he find them that, as he admits to his own disadvantage, he might easily have saved money had not the old leaven in his composition asserted itself. An ale-house had more charm for Psalmanazar than St. Peter's, and before he had accomplished the first twenty miles of his pilgrimage he was irresistibly attracted to an inn, where, his sober suit discarded, he squandered a considerable portion of his time and the whole of his money.

Things now became critical, but Psalmanazar was not the man to despair. Having heard the Jesuits speak much of China and Japan, he formulated a scheme which, for rashness, has perhaps been unequalled in the history of the literary world. Leaving the ale-house and once more assuming the pilgrim's garb, he travelled into Germany, and when there, well out of the way, so to speak, of anyone who would be at all likely to recognise him, he gave out that he was a native of Formosa, a convert to Christianity, travelling for instruction. To bolster up this deception he formed a new language and character on grammatical principles, which he wrote from right to left, after the manner of Oriental scribes. He planned a new religion, based chiefly upon a belief in the transmigration of souls, and, in short, built up a fabric of falsehood and fraud which, had it been possible, would have deceived the very elect. Then he joined the Dutch army, and altered his plan so far as to declare himself an unconverted heathen, and at Sluys was introduced to the Chaplain of the Forces, who brought him over to England and presented him to the Bishop of London. The patronage he obtained in this quarter procured him a large circle of friends, who extolled him as a prodigy; and on Dr. Halley and others expressing doubts on the genuineness of his pretensions, they were themselves silenced by the voice of popular opinion. Then, as now, religion was frequently stretched until it engendered hysteria, and everyone who wished to pose as a humanitarian vied with his neighbour in attempting to bring the stranger to a knowledge of the Christian religion.

How this same stranger, barely twenty years of age, must have laughed at

his arch-dupe the Lord Bishop of London and his crowd of satellites, who got their guest to translate the Church Catechism from Latin into Formosan, and pronounced the translation, though they could not read a word of it, to be very good; so good, in fact, that they next besought him to write a history of his native island and publish it for the benefit of the world.

This Psalmanazar did in the space of two months, and though he had, of course, never been in the island in his life, or indeed in any Oriental country, he succeeded in producing a history which, had he kept clear of exaggeration, might perhaps have been quoted at the present day as an authority.

Formosa was then, as now, an island of which very little is known, and the author of the history could therefore say pretty much what he pleased. The conversation of the Jesuits in the old days, a few books, including *Candidus on the Isle of Formosa*, and Varenius's *History of Japan*, together with a first-rate imaginative power, and the work was practically mapped out, written in Latin, translated by an assistant engaged at the expense of the Bishop, and published to the gaping mob, who devoured a first edition in less than a week, and called out for more.

Psalmanazar, the converted Formosan, was now the lion of the town, and, being treated as the *protégé* of the Bishop of London, revelled in luxury and everything that tends to make life happy. Then at last he fell, not indeed suddenly, as most lions do, but little by little, until he was metamorphosed into a commonplace and, wonderful to relate, honest man.

The cause of the downfall was this. Psalmanazar, in the course of his description of the island, states that the god, a sort of Typhon, demanded sacrifices upon a gigantic scale. No less than 18,000 male children were accordingly sacrificed every year, which in an island so small would have speedily depopulated it. This lie was, indeed, gratefully digested by most who read the book; but one or two, upon whose credulity a severe strain had been put, refused to accept this statement without investigation. Psalmanazar, on being appealed to, confirmed the assertion; he could not safely deny it, for it appears he had once inadvertently said the same thing at a distinguished gathering of admirers. He therefore boldly adhered to what he had previously stated, explaining that the children were imported, bred on purpose, and so forth.

Society was now divided in opinion upon the important question whether or no Psalmanazar was an impostor; and as evidence of the extreme tenacity with which many people adhere to an opinion, surely none can be greater than a book which was published about this time, bearing a dedication to the Bishop of London as follows:

"May it please your Lordship. Since your commands brought George Psalmanaazaar into England, we humbly presume to lay before you these inquiries into the objections against him, and humbly pray your Lordship's judgment of them, to which we shall entirely submit."

This book is "An Enquiry into certain objections against George Psalmanazar of Formosa, in which the accounts of the people and Language of Formosa, by Candidus, and the other European authors, and the letters about Psalmanazar are proved not to contradict his accounts, with Maps of Formosa and Islands adjacent, to which is added Psalmanazar's answer to M. D'Amalvy, of Sloice. London, printed for Bernard Lintott, in Fleet Street."

The map which is prefixed is copied, so an inscription states, from one that was brought from the East Indies by Captain Bowery, the author of the *Mallayo Grammar and Dictionary*.

The objections urged against Psalmanazar and his history are numerous, and these are answered or evaded in the book. The chief are as follows:

"*Q.* Were you not formerly a Roman Catholic, and a Novice among the Jesuits, ejected upon account of ill Morals?

"*A.* The Querist either believes Psalmanazar or not; if the first, Psalmanazar has already affirmed the Contrary; if the latter, why does he ask him any question at all?

"*Q.* Is it not a Rarity that an *Indian* should become a member of the Church of England?

"*A.* We do not think this question at all to the purpose, but rather against the querist, for if it was no rarity to convert a Japponese to our church, then the wonder about Psalmanazar ceases.

"*Q.* How a stripling att the Age of 18 or 19 (much time being spent in rambling) could attain to such great a Perfection in the Lattin Tongue, as to write the natural and politick History of a Country in that Language?

"*A.* It must be recollected that Psalmanazar learnt the Latin Tongue at Formosa for *Practice*, and the reason of the thing tells us he must learn it by having the natural and politick History of his own Country taught him in Latin, for his Tutor did not bring his Books with him.

"*Q.* There is a Grammar of the Japan Language in Town, from whence some words have been transcribed and shewn Psalmanazar, but he knew nothing of them; how comes it that though he says his Language is a Dialect of the Japan he knows nothing whatever of it?

"*A.* We find the Japan Language has dialects not very intelligible to the Natives themselves, by the account given by Varenius of it out of *Maffeus*, *Sermo Japponensium unus &c.* There is one common Language of all Japan, but so different and manifold, that they may be very well accounted many, there being many ways of expressing the same things.

"*Q.* How comes it that there is a great deal of Greek in Psalmanazar's Formosan language?

"*A.* We find a short Sentence of Japonese in *Varenius* with but six words, and one of them both sounds and signifies like Greek. Var., Ch. 1., *de Relig. in Jap.*

"*Q.* If Psalmanazar is a Japanese, as he says he is, should not his hair be black, his face yellow or olive or Tawny, his Mien a little more diverse, to denote him such a stranger as he pretends?

"*A.* In all places there are some who are contrary to the general Colour &c. of the Country. Some fair in Afric, some black in England. As to his hair, we know not what Influence the Climate he is now in may have upon the Colour of that."

Notwithstanding that these answers and others like them, formulated by the anonymous authors of the *Enquiry*, were adjudged to be satisfactory by a large number of people, the investigation still continued, and one fine morning, in the very midst of the furious literary war, Psalmanazar confessed the fraud, and so, ceasing to be an object of interest, he disappeared from the drawing-rooms of the great, though not from the world. The remainder of the life of this extraordinary man was spent in writing, which procured him a comfortable support. He was concerned in several works of positive credit, among them being *The Universal History*, published in 1747, and the *Essay on Miracles*. We are even assured that he lived irreproachably for many years, and died in the odour of sanctity in 1763. The *History of Formosa*, which is a fairly scarce book, is collated as follows:

"An | Historical and Geographical | Description | of | Formosa | an | Island subject to the Emperor of Japan | giving | An account of the Religion, customs | Manners, &c. of the inhabitants. Together | with a Relation of what happen'd to the Au | thor in his Travels; particularly his Confe | rences with the Jesuits, and others, in several | Parts of Europe. Also the History and Rea | sons of his Conversion to Christianity with his | Objections against it (in defence of Paganism | and their answers | To which is prefixed | A preface in vindication of himself from | the Reflections of a Jesuit lately come from China | with an account of what passed between them | By George Psalmanaazaar | a Native of the said Island, now in London | . Illustrated with several cuts | . London | Printed for Dan Brown at the Black Swan without Temple | Bar; G. Strahan and W. Davis in Cornhill, and Fran. | Coggan in the Inner-Temple Lane, 1704."

Dedication to the Bishop of London, 5 pp. Preface, 14 pp. Errata, 1 leaf. An account of the travels, etc., pp. 327. Appendix at the end, but paged 128, 129, 130, and 131. Contents, 5 pp. Plates: (*a*) Exterior of a temple, to face p. 173; (*b*) tabernacle and altar, to face p. 174; (*c*) altars, to face p. 194; (*d*) folding plate, "The funeral or way of burning the dead bodies," to face p. 206; (*e*) costumes, to face p. 229 and 230 (3 plates); (*f*) "The Vice Roys Castle," to face p. 233; (*g*) the Formosan alphabet, folding plate, to face p. 271; (*g*) two plates of ships, to face p. 276; (*h*) figures of money, to face p. 278.

This extraordinary book goes fully into details of the form of government of Formosa, the religion, fast-days, marriage ceremonies, the opinion con-

cerning the state of the soul after death, manners and customs, weights and measures, clothes, fruits, animals, money, arms and musical instruments, and even describes the appearance of the Viceroy of Formosa and his splendid retinue. With regard to the zoological aspect of the island, Pzalmanazar observes:

"Generally speaking, all the animals which breed here are to be found in *Formosa;* but there are many others there which do not breed here, as Elephants Rhinocerots, Camels, Sea-Horses, all which are tame and very useful for the service of man. But they have other wild beasts there, which are not bred here, as Lyons, Boars, Wolves, Leopards, Apes, Tygers, Crocodiles, and there are also wild Bulls, which are more fierce than any Lyon or Boar, which the natives believe to be the Souls of some Sinners undergoing a great Penance. But they know nothing of Dragons or Land Unicorns, only they have a Fish that has one Horn. And they never saw any Griphons, which they believe to be rather fictions of the Brain than real Creatures."

Modern acquaintance with the island and its peculiarities discloses the fact that although the Formosan fauna have even yet been but partially ascertained, and although there may consequently be elephants and rhinoceroses, camels, tigers and crocodiles there, there are, as a fact, only known to be three kinds of deer; wild boars, bears, goats, monkeys, squirrels, and flying bats in abundance, and panthers and wild cats in lesser numbers. As to the inhabitants—the Chinese and such of the aborigines who have adopted Chinese manners and customs apart—*they* are well known to be the most bloodthirsty savages on the face of the earth, without any manners and customs worth narrating, who do neither weigh nor measure, and have no notion of divinity, nor any faith in marriage customs, nor law. These are the people who, according to Psalmanazar, were experts in the doctrine of transmigration, who could recite the Lord's Prayer, commencing "Amy Pornio dan chin Ornio viey," and ending "Amien," to say nothing of the Apostles' Creed and Ten Commandments. The wonder is not that so palpable a fraud should have deceived so many, but that anyone with common-sense could have been deceived at all.

As we have said, Psalmanazar spent the remainder of his life in an endeavour to make an honest living, and he succeeded. That he repented of the fraud he had practised on a confiding public, there is also every reason to believe, for in his *Memoirs*, published after his death, by his executrix, he lays bare and openly confesses the villainies which he had committed in his youth. This work, which was delivered to subscribers on the 10th of September, 1764, is entitled shortly "*Memoirs of* * * * * commonly known by the name of George Psalmanazar, a reputed native of Formosa, written by himself in order to be published after his death, being an account of his Education, Travels, Adventures, Connections, Literary Productions, and pretended Conversion from Heathenism to Christianity;

which last proved the occasion of his being brought over into this Kingdom, and passing for a Proselyte, and a member of the Church of England."

As stated, the design of leaving the *Memoirs* was to undeceive the world with respect to the account Psalmanazar gave of himself and of the Island of Formosa, and this good resolve is ascribed by the author in his preface "to the religious education I had happily received during my tender years."

Psalmanazar concealed his name and parentage, for as he says, "I hope I shall be excused from giving an account either of my real country or family, or anything that might cast a reflection upon either, it being but too common though unjust to censure them for the crimes of private persons, for which reason I think myself obliged, out of respect to them, to conceal both."

Such is the short and necessarily imperfect account of one of the greatest impositions that was ever foisted upon the public. When we come to read the *History of Formosa* and to weigh the many extraordinary statements that are made so casually throughout the book, it seems absolutely incredible that anyone could have believed for a single moment in George Psalmanazar, whose very likeness prefixed to his book should have been sufficient to condemn him.

The following extract from the will of this remarkable man is useful as throwing some little light upon the *Memoirs*, and the circumstances and professions—true or false—which prompted him to write them:

"Part of the last will and Testament of me, a poor sinful and worthless Creature, commonly known by the assumed name of George Psalmanazar. I desire that my body when or wherever I die may be kept so long above ground as decency or conveniency will permit, and afterwards conveyed to the common burying ground and there interred in some obscure corner of it without any further ceremony or formality than is used to the bodies of the deceased pensioners, where I happen to die and about the same time of the day, and that the whole may be performed in the lowest and cheapest manner. And it is my earnest request that my body be not enclosed in any kind of coffin, but only decently laid in what is called a shell, of the lowest value, and without lid or other covering which may hinder the natural earth from covering it all around.

"The Books relating to the Universal History, and belonging to the proprietors, are to be returned to them according to the true list of them, which will be found in a blue paper in my account Book; all the rest being my own property, together with all my household goods, wearing apparel, and whatever money shall be found due to me after my decease, I give and bequeath to my friend Sarah Rewalling, together with such manuscripts as I had written at different times, and designed to be made public if they shall be deemed worthy of it, they consisting of sundry essays on some difficult part of the Old Testament, and chiefly written for the use of a young clergyman in the country, and so unhappily acquainted with that kind of learning that he was likely to become the butt of

his sceptical Parishoners, but being, by this means, furnished with proper materials, was enabled to turn the tables upon them.

"But the principal manuscript I thought myself in duty bound to leave behind is a faithful narration of my education and the follies of my wretched youthful years, and the various ways by which I was in some measure unavoidably led into the base and shameful imposture of passing upon the world for a native of Formosa, and a convert of Christianity and backing it with a fictitious account of that Island, and of my own travels, conversion, etc., all or most of it hatched in my own brain without regard to truth or honesty. It is true I have long since disclaimed even publikely all but the shame and guilt of that vile imposition, yet as long as I knew there were still two editions of that scandalous romance remaining in England, besides the several versions it had abroad, I thought it incumbent on me to undeceive the world by unravelling that whole mystery of iniquity in a posthumous work which would be less liable to suspicion as the author would be far out of the influence of any sinister motives that might induce him to deviate from the truth. The whole of the account contains 14 pages of preface and about 93 more of the second relation written in my own hand with a proper title, and will be found in the deep drawer on the right hand of my white cabinet. However, if the obscurity I have lived in during such a series of years should make it needless to revive a thing in all likelihood so long since forgot, I cannot but wish that so much of it was published in some weekly paper, as might inform the world, especially those who have still by them the above-mentioned fabulous account of the Island of Formosa, etc., that I have long since owned, both in conversation and in print, that it was no other than a meer forgery of my own devising, a scandalous imposition on the public." The will bears date the 23rd April, 1752, old style.

ALMANACS.

AL, the first syllable of this word, points to its Eastern origin. The Arabs are known to have been assiduous almanac-makers, and it is from them that Europe learned the art of writing and compiling these strange publications, so permeated with the flavour of astrology and divination. The ancient Egyptians were likewise makers of almanacs, specimens of which, written in columns, are preserved in the British Museum and assigned a date as remote as 1,000 years before the common era. Pliny relates how one Flavius, 300 B.C., possessed himself of the secrets of the temples and tribunals, and published the first Roman almanac. These *fasti*, or registers of festivals, together with astronomical information, sittings of the tribunals, etc., Flavius caused to be inscribed upon white tablets. In fact, tablets and staves of wood, stone or metal, were the very earliest forms of "object calendars" for the people.

Peoples of sporting proclivities kept note of time on hewn surfaces, sword-scabbards, and cube-shaped staves. In remote ages the Norseman inscribed days, festivals, and astronomical data in Runes upon a staff, hence the term "runstaff." England, a land bound up by blood and tradition with the home of the Norsemen, had her "clogg almanack," or object calendar, as late as the end of the seventeenth century, consisting of a square block of hard wood about eight inches in length, with notches along the four angles of different depths and styles to indicate days, weeks, months, etc., with appropriate symbols for saints' days.

With the conversion of Constantine and the establishment of Christianity as the State religion early in the fourth century, it became necessary for the Church to reform the pagan calendar. But this reformation was slowly and warily effected. Constantine still struck his coins with the name of Apollo on one side and the figure of Christ on the other. However, his decree ordaining the observance of Sunday (*dies solis*) necessitated the division of the months into weeks. The pagan gods and their feasts were supplanted by the saints and festivals of the new faith, and although from this date until the middle of the twelfth century religious calendars of saints' days, fast-days, fixed and movable festivals, with perhaps rude drawings of the heavenly bodies, phases of the moon, etc., together with fulsome adulation of the emperor or king, were distributed among the people by the clergy, yet not one of these ancient manuscript almanacs has come down to us. In the British Museum several huge folio volumes contain the catalogue of "Ephemerides"—a generic term for almanacs, calendars, registers, etc.—but the oldest manuscript almanac catalogued dates no farther back than the middle of the twelfth century. Roger Bacon's calendar bears date 1292. After this they became reasonably plentiful, and all of the principal libraries of Germany, France, and England contain specimens of early manuscript folk booklets. The absolute and childlike dependence of the people upon their spiritual advisers during the dark ages obviated the necessity for even the rudest book forms. And so crass, too, was the ignorance of the masses that nothing save pictured objects and symbols could reach their minds. This was not in the line of the *librarii*, or manuscript bookmakers.

It should be borne in mind that the first book printed for the people was a book of pictures—the block-book, which came before the type-book. The numerous public libraries of Cordova, through which Europe drew so much inspiration in Arabian science and art, held countless works on astrology, alchemy and divination. With the general awakening of intelligence these subjects took hold of men's minds with a strange and peculiar fascination.

The almanac-maker hailed with joy the coming of the wonderful art which was to manifold his booklet and carry it into every household in the land, where anxious souls were yearning for the smallest scrap of knowledge relating to the elixir of life, the transmutation of gross metals into gold, and the power of reading the stars and foretelling future events.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, in his work entitled *The Study of Literature*, observes that but few are born with the ability for using books, and fewer still with the capacity of being great scholars. All people are no more born great scholars like Gibbon and Bentley, than they are all born great musicians like Handel and Beethoven. What is much worse than that, many are born with the incapacity of reading, just as they are born with the incapacity of distinguishing one tune from another. To them nothing can be said. Even the morning paper is too much for them. They can only skim the surface even of that. The habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension, and memory all alert and awake, does not come at once to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues come to that interesting creature; but it requires no preterhuman force of will in any young man or woman—unless household circumstances are unusually vexatious and unfavourable—to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading. Some will say that this is too much to expect, and the first persons to say it will probably be those who waste their time most. At any rate, if half an hour cannot be got we must be content with a quarter. Now, in half an hour you can read fifteen or twenty pages of Burke; or you can read one of Wordsworth's masterpieces—say the lines on "Tintern;" or say one-third—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a translation—of a book of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. Then multiply the half-hour by 365, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year, and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you for a lifetime. Such is the sum and substance of Mr. Morley's theory, which if it could only be carried into actual practice, and with the anticipated results, would probably revolutionize the world.

Anyone who has at any time made a good resolution and determined to devote so many minutes or hours a day to any particular work, whether mental or manual, will be a competent judge of the feasibility of the suggestion. He will remember how well his own resolution was kept for the first week, and how woefully abandoned afterwards, and he may also be able to tell the reason why. As soon as a man learns to perform a piece of work with mathematical accuracy he becomes a mere machine, incapable of doing anything else, and moving always in the same groove. It does not follow because the vow to devote a given time every day to a study of books is religiously kept, that the reader, the machine who grinds to pieces, day after day, the same unvarying number of lines, is any the better for his mental exercise. Some opinions are, indeed, absolutely against him, and assert that the 365 half-hours which he has spent over the

pages of Burke or the *Æneid* of Virgil have been utterly wasted, unproductive of anything whatever, except perhaps a stock of patience which may never be drawn upon. What is to be thought of the man who, notwithstanding the annoyances and worries which everywhere surround him, in spite of distracting influences which he cannot gauge or fathom, can calmly sit down and accomplish his thirty minutes of Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son"? Such a man is beyond advice; he is a born philosopher, and a natural companion of Socrates. The tendency of modern literary activity is, indeed, it is confidently asserted, all the other way. The few who read or work against time are either paid for their labour directly in money, or they are under some special obligation to exert themselves which they are unable or unwilling to remove; all the rest of mankind read when it suits them, and never for the purpose of following a self-imposed rule, which must break down on the very first occasion upon which the temper is uneven, or the mind otherwise employed. Once broken, the pact is at an end; and as he who goes back upon his word in some small particular has theoretically and morally broken it altogether, so in the matter of reading, the lost half hour can never be made up—an hour to-morrow instead will not do; for if it will, why not spend three hours on Saturday, when as much and probably more can be learned than by six half-hours of desultory and interrupted study during the week? Mr. Morley evidently speaks to "gentlemen of elegant leisure," as Griswold calls the unemployed, or to philosophers. If to the former, his audience is limited; if to the latter, absolutely microscopical. The advice is excellent in theory, but the practical application of it, though it may be actually commenced, will, for the reasons we have stated, be seldom or never carried out, at least by the public at large.

Numberless are the books which profess to guide the student of literature to the goal of his ambition, but there is not one of them, from Todd's *Student's Manual* downwards or upwards, which allows him to map out his time for himself; they all, like Mr. Morley, insist upon the application of so many hours a day or week to the labour (for such it then becomes) of reading, and, curious to relate, not one of these instructors shows, or attempts to show, what is to be done with all this stock of knowledge when acquired.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON, AND HODGE have recently sold a portion of the library of Mr. G. W. Smalley, in which a copy of Cicero's "Cato Major," translated by Logan, and printed at Philadelphia in 1744 by B. Franklin, who prided himself on the volume as the finest production of his press, fetched £11. In the same sale La Fontaine, Œuvres, par Walckenaer, brought £21 10s. Milton's "Paradise Lost and Regained," first editions, £17 10s. Pascal, "Lettres Provinciales," first edition, £26; and first edition of his "Pensées," £16. Ruskin's "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Stones of Venice," all first editions, £65. "Gulliver's Travels," first edition, £21 15s. Swinburne's "Queen Mother" and "Atalanta," first editions, £10 12s. 6d. Walton and Cotton's "Angler," by Sir N. H. Nicolas, £33 10s. The total realized by the sale was £1,373 0s. 6d.

SCROPE'S *SALMON FISHING.*

THIS book, which was published by John Murray in 1843, enjoys an enviable reputation among students of the craft. Without, perhaps, being written in the quaint way assumed by old Izaak Walton, or entering into the minute details of the piscatory art with which that adept was used, when in the vein, to instruct his listeners, it nevertheless is sufficiently quaint and instructive to satisfy the most ardent salmon-fisher that the Tay or the Lune ever reared on its banks. "Salmon-fishers do not fall from the clouds all perfection at once," says the author at the opening of his first chapter, "but generally acquire some skill in river-angling for trout and such-like pigmies before they aspire to the nobler spoil;—pretty work indeed would they make of it if they began at the wrong end, nemo repentè fuit *fishissimus*. Many beginners have been frightened out of their wits by the sprightliness of a decent-sized trout: would they, then, have the presumption to encounter a salmon without fortifying their nerves with previous practice of some sort or another?" No, surely not, unless they would lose fish and tackle together, and the best temper in the world at the same time; and well may the author advise each and all to try their hands at something less powerful before they throw their gauntlet at Entellus.

The success of a day's salmon-fishing is, indeed, to be a practised hand in the catching of the smaller fry; and then may the angler joyfully and with reason order a dinner in advance, the *pièce de resistance* of which is the fish he is *about* to catch, fried or boiled or grilled, according to the instructions of the angler of the Dove, the best, or the reputed best, practitioner that ever handled a rod, and who could catch a chub with a spot on its tail from among a whole crowd of other chubs with unerring certainty, and without any chance of failure.

The common salmon, the *Salmo salar* of the ichthyologists, with its smooth head and two dorsal fins, and which, according to Yarrell, can leap ten feet perpendicularly, and according to another author (of doubtful veracity, be it said), over a hundred—what fish can excel it in beauty as in intelligence? A trout is no fish by the side of this king of the river. "There's a fine fish, now—a perfect beauty!" says the delighted angler. "Houte-toute! that's no fish ava." "No fish, man! What the deuce is it, then? Is it a rabbit, or a wild-duck, or a water-rat?" "Ye are joost gin daft," returns Sandy. "Do ye no ken a troot when ye see it?" And so it appears that a "troot" is not a fish; and of this opinion is also our author, who in the course of 255 pages discourses upon salmon, wild and tame, lines and flies, rods and gaffs, in a way that would be rank waste of time were a smaller or less regal fin concerned. "Farewell," says he, "dear brothers of the angle; and when you go forth to take your pleasure, either in the

mountain stream that struggles and roars through the narrow pass, or in the majestic salmon-river that sweeps in lucid mazes through the vale, may your sport be ample, and your hearts light. But should the fish prove more sagacious than yourselves—a circumstance, excuse me, that is by no means impossible; should they, alas!—but fate avert it!—reject your hooked gifts, the course of the river will always lead you to pleasant places. In these we leave you to the quiet enjoyment of the glorious works of the creation, whether it may be your pleasure to go forth when the spring sheds its flowery fragrance, or in the more advanced season, when the sere leaf is shed incessantly and wafted on the surface of the swollen river." Such glowing language as this would surely be wasted upon trout.

This much in justification of the subject which Scrope comments on, and of the coloured prints and wide margins with which his book is furnished.

To descend or ascend, as the fisherman or the bibliographer may choose to regard the matter, from the torrent to paper and print, it is to be remarked that Scrope's *Salmon Fishing*, in addition to being one of the best books of the kind, is becoming scarcer in the market every day. A good copy will bring several guineas at auction, and there cannot be a doubt that in a few years the price will have increased considerably, as is the case with most other sporting-books. Perhaps it is the coloured illustrations that cause the work to be run after by bibliophiles who never saw a salmon in their lives except it lay on a fishmonger's slab. It is impossible to account for the why and the wherefore of any partiality respecting books, and this question must therefore remain unanswered so far as we are concerned.

Scrope's *Salmon Fishing*—or more properly *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*, since the fish can be taken in a sportsmanlike manner during the whole twenty-four hours—was, as we have said, published in 1843 by John Murray. The work is in imperial 8vo., and commences with the half-title on the verso of A 2; then follows a coloured lithograph, "Burning the Water," coloured frontispiece, and title as follows: "Days and Nights | of | Salmon Fishing | in | the Tweed | with a Short Account of the | Natural History and Habits of the Salmon | Instructions to Sportsmen, Anecdotes, etc. | by | William Scrope, Esq., F.L.S. | author of 'The Art of Deer-Stalking' | 'Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes' | Virgil. Georg., lib. ii. | Illustrated by Lithographs and Wood Engravings | by L. Haghe, T. Landseer, and S. Williams | from Paintings | by Sir David Wilkie, Edwin Landseer, R.A., Charles Landseer | William Simson, and Edward Cooke. | London: | John Murray, Albemarle Street, | 1843."

On the recto of the title eight lines of verse, and facing (on A 4) a dedication to Lord Polwarth. Preface ix-xiii; errata, 1 p.; contents, 3 pp.; list of plates, 1 p.; list of vignettes, 1 p.; *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*, pp. 1-255; Appendix, "An Act for the Effectual Preservation and Increase of the Breed of Salmon," pp. 257-296; "Royal Society of Edinburgh," 297, 298.

Some of the plates, which are all coloured, some by hand, others lithographed in colour, are very well executed, as, for example, the lithograph of salmon-flies to face p. 126, drawn, executed, and coloured by hand by L. Haghe; and the "Striking from an Eminence," lithographed in colour by the same artist.

The author was a thorough sportsman, and every line of his book reminds one of rippling streams and mountain lakes, in the same degree as his *Art of Deer-Stalking* smacks of the forest and the chase.

LITERARY NOTES.

ACCORDING to Fuller the world has gained most from those books by which the booksellers have lost most, and in the opinion of the same eminent authority the contrary hypothesis is equally consistent with truth. Large sums of money are paid every season for works which are dead before the year is out, while many really valuable treatises are doubtless strangled *in embryo*, and never see the light at all. The latter have, of course, no biographer; but literary historians are very fond of turning the magnifying glass upon some clever but unsuccessful author, such as Milton for example, whose *Paradise Lost* realized from first to last £28. It is an oft-repeated story that the payment made to Milton for his masterpiece, which, by the way, Edmund Waller described as "A tedious poem on the fall of man," amounted only to £5; but this is incorrect, for he received £20 during his lifetime for the right to print 2,600 copies, and his widow afterwards received £8 for the copyright. To return to Fuller's maxim, *Paradise Lost* has enriched the world; it certainly did not benefit Milton, and it is a very great question whether the publisher, Simmons, did not actually lose by the transaction. The secret of all this is that the public are quite incapable of discovering a meritorious work for themselves; the majority follow their leaders, and it sometimes takes many years for a work of genius to be recognised.

IT may be worth noting that a transparent coating, combined with a permanent glossy appearance, may be imparted to prints by mounting them on wet cardboard and applying a decoction composed of three ounces of white glue, eight ounces of soft water, half the white of an egg, ten drops of glycerine, and three grains of French chalk heated until thoroughly dissolved. It is not implied that a valuable print is improved by this or any other similar process, but the receipt may be useful in many cases where pecuniary value is not a very important factor.

A NEW English dictionary, surpassing that of its largest rivals, is in course of publication in this country and America simultaneously. Each book is printed with three columns to a page, the page being longer, as well as wider, than that of any of its predecessors. The scope of this work may be judged by a comparison of a few of its pages with parallel portions of Worcester's unabridged. The titles from "Batter" to "Bay" in the latter fill exactly three columns, while in the former they occupy no less than twenty-two columns. The difference is caused not only by greater fulness in the etymologies, definitions, and citations of authorities, but also by a greater completeness in the list of words, no less than ninety-nine words, or distinct meanings of words, appearing, which are not to be found in Worcester. The editor deserves the thanks of the literary world for his researches into the catacombs of our language and bringing into the light of day words which, although obsolete, are met with frequently in the olden writers.

PAMPHLET-COLLECTING is but rarely indulged in by the bibliomaniacs of this country, and for very obvious reasons. Out of a medley of fifty modern pamphlets, perhaps one, and one only, is of the least importance; the other forty-nine are of no value, and never will be. In addition, the

size varies greatly, and this makes the process of binding troublesome, and the book when bound unsightly, unless, indeed, the edges are cut down, a practice which militates against the first rule of bibliography. A collection of pamphlets to be extensive must be made on the spot; every treatise that comes out must be bought and treasured for succeeding generations, and not for to-day. One of the most celebrated collections ever formed was the Thomasonian, made by a bookseller named Thomason during the period of the war of Charles I. This indefatigable collector laid hands upon every pamphlet and printed scrap shed by the English press within the period included between the year 1649 and the year 1660—representing the life of the Protectorate. So assiduously did Thomason pursue his quest that when it was completed he found himself the owner of 20,000 pamphlets, which he bound in 2,000 volumes. After many hairbreadth escapes from perils of fire and perils of devastating armies, the English Government purchased this justly celebrated collection, and it now finds security and usefulness beneath the roof of the British Museum. A pamphlet-collector is in the position of the man who plants an acorn that his children may sit in the shadow of the oak.

A VARIATION in the use of the comma, and one which seems to be entirely of modern growth, consists in placing that useful stop after the name of a man, thus: John Williamson, of Birmingham. Why the comma after Williamson, except it be either that John Williamson is an insignificant inhabitant of the town in question, or is actually alive at the time? If there is any other reason, it would be interesting to know what it is, and in the meantime the innovation-investigator may compare the following: "John Gutenberg of Mentz; Archimedes of Syracuse; William of Malmesbury; Catherine of Aragon. A comma would in these instances be entirely out of place. Why?

PRINTERS' ink of Cimmerian hue, with which everyone who can read or write has this last fifty years at any rate become thoroughly acquainted, is about to undergo a radical improvement. Reading in the dark, though not yet a common practice, may perhaps eventually become a possible feat, not to be undertaken by any means without thought, but still feasible. Ink for the future can be bought with light-giving properties, and some of these days when it comes into general use the world will wonder why such an obvious as well as easy innovation was not thought of before. Phosphorus is the chemical employed in this instance, as in all others where an encroachment is to be made upon the domain of Erebus. The great difficulty has hitherto been to "fix" it, but *nous avons changé tout cela!*

A UNIQUE copy of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 15th of July last. This is worthy of note, as Lowndes, whose collation of the nine title-pages is usually cited on the rare occasions when an original copy is offered for sale, omits to mention the especial variation in question. The first title-page, according to Lowndes, is immediately followed by the poem itself, which ends on the reverse of Vv 2; there is no prefatory matter whatever. The copy sold by the Leicester Square firm, and which realized £35 10s., has seven leaves of argument and errata immediately following. Under the circumstances the price paid for this specimen cannot be considered at all out of the way.

THE question of the advisability of founding a National College of Literature has more than once engaged the attention of *savants*. The profession of literature, important and difficult to follow as it is, has no recognised centre. Everyone who embarks on a literary career does so as a free lance, and, like some knight-errant of days of old, wanders about at his own risk, and on his own responsibility. A college must sooner or later be founded, and as an indication of the way the wind is blowing, the recent action of Pope Leo XIII. is remarkable. The Pope, descending from matters theological, has founded an International College for Literature, where the works of Dante and other Italian poets, as well as prose writers, are to be studied upon a scientific basis. People with plenty of leisure may take advantage of this, and in process of time those who are to make their living by their pen may have a similar opportunity of preparing themselves.

SOME amusing errors appear in an American catalogue of books. Among them the following are the most entertaining: "Sorrento and Invalid Book;" it should read "Sorrento and Inlaid Work;" "Science before Death," properly "Signs before Death;" "Pocket-book of Cincinnati," the right title being "Pocket Handbook of Cincinnati;" "A Few of the Evidences of Christianity," Paley's title being "A View of the Evidences," etc.; "Correlation and Conversation of Horses" is the transformation which the proper title, "Correlation and Conservation of Forces," undergoes; "Horses of Nature" should read "Forces of Nature;" and "The Cub Bear" would be more intelligible as "The Cup-bearer." "Pyrenees to the Pillows (Pillars) of Hercules" is as amusing a blunder as "Annual Mechanism" for "Animal Mechanism," and "Lectures on the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romers" (Romans). To cap the climax, the authorship of "Gil Blas" is attributed in this extraordinary catalogue to T. Smallet.

WE have received the following catalogues: J. E. Cornish, 33, Piccadilly, Manchester; Henry Gray, 47, Leicester Square, London, W.C.; Thomas Simmons, 164, Parade, Leamington; Bailey Bros., 36A, Newington Butts, London, S.E.; Richard H. Sutton, 25, Princess Street, Manchester; Albert Cohn, 53, Mohrenstrasse, Berlin; Charles Lever, Broad Street Corner, Birmingham; Walter Scott, 7, Bristo Place, Edinburgh; James Fawn and Son, Queen Road, Bristol; James Hart, 25, Sackville Street, Bradford; Karl W. Hiersemann, 1, Turner Strasse, Leipsic; W. and E. Pickering, 3, Bridge Street, Bath; K. F. Kochler, 10, Seeburgstrasse, Leipsic; Edward Avery, 53, Greek Street, London, W.; B. H. Blackwell, 50, Broad Street, Oxford; Douglas and Foulis, 9, Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Also the following periodicals: Revue Bibliographique Universelle, 195, Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris; Centralblatt fiir Bibliothekswesen, Leipsic; Shakespeariana, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; Book Chat, 5, Union Square, New York; The Book-Buyer, 743, Broadway, New York; Magazine of American History, 743, Broadway, New York; Il Bibliofilo, Bologna, Italy; Literary Bulletin, 4, Park Street, Boston, U.S.A; The Century Illustrated, Paternoster Square; L'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin, Paris.

BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.

DR. WESTBY GIBSON, President of the Shorthand Society, is engaged upon a bibliography of shorthand, which will comprise not only printed books on stenography and phonography, but also periodicals and magazine articles. There will further be given lists of works on abbreviated longhand, phonetics, cryptography, and universal language. Dr. Gibson will be glad of information on these subjects addressed to 47, Hunter Street, W.C.

THE library of Canterbury Cathedral has been enriched by the addition of about 10,000 vols., bequeathed to the Dean and Chapter by the late Archdeacon Harrison. Included in this number is the Howley collection—the library of Archbishop Howley, which was left by that prelate to the late Archdeacon.

WITH the view of making some provision for the education of the masses in connection with politics, Mr. J. T. Baillie, of Edinburgh, has undertaken the publication, in a cheap form, of a series of handbooks explanatory of the situation at the present time.

A POPULAR Hindu story by K. Viresalingham, Pandit, entitled *Rajasekhara*, is being translated for English readers by Mr. J. R. Hutchinson. It will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, and will have an introduction by General Macdonald.

AT a monthly meeting of the Hastings Town Council on the 1st July last, it was stated that Lord Brassey's munificent gift to the town of the School of Art and Reference Library Buildings, for the purpose of a public library, was valued at £15,000. The offer was accepted with many warm expressions of thanks from the Mayor and other members of the Corporation, and it was agreed that in the letter to his Lordship accepting the gift, permission should be asked to style the institution the Brassey Free Library, so that the family name should be handed down in perpetuity in the borough.

THE result of the poll recently taken in Clapham under the Public Libraries Acts was as follows :

For the adoption of the Acts	2,197
Against	1,062
Majority in favour	1,135

M. PAUL BESOBRASOF was despatched last winter on a mission to the Hellenic East by the Palestine Society of St. Petersburg, and has lately travelled through Greece and the adjacent Islands. We may give the result of M. Besobrasof's visits to Zante and Crete :

The public library of Zante, founded in 1883, contains fifty-three manuscripts, partly Greek, partly Italian, most of them belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Greek MSS., which came mainly from monasteries and private libraries, are chiefly devoted to theological and liturgical subjects, and are of little interest to a palæographer or an historian. The Italian are far more attractive, such as the Libro d'Oro of the nobility of Zante. Most of them contain material throwing much light on the history of the Ionian Islands under Venetian, French, Russian, and English sway. The town records of Zante also comprise matters of importance from this point of view : a register of the fiefs on the island in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, decrees of the Venetian Senate, a register of letters of the Doge, and books of *Ordini* from 1487. The most interesting thing in Zante, however, is the archives of the Roman Catholic bishopric. Of great importance is the parchment describing the possessions of the Roman Church in 1264. It has several times attracted the attention of scholars, but has not been printed in full. The keeper of the library, Panag. Chiotis, author of a remarkable history of the Ionian Islands, promises to publish it in the last volume of his book. Besides the manuscript there are many documents of value in the archives. In several of the churches are preserved the seals of the Greek patriarchs of Constantinople. They belong to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Some of them are noticed in the *Analecta Philologica Zacynthi* of the late Bishop Katramis. After M. Besobrasof had inspected the manuscripts of Zante he proceeded to Crete, where he found nothing but three Venetian documents and three seals of patriarchs dated 1680, 1706, and 1797, all belonging to the monastery of Chrysopege, not far from the town of Canea. Otherwise he discovered nothing in the island. The monastic libraries have perished in the numerous insurrections in the island, especially in 1821.

THE latest addition to the list of printed Heralds' Visitations is the one for Dorsetshire made by William Harvey, Clarenceux King of Arms, in 1565. The text has been edited by Mr. Walter C. Metcalfe, F.S.A., from the Harleian MSS., Nos. 888 and 1092, and the volume is fully indexed. The edition is limited to one hundred copies, and is published by Messrs. Pollard and Co., of Exeter.

MR. W. E. A. AXON is preparing for the press a reprint, with additions, of a *brochure* entitled *Manchester a Hundred Years Ago*, which was originally issued in 1783 under the title of *A Description of Manchester by a Native of the Town.*

THE first volume of the publications of the Somerset Record Society is nearly ready for issue. It contains a full analysis of the contents of the register of Bishop Drokensford preserved at Wells. The editor is Bishop Hobhouse. This volume will be followed immediately, as we understand, by Mr. Emanuel Green's *Somerset Chantries*, being a fully annotated edition of the original returns, *temp.* Edward VI., now among the Augmentation Office records.

MR. COPE WHITEHOUSE writes to the *Athenæum* respecting an uncial codex of Demosthenes as follows : Hitherto editors of Demosthenes have rightly said that of all the known codices "Dux est codex antiquissimus Σ," and that "antiquissima recensio servatur in sæculi X. Σ ;" but in

April I found in the Fayoum a fragment of an uncial codex on papyrus, containing a few lines of the oration against Midias, p. 527, l. 11. It closely resembles in style the Codex Alexandrinus, and is probably of the third century of our era. It commences :

Τίς ἀνθρωπίνη καὶ
μετρία σΚΗΨΙΣΦΑΝΕΙ
ται τωΝΠΕΠΡΑΓΜΕ
νων ΑΤΤΩΙΟΡΓΗ
νὴ ΔΙΑΚΑΙΓΑΡΤΟΥ
το τυχΟΝΑΕΞΕΙΑΛ
λα μὴν ΑΝΤΙΣΑΦΝΩ,

and thirty-one subsequent lines. Although it adds nothing to our knowledge, yet it shows that when my plan for the restoration of the vast engineering works which centred in the Fayoum and Raiyan basins is put into execution, it will be the duty of the Government to examine with great care the ruined towns, such as that from whose dry mounds this and other fragments were obtained, before moisture is permitted to reach and destroy their literary treasures.

THE "Leibnitz find," which was recently reported by the German papers, consists of about sixty letters, written in Latin, German, and French. They mostly treat of mathematical topics, and have been offered to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, which intends to issue the collected works of its founder under the editorship of Professor Zeller.

THE Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, with the exception of the Law Room, will be entirely closed during this present month of August.

THE revived Spalding Club has half-a-dozen publications on hand, among them the *Register of the Scot's College at Rome; A Monograph on the Ceiling of St. Machar's Cathedral; A Bibliography of the North-East of Scotland*, by Mr. Robertson, of the Aberdeen Free Library; and a work on the place-names and folk-lore of the same district.

MR. VAN VOORST'S successors, Messrs Gurney and Jackson, have nearly ready for publication an elaboration of Professor Lunge's *Treatise on Coal-Tar Distillation*. It will be published under the title of *Coal-Tar and Ammonia*, and will treat of the processes at present used in dealing with the valuable by-products of coal-gas manufacture, and will be further illustrated by many new drawings to scale.

THIS month's number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains another instalment of the unpublished letters of Thackeray.

MR. G. HEDELER, of Leipzig, is going to publish a monthly trade paper styled *The Export Journal*, in English, French, and German. It is intended to give an international organ for the book trades. The first number will contain an article by Mr. E. A. Petherick on the book trade of Australasia, and one by M. Just Chatrousse, editor of the *Bibliographie de la France*, on the "Cercle de la Librairie."

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR will edit a new halfpenny evening paper, which is shortly to be published in London.

A MEETING of the Selden Society was held in the old hall of Lincoln's Inn on the 23rd July last, in order to receive the report of the Provisional Committee, and to settle the rules of the society. The first publication of the society will be a volume of thirteenth century pleas of the Crown from the Eyre rolls in the Public Record Office. The book will be edited by Mr. F. W. Maitland, and will be published before the end of the year.

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SIR THOMAS WYAT.

EPIGRAMMATIC smartness is generally gained either by exaggeration or minution of fact; but never, to our knowledge, was a phrase more aptly and ingeniously filed than that which characterizes Elizabethan England as "a nest of singing-birds." So profuse and varied was the poetical genius that then breathed out its creations in the English tongue, that selection becomes a task involving delicate discrimination, and criticism seems almost invidious. Songs full of rich harmony and spirited sentiment seduce our imaginations with their melodious notes, and stay fastidious carping when once we give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the treasures poured out in that fruitful age. The poetical productions range over the whole gamut of the poetical art, from the caustic and virulent satire to the tender love-lyric that moves our hearts with the sad sweetness of maidenly sorrow. All flowed in equally reckless abundance from the teeming brains of those marvellous songsters, and the after-world looks back on the glamour of those years with the same wonder and longing eagerness as one in his sleep gazes on the gossamer palaces of his dreams.

It would be aside from our purpose to attempt to lay before the readers the many conjectures that have been made regarding the causes, direct and indirect, of that sudden burst of poetical vigour, even if we were fully able so to do; for it is our purpose to trace, in a brief sketch, the life and work of one of those who taught the rest to sing, and aided in raising a standard of style and purity of language below which after-poets might not waste their powers.

Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder, so called to distinguish him from his son, the leader of what is commonly known as Wyat's Insurrection, in Queen Mary's time, was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, the seat of his father, Sir Henry Wyat, a knight of noble and courtly character. Under Richard III., Sir Henry Wyat was imprisoned in the Tower, and it is related that he owed his life to a cat which brought him daily supplies of food, thereby saving him from purposed starvation. When Henry VII. became king *de facto*, Sir Henry was liberated and made the recipient of kingly favour; and at the Battle of Spurs, where the army was led by Henry VIII. in person, he held a high command. Both Universities claim the honour of having educated our poet, Carter stating that he was of St. John's, Cambridge, and Wood that he resided for some time on the establishment of Cardinal Wolsey's new college, now Christ Church.

In accordance with the custom obtaining in the higher classes of the community in those days, Sir Thomas Wyat in his early life travelled for some few years on the Continent, during which time he became proficient in several languages, and closely studied Italian literature. In person Wyat is reputed to have been handsome, and of majestic bearing; his countenance, according to Surrey's description, being "stern and mild." In Leland's *Næniæ in Mortem Thomæ Wiati*, there is a woodcut portrait of the poet, supposed to have been drawn by Holbein; but in this he is represented as much older than he really was, and with a huge bushy beard concealing more than half his features.

Whilst still very young, Wyat was married to the daughter of Brooke, Lord Cobham, by whom he had one son, Thomas, who led the rebels in the outcry against the Spanish marriage of Queen Mary, but was beheaded on his defeat at Temple Bar. Descendants of this son are still living in Kent, and Dryden mentioned one who settled in Pennsylvania.

With Henry VIII. Wyat was a great favourite, and it was at Court that Wyat's many abilities found full play. Everything essential to a courtier fell within the scope of his versatility. Endowed with a good voice and keen musical taste, he sang and accompanied his songs with the lute, playing, it is said, with remarkable sweetness. Foreign languages were spoken by him with grace and fluency, and his inexhaustible fund of wit brightened everything that attracted its scintillations.

Men of Henry's stamp, it has been shrewdly observed, have been oftentimes persuaded to do that by a seasonable *bon mot* which a train of logical argument would have inevitably failed to accomplish; and to Wyat's credit redounds the fact that the power he wielded was never misused, but exercised frequently for the benefit of the country at large. At the death of Wolsey, Wyat was but nineteen, yet he is said to have hastened that haughty Cardinal's downfall by a humorous story, and, further, to have brought about the Reformation by a pungent jest.

The story by means of which so great disasters fell on the head of Cardinal Wolsey is not recorded *in extenso*, Lloyd merely telling us that once, when the King chanced to be across with the Cardinal, "Sir Thomas ups with the story of the curs baiting the butcher's dog, which contained the whole method of that great man's ruin." It is needless to remind the reader that Wolsey was the son of an Ipswich butcher. But the jest by which the Reformation was indirectly furthered has, happily, been preserved. Henry was perplexed in the matter of his divorce from Catherine, and the complications that might ensue from such a step caused him to affect to regard the divorce as a subject on which his conscience was troubled. Speaking to this effect on one occasion, Wyat laughingly exclaimed "how that a man cannot repent him of his sin without the Pope's leave." From that moment the affair was decided with Henry, and the supremacy of the Roman Church in England doomed.

At the coronation of Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas Wyat officiated as ewerer in the place of his father, and probably had anything but a lightsome heart on that occasion, as there is good reason for believing that he was attached to the royal bride, and that the tender partiality was reciprocated. The name of his poetical mistress was Anne, as he sings:

> "What word is that that changeth not,
> Though it be turned and made in twaine?
> It is mine Anna. God it wot
> The only causer of my paine,
> My love that medeth with disdaine.
> Yet it is loued what will you more?
> It is my salue and eke my sore."

And in one of his pretty sonnets he complains of being compelled to refrain from the pursuit of a beloved object by reason of the King having gained possession of it. This sonnet apostrophizes its object under the likeness of a doe having a collar on its neck inscribed with the words, "Noli me tangere; I Cesar's am." Numerous calumnies were floating about, and readily obtained credence, at the downfall of Anne, in which Wyat's name was freely implicated; but the scandals may now be unhesitatingly dismissed as false, for it has been clearly proved that the charges brought against Anne were fabricated, and that she was the unfortunate victim of a conspiracy. The memory, however, of Wyat's regard and the perusal of his poetry furnished Anne with consolation during those hours of suspense when imprisoned in the Tower awaiting execution. The poet's sister was also retained by Anne as her personal attendant to the last, and received from her beautiful but ill-fated royal mistress, as she was kneeling before the headsman's block, a little Prayer-Book set in gold enamelled black, to keep as a token of remembrance. Traditions of the various relations between Anne and Sir Thomas and his sister were for a long time preserved in the Wyat family.

The rumours, reflecting and disparaging as they were, had little influence on Henry, for Wyat remained at Court and in undiminished favour with the King. Some time, indeed, after this had blown over, Sir Thomas quarrelled with the Duke of Suffolk, and was thereupon committed to the Tower, but was soon released and given a command under the Duke of Norfolk against the rebels, knighted, and the following year appointed High Sheriff of Kent.

The character of Wyat was one of singular rectitude and nobility. Seldom do we find that courtiers unite with the polish, brilliancy, and forbearance necessary for their position an equal amount of wisdom and solidity; but with Wyat his lighter powers obtained their natural ascendency, and his stronger forces maintained it. His conversation has been described as "that happy mixture of grave and gay which excludes dulness as well as levity." If of contrary opinion, he expressed his difference persuasively rather than dogmatically, and amongst

men he knew no degrees. As a diplomatist he succeeded well, possessing a keen insight into human nature, and that peculiar power of divining character which distinguishes the born statesman. Talent was quickly discovered by him, and readily encouraged. In all State affairs Wyat, by his learning and other abilities, obtained a large influence, which caused his acquaintance to be much sought after by those desirous of advancement and help.

Due to this combination in him of the courtier and counsellor was his appointment as ambassador to the Spanish Court in 1537, when the Emperor Charles V., nephew of Catherine, began to entertain a more conciliatory attitude towards Henry after the execution of Anne Boleyn. But the injury and insult inflicted on Catherine still rankled in the proud heart of her powerful relative, making the duties of ambassador difficult to fulfil on account of the insincerity and distrustfulness exercised. The fact of Wyat's being a Protestant also brought into play the machinations of the Inquisition, at that time at almost its maturity in Spain. Wyat's tact, however, enabled him to triumph where most men would have failed; for his discernment and care aided him in eluding or destroying the hindrances to his success; so that he not only kept clear of complications, but furthered the interests of his master. Cardinal Pole, the most inveterate enemy of Henry VIII., was, through Wyat's influence, received with such marked coldness at Madrid, that he quitted Spain in disgust.

On the death of Lady Jane Seymour, Henry and Charles entered into negotiations for the bestowal on the former of the hand of the Duchess of Milan, but, as Wyat foresaw, the scheme fell through. Bonner, who had acted as one of the commissioners in the business, was mortified whilst at the Spanish Court at finding that he was outweighed by the superior qualities of the English ambassador, and on his return sought for revenge by accusing him of treasonable dealings with Cardinal Pole. Wyat obtained his recall, and was tried by a jury before a committee of the council, but was in all probability acquitted, although there is no record of his acquittal, as the charges on investigation proved to be false, being merely the outcome of the spleen and jealousy of Bonner, and we find that Wyat was again employed.

The journey of the Emperor through France, and his meeting with the King, Francis, raised a crisis, and in this emergency the services of Wyat were again called into requisition. At Blois Wyat had interviews with both of the potentates, but from his observations pronounced the friendship of Charles for Francis to be insincere. "He is constrained," said Wyat, "to come to a show of friendship, meaning to make him a mockery when he has done," and he strongly advised Henry to support the Duke of Cleves and the German Protestant princes. Cromwell sanctioned the advice given, but nevertheless it was not followed by Henry.

When Wyat's innocence was established, Henry made him large presents of land, and Leland informs us that he had also command of a ship; procedure not

at all uncommon in days when the military and naval forces were not yet distinct, for it will be remembered that some years later a soldier and Court favourite, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, held the chief command of the Spanish Armada. The bickerings of Court life and the anxieties attached to statesmanship seemed now to have palled on Wyat's appetite, and much time was spent by him after his final recall amid the quiet pleasures and felicities of home-life. In one of his epistles to John Poines, he thus reflects on the life of a courtier:

"Myne owne John Poyns: sins ye delite to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
Rather than to liue thrall under the awe
Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke;
To will and lust learnyng to set a law:
It is not because I scorne or mocke
The power of them: whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over us of right to strike the stroke
But true it is, that I have always ment
Lesse to esteeme them than the common sort
Of outward things: that judge in their intent
Without regard, what inward doth resort
I graunt, sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, nor honour to desire,
But how may I this honour now attaine
That can not dye the colour blacke a liar?
My Poyns I can not frame my time to fayne
To cloke the truth."

The happiness of retirement was, however, brought to a sudden close ere he had long indulged in its enjoyment. Weaver says that he was ordered to depart immediately on some commission to Spain, and others, which is more likely to be true, that he was ordered to receive the Spanish ambassador at Falmouth and conduct him to London. Be the errand what it may, it proved fatal to Wyat; for riding post in the early autumn, he overheated himself and was attacked by a malignant fever at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, where he died after a few days' illness, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. His body was interred in the Conventual Church at Sherborne.

Wyat's work as a poet will ever be of great interest to the student of English literature, for he along with Surrey was chiefly instrumental in introducing into England the elegancies both of metre and style of the Italian poets, thereby correcting English verse, which had degenerated into mean pedantic imitation of Chaucer. Wyat's enlarged and cultivated taste revolted against the crudities insinuated into native poetry, and he carefully eschewed the use of obsolete words

and forced accentuations in which the successors of Chaucer delighted, adopting a purer language that passed on to the later Elizabethan poets. Poetry with Wyat was essentially an art, and though he often neglected the finer touches himself, yet he sought to instil its broader principles into his work, and brought up his art to the times he lived in. The school of "Amourists," poets who composed lyrics treating of the subject of love from its passion to its philosophy, arose in Wyat's age, and he was one of the chief writers in that school. It was, however, in this branch of poesy that he declared his weakness. The cautious wisdom that distinguished the astute diplomatist prevented him from laying bare and analyzing his own feelings for the delectation of others, and before reading far we perceive that Wyat merely re-echoes conventional sentiments as a conventional and not a passionate lover. As an example, we will quote the "Description of the Contrarious Passions in a Lover:"

"I finde no peace, and all my warre is done;
I feare and hope; I burn and frese lyke yse;
I flye aloft, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world in season,
That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,
That holdes me not, yet can I scape no wyse,
Nor lettes me live, nor dye, at my deuise;
And yet of death it geueth me occasion.
Without eye I se, without tong I playne;
I wish to perish, yet I aske for helth;
I love another and I hate my selfe;
I fede me in sorow, and laugh in all my paine.
Lo, thus displeaseth me, both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife."

The above is an imitation of a sonnet of Petrarch's to Laura, and is a fair type of the Italian conceits affected by Wyat. Better than this, though of a similar kind, are the verses "to his Love whom he had kissed against her wyl:"

"Alas, madam, for stealing of a kisse
Have I so much your mynde therein offended?
Or have I done so greuously amisse,
That by no means it may not be amended?
Revenge you then; the readiest way is this:
Another kisse, my life it shall have ended;
For to my mouth the first my heart did sucke,
The next shall clene out of my brest it plucke."

At one time the lover perishes in his delight as a fly in the fire, at another time his love is a storm-tossed vessel, and the accompanying tears and sighs the

raging of the tempest and the pelting of the rain. Again and again he is plunged in the jealousies, doubts, and fears common to every sighing troubadour or love-blighted gipsy girl, and such puerilities soon grow tedious to even a patient reader. Relief is certainly afforded here and there by a sparkling essay of wit or a tenderly expressed thought, but it is only after receiving a surfeit of the ordinary.

As a moral satirist Wyat shows in a much better light, for he has then none of that capriciousness which marks his sonnets. Three of his poetical pieces are written in this strain, two to John Poyns, and the other to Sir Francis Bryan. His satire, at times manly and vigorous, and never weak, has a deep under-current of sympathy with, and compassion for, the frailty of human nature. Wyat is never coarse, never fumes and rails in such rude invective as Skelton uses, and never forgets that virulence destroys force by its straining. On this account Warton has called him the first polished English satirist, and says that he mistook his talents when he relinquished satire for sonnets.

Wyat's poems were first printed in Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557. Among them is an unfinished translation of the "Song of Iopas" in the first book of the *Æneid*. The attempts of Wyat and Surrey in the translation of classical poetry are said to be the first serious efforts to render the beauties of the Latin poets into our mother-tongue. Besides these works there are *Certayne Psalms*, but they are not of a high class, and certainly do not merit the eulogium passed by Surrey and Leland, if meant for these; but it is supposed, though still a question at issue, that Wyat effected a complete translation of the Psalms, and that the praise bestowed by Surrey referred to it, and not to the *Certayne Psalms*.

Before concluding our short notice of Wyat, we must refer to a friendship said to have existed between Surrey and himself. Little can be gathered from the writings of either that throws light on the matter, but as their tastes ran in similar grooves, and as they were both devoted to the improvement of English poetry and their native language, such a conclusion is at least warrantable. The fact that Surrey differed in religion in days when religious feeling ran high has been adduced against the supposition; but the Norfolk family showed anything but bigotry during the progress of the determined struggle, and on several occasions, indeed, saved from persecution and otherwise rendered valuable assistance to distressed Protestants.

LIONEL G. CRESSWELL.

DEDICATIONS OF BOOKS.

IN the early days of book-making, when the preparation and publication of a volume were red-letter events in the life of the distinguished author, dedications were voluntary and unsolicited tributes of esteem or affection to patron or friend.

No suspicion of interested motives could possibly arise, for as yet this particular species of flattery was unknown, though some of Caxton's dedications may seem to imply the contrary.

Caxton, however, probably meant to suggest no more than the truth when in his *Blanchardine and Eglantine* he addressed the Duchess of Somerset as "right noble puyssant and excellent pryncesse my redoubted lady my lady Margarete duchesse of Somercete, moder unto our naturel and soverayn lord and most crysten Kynge henry ye seuenth." To our ears, which are made to tingle every day with the sound of fulsome adulation, bestowed for reward, whether in coin or kind, such a dedication as this would seem strained, because of the obvious motive which we should naturally assign to it; but in the early days, before the printing press had been tortured into an instrument of evil, "my lady Margarete" was really a patron who had earned the printer's respect and esteem. By degrees the advantages to be derived from the persistent flattery of some rich fool who had a desire to pose as a Mecænas were too apparent to be lightly ignored, and the practice grew up of selling dedications to the highest bidder, of extolling virtues which had no existence, and glossing crimes which, in some instances at least, were but too apparent. To such proportions did this shameless practice grow that at last even the flattered grew tired of the holocaust of lies which were thrown about in too reckless a fashion to be of value, and so the purse-strings were tightened, and authors, being beyond the reach of temptation, grew honest again, and have so continued in this respect until the present time. Dedications are now somewhat rare, and when they occur, it is but seldom, we should imagine, that they are bought and sold, for "patrons" have long been obsolete, and "friends" expect to be apostrophized for nothing.

These three several classes of dedications, namely, the innocent, the pecuniary and the worldly-wise, deserve a lengthy analysis, much longer in fact than it would be possible to bestow upon them in the compass of a few short pages. A few examples of each may, however, be interesting as exemplifying the gradual progress towards corruption, the rottenness of which at last grew nauseous to the recipient of so many literary favours.

Caxton thus dedicated his *Game and Play of the Chess Moralised*, "To the right noble, right excellent and virtuous prince George duc of Clarence, Erle of Warwyk and of Salisburye, great chamberlayn of England and leutenant of Irelond, oldest broder of Kynge Edward by the grace of God Kynge of England

and of Fraunce." It may not be true that George, Duke of Clarence, was either excellent or virtuous; on the contrary, neither of these attributes could consistently be applied to him: but it must not for that reason be presumed that Caxton had received any payment for calling him so. Clarence had been excellent and virtuous to Caxton, and this was his testimony to, and acknowledgment of, the kind offices he had received, a testimony honourable to giver and receiver alike. The dedications of Aldus Manutius, too, are valuable as illustrating this description of unsolicited compliment: "There is a high and noble feeling, a self-respect and simplicity of language about him which is delightful. He certainly had aspiring hopes of doing the world good. He expresses himself about his labours 'adjuvante Jesu Christo,' and he is a specimen of mental freedom glorious to the republic which nurtured him."

King James I., having no need to flatter, must be taken to have been sincere in his dedication to the Duke of Buckingham, when he says, in the preface of his *Meditation on the Lord's Prayer:* "But now when I bethinke myselfe, to whom I can most aptly dedicate this little labour of mine, most of it being stollen from the houres ordained for my sleepe; and calling to minde, how carefull I have ever bin to observe a decorum in the dedication of my bookes, as my *Βασιλικον Δωρον* was dedicated to my sonne Henry now with God, because it treated of the office of a King, it now belonging to my only son Charles, who succeeds to it by right, as well as to all the rest of his brother's goods; and as I dedicate my *Apologie for the Oath of Allegeance* to all free Christian Princes and States, because they had all of them an interest in that argument, other of my bookes which treated of matters belonging to every qualitie of persons, being therefore indefinitely dedicated to the Reader in generall, I cannot surely finde out a person to whom I can more fitly dedicate this short *Meditation* of mine than to you, Buckingham. For it is made upon a uery short and plaine prayer and therefore the fitter for a courtier. For courtiers for the most part are thought neither to have list nor leisure to say long prayers, liking best *courtemesse and long disner.* But to confesse the trueth now in earnest it is the fitter for you that it is both short and plaine."

Of similar sort is the dedication by Erasmus to Sir Thomas More of his *Praise of Folly.* "How! what maggot (say you) put this in your head? Why the first hint, Sir, was your own surname of More, which comes as near the literal sound of the word (*μωρια*) as you yourself are distant from the signification of it, and that in all men's judgment is vastly wide." A fine compliment this to More, and as certainly unsolicited.

At this particular period whatever objection there may have been to the verbiage of a dedication did not arise so much from the meanness of the author's views as from their indiscretion in the choice of their patrons. "Thus," says Oldmixon, in his dedication to the translation of Bonhours on *The Arts of Logick and Rhetorick* (1728), "without having any regard to their character or capacity, we often find a Discourse of Politicks addressed to a fox-hunter, a Treatise of

Gardening to a Citizen of London, a piece of Divinity to a General of the Army, a Poem to a Judge, and a Play to a Stockjobber."

Bacon was, as a rule, very careful "to choose for dedications those that I hold most fit for the argument."

It does not at all follow that patronage is degrading to authorship, but it becomes so when payment is the only motive for adulation, for a dedication founded on such a basis must of necessity destroy every vestige of independence and truth in those who make money by such debasing means. The earlier English dedications were mostly genuine, although they may perhaps even then have been mere thanks for favours to come; but by the time of Elizabeth a price was nearly always demanded for this species of eulogy.

This price, according to the actor Nathaniel Field, was, in the case of a stage play, the comparatively small sum of £2, for he ingenuously observes in the dedication to his comedy, *A Woman is a Weather-cocke*, "I did determine not to have dedicated my play to anybody, because forty shillings I care not for, and above few or none will bestow on these matters, especially falling from so fameless a pen as mine is yet."

It will be observed, then, that the price of fulsome flattery in or about the year 1600 was the miserable sum of £2, a sum which, by the way, was more often owed than discharged. Well might the author of *The Tragedy of Claudius Tiberius Nero* exclaim: "The reason wherefore so many plays have formerly been published without inscriptions unto particular patrons (contrary to the custom in divulging other works), although perhaps I could nearly guess, yet because I would willingly offend none, will now conceal."

To expect that the practice of selling dedications could be conducted honestly would perhaps have been too great a stretch of credulity. In so base a business the number of black sheep must have been very large, and a great many persons went about the country with bogus manuscripts, just published (according to them), so that "if a gentleman seeing one of these bookes dedicated onely to his name suspect it to be a bastard that hath more fathers beside himself," he should send to St. Paul's Churchyard "to inquire if any such worke be come forth, and if they (the Stacioners) cannot tell, then to steppe to the printers." These persons were the pest of the literary world during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

> "From towne to towne they strowle, in soule as poore
> As th' are in clothes: yet these at every doore,
> Their labours dedicate. But (as at faires)
> Like Pedlars they shew still one sort of wares
> Unto all commers (with some filde oration)
> And thus to give bookes now's an occupation
> One booke hath seaven score patrons."

Thomas Jordan, who for years lived—though poorly—on his wits, prefixed dedications to all his books, with blanks for the name of the selected patron to be filled in with a hand-press. Each of his works, therefore, must have had some score or two of godfathers, though, of course, only one appeared when the work was finally issued. The rest had been cheated out of their money, which in every case had been carefully collected in advance.

One of the greatest sinners of the seventeenth century was, strange to relate, "glorious John Dryden" himself, for he probably sold far more lying apostrophes than any other author of equal merit who has ever existed. Dr. Johnson says of these effusions, "of dramatic immorality, he" (Dryden) "did not want examples among his predecessors or companions among his contemporaries; but in the meanness and servility of hyperbolical adulation I know not whether since the days in which the Roman Emperors were deified he has ever been equalled, except by Afra Behn in an address to Eleanor Gwyn."

Dryden began well, for his first play, *The Wild Gallant*, bears no dedication at all; but his second, *The Rival Ladies*, and the third, *The Indian Emperor*, have inscriptions couched in the most effusive strain of adulation. The latter of these plays was addressed to Anne, Duchess of Monmouth, who is glorified as follows:

"But as needful as beauty is, virtue and honour are yet more: The reign of it without their support is unsafe and short, like that of tyrants. Every sun which looks on beauty wastes it; and when it once is decaying, the repairs of art are of as short continuance as the after-spring when the sun is going further off. This, madam, is its ordinary fate, but yours, which is accompanied by virtue, is not subject to that common destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way by an untainted preservation of your honour to make that perishable good more lasting: And if Beauty, like wines, could be preserved by being mixed and embodied by others of their own natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, since no part of Europe can afford a parallel to your noble lord in masculine beauty and in goodliness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of mankind you need only to be seen together: We are ready to conclude that you are a pair of angels sent below to make virtue amiable in your persons or to set to poets when they would pleasantly instruct the age by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of nature."

In his *Evening's Love; or, the Mock Astrologer*, Dryden observes in his dedication to the Duke of Newcastle: "You have by a rare effect of fortune, found, in the person of your excellent lady, not only a lover, but a partner of your studies; a lady whom our age may justly equal with the Sappho of the Greeks or the Sulpitia of the Romans." The distinguished poet, who was not ashamed to

publicly advertise his own meanness of soul, knew full well the advantages of flattering a husband by reference to the wife.

It was not only kings and nobles who received their meed of undeserved praise, but anyone who could pay for the tribute or who had sufficient temporary influence to make a dedication to them the foundation of hopes in the breast of the author.

Thus, Nell Gwyn, having unlimited influence with Charles II., was the recipient of innumerable eulogies on her many microscopical virtues. Thomas Duffett, in *The Spanish Rogue*, claims the credit of being the first to publicly recognise "those virtues which are the greatest miracle of the age," an acknowledgment ably seconded by Mrs. Behn, who dedicated her *Feign'd Curtizans* to the royal favourite in 1679. She says, speaking of "Mrs. Ellen Guin": "So excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the divine powers in this: the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone. . . . . Who can doubt the power of that illustrious beauty, the charm of that tongue, and the greatnesse of that minde, which has subdu'd the most powerful and glorious monarch of the world; and so well you bear the honours you were born for, with a greatness so unaffected, an affability so easie, an humour so soft, so far from pride or vanity, that the most envious and most disaffected can finde no cause or reason to wish you less."

Wycherley could not resist the temptation of dedicating his *Plain Dealer* to one Mother B——, an infamous character, who kept a house in Covent Garden; and this he did by way of satire, regardless of the wrath of Nell Gwynn or the royal Charles. This dedication is addressed "To my Lady B——," and had the author been Dryden instead of Wycherley, the presumption would have been that part of the procuress's ill-gotten gains had found their way into his pocket.

Modern dedications, when they occur, which, as we have said, is not often, are usually couched in sensible language, for there is no longer any chance of reaping a harvest from the vanity of literary connoisseurs; at least, not from this species of vanity. Good taste also emphatically forbids the use of adulation even when directed to persons of high social position. For these and other reasons, addresses when they occur are usually short, decisive, and to the point, making a complete contrast to those of former days. For instance, Byron's *Hours of Idleness* was dedicated to the Earl of Carlisle, as follows: "To the Right Honourable Frederick Earl of Carlisle, Knight of the Garter, etc., etc., the second edition of these poems is inscribed by his obliged ward and affectionate kinsman—the Author."

Sir Walter Scott dedicated *Waverley* to Henry Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*, and placed the dedication at the end of the book. It runs as follows:

"As I have inverted the usual arrangement, placing these remarks at the end

of the work to which they refer, I will venture on a second violation of form, by closing the whole with a dedication :"

THE VOLUMES

BEING RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

OUR SCOTTISH ADDISON,

HENRY MACKENZIE,

BY

AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER

OF

HIS GENIUS.

The Earl of Harcourt dedicated his *Account of the Church of Stanton Harcourt* to Richard Gough, although he had never seen him. This slight difficulty would of course in the old days have made no difference whatever, and Gough would in all probability have been credited with every virtue under the sun. As it is, the dedication simply runs:

To RICHARD GOUGH, Esq,

George Simon, Earl Harcourt,

(ALTHOUGH PERSONALLY UNKNOWN

TO THAT DISTINGUISHED ANTIQUARY)

INSCRIBES THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

Nonehan Courtenay, Nov. 1st, 1808.

Thornbury's *Songs of the Cavaliers*, published in 1857, was dedicated to Douglas Jerrold in the simple words with which we must now close the article. Much about dedications may be gathered from D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, Botfield's *Prefaces to the First Editions of the Greek and Roman Classics*, and Wheatley's *Dedications of Books*, the last-named work being essentially a history of the subject, and, like the others, valuable for purposes of reference. Thornbury's dedication to Jerrold reads as follows:

"To Douglas Jerrold, the Dramatist, Satirist, and Novelist, these verses are dedicated by the Author, from one who is struggling and hopes to win, to one who has struggled and has won."

RESTORING DEFECTIVE BOOKS.

EXPERTS who live by repairing, restoring, and otherwise renovating mutilated books, are to be found in most centres of literary activity; are to be found, that is, by those who know where to look for them, and have themselves a practical acquaintance with dingy holes and corners in forgotten lanes and alleys. The trade is not a good one, and there is, moreover, a sufficient flavour of falsehood and fraud about it to make the scrupulously honest collector wish it were worse. The wages of sin are usually exceedingly small, and hence it comes to pass that the "Book-Faker" has a lean and hungry look, for a pair of hands cannot always provide for a dozen or more of mouths, and apprentices to this particular business are quite unknown.

The skilled and ingenious man who for a consideration will make your imperfect copy of Walton and Cotton spick and span again, notwithstanding the fact that when it was handed over to his tender care it was "cut," imperfect, mutilated and stained with ink, grease and filth of every description, is probably some fallen bookseller who for years had spent his odd hours in "renovating" his own stock, until regular customers gave him and his tomes a wide berth. His reputation, however, as a "faker" increased as his business declined, and when at last he was forced to go by the board he found plenty of other booksellers who were willing to employ him in making up imperfections and gilding over blemishes. Books frequently stand in urgent need of repair, and every large library, public or private, contains many which have passed through the hands of the experts before they were sent to the binders. Dealers of repute also often find it to their advantage to "make up" some excessively rare volume and to describe it in their catalogues as "restored" or "beautifully facsimiled," as the case may be and circumstances require. This is legitimate, and both dealer and expert are within their rights; but what about the ragged volume which comes back looking as fresh as a work on Theology, and is catalogued and sold without any reference whatever to the multitude of latent defects with which it abounds? Such a book as this is the bibliophile's horror, for more often than not his latest bargain is found to have been thus tampered with and palmed off as sound.

The original binding, which now looks so perfect, will, on investigation, be found to have been plastered with a mixture of bread and mastic varnish, and then brushed with white of egg. The surface has perhaps even been designedly soiled to make the fraud look genuine. Leaves have been extracted from other and similar works, and then inserted with great precision and accuracy, and under favourable conditions the very date on the title-page may have been deftly altered. Sometimes the corner of a page that has been torn away is added, letterpress and all, and it would take Argus himself to detect the imposition.

In some special instances whole pages are inimitably copied *by hand* on paper resembling that on which the book is printed. These useful sheets of paper are torn out of old folios and carefully preserved by the expert, forming, in point of fact, his stock-in-trade. In the British Museum there are many books containing added leaves, which it is almost impossible to tell from actual typography, so neatly and excellently has the labour of copying been performed. Grolier, who liked wide margins, frequently welded strips of paper to the edges of his books, which became to all appearance as good as they were before they had been planed down. What Grolier did, the expert can do now. The volume is stripped of its cover and each leaf carefully and laboriously made taller, and then perhaps stained with a weak solution of coffee or one of the numerous other dyes calculated to produce uniformity. Worm-holes are plastered up with pulped paper; dirt is removed by oxalic acid, which will not touch printing ink, though it will remove marginal notes in writing ink. If the book is adorned with prints, the sharpness of these is heightened by a bath of whisky and water. The engraved title-page, if irretrievably mutilated, may be transferred to other and similar paper from the stock-in-trade, by means of a receipt which is worth mentioning, as it may be useful for other and more legitimate purposes. The title-page is first exposed for ten seconds to the vapour of iodine. The paper on which the impression is to be reproduced has previously been dipped in a weak solution of starch, and when dry in a similar solution of oil of vitriol. When again dry, the prepared paper is placed on the engraving and put for a few minutes under a press, when all the fineness and delicacy of the print will be found to have been faithfully transferred. A little more whisky and water, and a few strokes from a pen to heighten the effect, and it would take a very circumspect and cautious person, on the continual look-out for cheats and impostures, to discover the interloper.

Chloride of lime is, of course, largely employed by book-makers (for so they may indeed be called), since this chemical bleaches, though it rots the paper, and invests the grimy page with a surface of virgin white.

The expert will sometimes purchase on his own account two or three wretched wrecks of volumes, which to all appearance are mere waste-paper, fit only to be thrown aside. If perfect the books would have been valuable, but in their present condition their value is *nil.* Out of ruin and chaos he produces order, and may greatly enrich himself, for surely one perfect volume is better, artistically and pecuniarily, than any number of shocking examples of carelessness and mutilation such as he has so deftly practised upon.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.

I.

THE *Bibliotheca Diabolica*, published at New York, by Scribners, in September, 1874, contains, as may well be surmised, a list of books of the most appalling nature. Most of these are as antiquated as the study of which they treat, but many, very many, are so modern that it seems to be a very great question indeed whether the "Black Art" is so entirely defunct as is supposed, or whether, on the contrary, it is not actually living in full vigour under another and less distinguishing name. Since 1874, the date of the *Bibliography* in question, quite a large crop of books has been reaped, and so lucrative is the practice of trading in them that one London publisher is actually engaged in their manufacture, and several booksellers in their sale. The boundary line which bars the way between this world and that which is to come is so filmy that there have not wanted many, from times the most remote, who have sought to pry beyond the veil. Some are believed by the credulous to have done so, others assert that they have done so; not one has related his experiences in intelligible language.

The richness and value of a collection of works on Magic can hardly be conceived. These books are rising in price every day, and the competition for them is so eager that after all we may possibly have the *Malleus Maleficarum* reprinted before the century is out, and the work of the learned Delrio, the *Disquisitio Magicarum*, classed among those which it is absolutely necessary for every man of culture to have upon his shelves.

A dry list of books, a mere bald bibliography, is out of favour with most people, who will not be troubled to make a collection upon any other lines than those of their own choosing, and in this *Bibliography of the Devil* we avoid quoting a string of editions, and seek rather to treat of some representative volume and the nature of its contents.

Sylvester, who, in 1592, was eaten up with a nervous foreboding of evil days to come, exclaimed in language so appropriate to the subject that we cannot forbear quoting his verse:

> "O Ruthlesse murderer of immortall soules
> Alasse! to pull us from the happie poales,
> And plunge us headlong in the yawning hell,
> Thy ceaseless fraudes and fetches, who can tell?"

The most daring of these old writers who point out the "fraudes and fetches," and who, as it were, seize the devil by the nose as St. Dunstan did, are here apostrophized. As for the modern ones, *they* are beneath contempt, for

what is their labour but a gross imposition upon an enlightened public, an encroachment of a baneful shadow between God's earth and the sun?

First then, Sir Henry Agrippa, German Knight, who wrote three books on Occult Philosophy, and had a fourth written for you, why did you disclaim the work of your pen? Was not the *Vanity of Arts and Sciences* a terrible confession of a life misspent? Where is your black dog? for that is as immortal as yourself; perhaps more. You are in its charge, for has not Butler assigned him as your master?

"Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences in vain."

Even Henry Morley, the learned in every branch of literature, has not disdained to treat of you in a portion of two small volumes, which he had the temerity to publish in 1856.

Agrippa, in truth, was at one time a disciple of the Devil second to none, unless, indeed, Peter of Abono could top him; for Peter never repented as Agrippa did, and with malicious cunning disappointed the Inquisitors by dying just three days before the *auto-da-fé*, which was to be held for the express purpose of burning him and others of his persuasion, could take place. The Inquisition, however, declined to be entirely baulked by the master of Peter of Abono, so they immolated the body and the books of the disciple on the pyre which should have received his living flesh. All that remains of his writings, numerous as we are led to believe they were, consists of the description of a magic circle, a secret alphabet and sundry horrible blasphemies, most of which are carefully reprinted by Barratt in his *Magus*, 4to., London, 1801, a work re-issued by Mr. Quaritch some twenty years ago, and which may be consulted with pleasure and profit by the intelligent searcher into the mysteries of Magic.

CHICAGO'S GREAT LIBRARY.

RECENT issues of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Daily Inter-Ocean* contain long and interesting accounts of a great public library which is in course of formation in the city of Chicago, and which will be under the management and control of Mr. W. F. Poole, the compiler of the famous *Index to Reviews and other Periodicals*. This library, which bids fair to become in process of time one of the most important in the United States, has been established under the terms of the will of Mr. Walter L. Newberry, a prominent citizen of Chicago, and some idea of the magnitude it

may assume will be gathered when it is stated that the money available for the purchase of the site, erection of buildings, and collection of books amounts to no less a sum than £600,000.

The will of Mr. Newberry, who died on November 6, 1886, disposes of personal estate valued at $1,017,083, and real estate appraised at $1,611,736, making a total value of $2,628,820, the half of which enormous sum was, by the terms of the will, to be expended in founding a free library. "The other share of my estate shall be applied, by my said trustees, as soon as the same can consistently be done, to the founding of a free public library, to be located in that portion of the city of Chicago now known as the North Division; and I do hereby authorize and empower my said trustees to establish such library on such foundations, under such rules and regulations for the government thereof, appropriate such portion of the property set apart for such library, in the erection of proper buildings and furnishing the same, and such portion to the purchase and procurement of books, maps, charts, and all such other articles and things as they may deem proper and appropriate for a library, and such other portions to constitute a permanent fund, the income of which shall be applicable to the purpose of extending and increasing such library, hereby fully empowering my said trustees to take such action in regard to such library as they may see fit and best, having in view the growth, preservation, permanence, and general usefulness of such library.

It will be seen that this noble gift was not made to the city as a corporation, and that the city government has no part or function in its administration, the whole management being in the hands of two trustees, with full powers to appoint their successors. The trustees will aim to make it the largest and most complete reference library in the United States, and such a library, adapted to the higher wants of scholars, is greatly needed as a national, as well as a local, institution. The Astor Library, in New York, from its want of means, has not been able to supply this desideratum. Up to the time of the death of Mr. William B. Astor, the library, in buildings, books, and invested funds, had only about $750,000 expended upon it. The legacy of Mr. Astor added $249,000 to its resources. The Newberry Library will start with at least double that sum, and probably with a much larger foundation. The functions of a large reference will not interfere with, but on the other hand will supplement, those of the Chicago Public Library, which are mainly to supply the citizens with books for circulation. The Chicago Historical Society, which lost its building and collections in the great fire of 1871, has a field of usefulness independent of that of the Newberry Library. No one library, however large its resources, can meet the many-sided wants of a metropolitan community with a population like Chicago.

Mr. Newberry, formerly a resident of Detroit, came to Chicago when the city had less than 10,000 inhabitants. He brought with him money which he judiciously invested in land, which increased enormously in value. His business

habits were singularly exact and methodical. He never contracted any debts nor allowed any incumbrances on his property. While he educated and supported his family in a style befitting his wealth, in his personal conduct he was saving and unostentatious. He made his investments and managed his business with constant reference to the theory of probabilities. To the attorney who drew his will, he stated the estimate he had made of the probability that one-half of his estate would go eventually to the foundation of a library. There were forty chances in a hundred, he said, of the event occurring. He had considered the health of his daughters, the possibility of their marrying, having issue, etc. For several years before his death he was the president of the Chicago Historical Society, and took considerable interest in the institution.

NOTES ON THE GIBSON CRAIG SALE.*

THE Crawford sale, which was chronicled in last month's number of *Book-Lore*, was without doubt the most important sale of the year which had taken place up to that date, and a survey of the first portion of the Gibson Craig collection does not in any way alter the position. It will be remembered that in the Crawford sale 2,146 lots realized £19,073 9s. 6d., or an average of more than £8 17s. per lot, while at the Gibson Craig sale, 2,927 lots only produced £6,803 8s., or an average of a little over £2 6s. The importance of the two sales may, therefore, be gauged by this reference to the averages.

As in the Crawford analysis, we will go through the Gibson Sale Catalogue, noting the principal items in alphabetical order.

The Select Fables of Æsop and other Fabulists, Baskerville's edition, Birmingham, 1764, realized £7 2s. 6d. (Bain). Sir R. Atkyn's *Ancient and Present State of Gloucestershire*, large paper, map and plates, folio, 1768, £11 5s. (Walford); this copy evidently belonged at one time to Horace Walpole, as it had his coat-of-arms stamped on the sides.

Bartsch's *Le Peintre Graveur*, that indispensable work of reference to all collectors of ancient prints, 21 vols. in 18, large paper, Vienna, 1803-21, realized £18 10s.; and another useful book of the same class, Basan's *Dictionnaire des Graveurs Anciens et Modernes*, 2 vols., 8vo, Paris, 1809, £1 16s.

Beckford's *Thoughts upon Hare and Fox Hunting*, 8vo., 1796, £2 10s.; the same author's *Memoirs*, 2 vols., 8vo., 1859, £1 10s. A first-rate copy of Bewick's

* First portion of the library of the late James T. Gibson Craig, of Edinburgh. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, 1887. June 27, and nine subsequent days. See *Book Prices Current*, No. VIII.

Figures of British Birds, with portrait, and the cancelled cut in two states of the block, Newcastle, 8vo., 1809, brought £9.

Among the Bibles there are only two worthy of note, and both were copies of the Authorised Version, printed at Edinburgh in 1676 and 1716 respectively. The first was described as "Holy Bible, Authorised Version, Edinb. 1676—Psalms in Meeter. Allowed by the Authority of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, G. Swintoun, 1675, in 1 vol., 8vo.," £63 (Bain). The second Bible realized £5 5s. These prices, it is surmised, were due more to the character of the binding than the intrinsic value of the books themselves. Mr. Gibson Craig, in his *Facsimiles of Old Book-Binding*, thus describes the first-named work, the Bible of 1676: "Morocco, inlaid with colours, and most elaborately tooled; the edges are gaufré above and below, and on front painted with floral devices with the inscription, 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,' and the signature, 'A. Ogstoun fecit, 1680.' This probably means that the inscription, etc., on the edge was executed at Ogstoun, as it is difficult to believe that such an elaborate and tasteful binding could have been executed in Edinburgh at that time. This volume was presented to Martha Stevenson, 16th April, 1680, by A. Ogstoun, on the occasion of their marriage. A descendant of this union and a niece of Dr. Hugh Blair gave it to me in 1826."

Boccaccio's *Decameron*, 8vo., London (Paris), 1757-61, brought £21 (Quaritch); and a set of the engravings after Gravelot and Eisen, including the vignettes, £5 (Robson and Kerslake).

Passing a number of foreign works, mostly French and Italian, we come to a quantity of Prayer Books, the most important of which were Baskett's edition of 1736, £1 15s.; Baskerville's edition of 1761, £1 14s.; and the Oxford edition of 1840, £1 12s.

Brant's *Stultifera Navis*, small 4to., Lyons, 1488, £8 15s. In connection with this lot it may be mentioned that great doubts are entertained by bibliographers as to the correctness of the date, which, it is thought, ought to read 1498. The book, moreover, is not remarkable for the care and attention with which the proof-sheets were examined, for the author has even allowed his own name to be misspelled—"Grant."

Britton's *Cathedral Antiquities of Great Britain*, in 6 vols., royal 4to., 1814-1835, realized £15 5s.; and Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, 2 vols., large paper, 4to., 1816, £3 10s.—in our opinion an excessive price, as the edition is obsolete.

Caxton's *Descrypcyon of Englonde Wales and Scotlonde*, printed in folio by Wynkyn de Worde, BLACK-LETTER, brought £10, and would have brought more but for the fact of it being badly wormed.

Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, with notes, etc., by Tyrwhitt, 5 vols., 8vo., large paper, Pickering, 1822, £14. The *Nuremberg Chronicle*, royal folio, 1493, was knocked down to Mr. H. Gray for £26. This copy, which contained 2,250

woodcuts by Wolgemut (who was the master of Albert Dürer) and Pleydenwurff, had several of the large initial letters illuminated, and was in very fine condition, thus presenting a contrast to most of the specimens of the *Nuremberg Chronicle* which find their way into the market.

Clarke's *Repertorium Bibliographicum*, 2 vols. in 1, large paper, 1819, containing "A Dialogue in the Shades," and "Rare Doings at Roxburghe Hall," £3 5s.

The first edition of *Cowper's Poems*, which was issued in 1782, realised £1 1s., being a distinct bargain to Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, who bought it. First editions are rising in the market with rapidity, and there is no reason why *Cowper's Poems* in the original should not eventually be worth a considerable sum.

A very good copy of Lord Vivian's privately printed edition of Dante's *Inferno*, folio, 1858-65, was knocked down for £27 to Sotheran; and an equally good copy of De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, first edition, 3 vols., 8vo., 1719-20, brought £50 (Robson and Kerslake). Our readers will note that this is the only specimen of the first edition of De Foe's immortal work which has been offered for sale in London during the present season. The same author's *History of the Devil*, first edition, 1726, produced £1 2s.; and his *Plan of the English Commerce*, first edition, 1728, £1.

Dibdin's *Bibliomanéa*, first edition, 1809, brought 3s., while the edition of 1811 realised 17s., and the edition of 1842, £3. The same author's *Bibliographical Tour*, 3 vols., large paper, India proofs, 1838, 4to., was knocked down to Walford for £19. The most extraordinary circumstance in connection with this group of books is that the first edition of the *Bibliomanéa* only realised 3s.

Drummond's *Noble British Families*, 2 vols., imperial folio, Pickering, 1846, £15 15s. (Kerr and Richardson), and the Hon. W. Drummond's *Genealogy of the House of Drummond*, 4to., Edinburgh, 1831, £3 10s.

Dugdale's *History of Imbanking and Drayning*, original edition, folio, 1662, £11 5s. (Bain).

The next book of importance was Forbes' *Cantus*, with a brief Introduction to Musick, third edition, Aberdeen, 1682, £16 15s. Another example of the rule that all books printed in Scotland before the year 1700 are more or less valuable and as eagerly sought after.

Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, 2 vols. in 1, 1792, £3 3s.; the *Deserted Village*, illustrated by the Etching Club, 1841, £8; Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale*. Folio, 1726, £3 19s.; Haddington's (Earl of), *Poems on Several Occasions*, N.P., 1765, £14; Holbein's *Portraits*, atlas folio, 1792, £12 15s.; Holland's *Herwologia Anglica*, folio, 1620, £14 15s.; Owen Jones' *Grammar of Ornament*, original issue, imperial folio, 1856, £8 10s. (Sotheran).

Lodge's *Portraits*, 4 vols., folio, 1821-34, soldfor £17 15s. This was a fine copy, having original impressions of the numerous portraits; the binding was also extra. Meerman's *Origines Typographicæ*. 2 vols., 4to., 1765, large paper, £4;

Meyrick's *Ancient Armour.* 3 vols., folio, 1824, £9 15s.; another edition. Oxford, 2 vols., folio, 1830, £2 18s.

The first edition of Milton's *Paradise Regained.* 8vo., 1671, brought 17s.; and Minsheu's *Guide into Tongues.* Folio, 1617, sold for 4s. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find cheaper lots than these.

Nash's *Mansions of England in the Olden Time.* 4 vols. in 2, original impressions of the plates, imperial folio, 1839-49, £14 15s. (Quaritch); Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes.* 9 vols., 1812-15; *Illustrations of the Literary History.* 6 vols., 1817-31, together, 15 vols., 8vo., £11.

Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd.* Large paper, folio. Glasgow, 1796, £3 7s.; Reynolds (Sir J.), *Engravings from the Works of.* 3 vols., folio. Hodgson and Graves, N.D., £26. This work contains 300 fine and early mezzotints of portraits and historical and fancy subjects.

The autograph MS. of Sir Walter Scott's "Article on Romance," written for and published in the supplement to the *Encyclopædia Brittannica,* brought £35, and the original MS. of the same author's *Chronicles of the Canongate,* £141.

Shelley's *The Cenci.* First edition, in the original boards. Italy, 1819, £7 2s. 6d; Skelton's *Oxonia Antiqua Restaurata.* Folio. Oxford, 1823, £6; Slezer's *Theatrum Scotiæ.* Folio, 1639, £24 10s.

Surtees' *History and Antiquities of Durham.* 4 vols., 8vo., large paper, 1816-40, £40 (Walford); Swift's works. 4 vols., 8vo. Dublin, 1735. A fine copy of the first collected edition of the author's works, £10 5s.

Upcott's *Bibliographical Account of English Topography.* 3 vols., large paper, 1818, 8vo., £10 15s.

Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting.* 5 vols., 4to., at Strawberry Hill, 1765, £15 (Quaritch); the same, with additions by Dallaway. 5 vols., 8vo. Major, 1826-28. India proofs, £18 (Quaritch)

Woodward's *Caricature Magazine.* 2 vols., oblong folio, N.D., £8 15s. This work contained about 200 coloured satirical prints by Cruickshank and Rowlandson. Original impressions.

The catalogue concluded with a number of autograph letters, among which were several of Sir Walter Scott. The most important of these was the last letter written by Sir Walter, on half a sheet of folio paper, and dated April 16, 1832. It realised £8 10s. (B. F. Stevens).

LITERARY FORGERIES.

I.

THE depths of human credulity are so abysmal that perhaps no one has yet succeeded in sounding them. This want of success is owing to the fact that a being endowed with reason naturally begins to hesitate when he has arrived at what he considers to be an extreme limit of foolishness, and from that point continually dreads an exposure. This then is the crucial test, for forgery is easy in its initial stages, and only becomes difficult at any time when the courage of the operator undergoes a relapse.

Of all classes of forgers, those who make *savants* their dupes are the cleverest. A successful practitioner in this line must himself be learned and on a level with the literary knowledge of the day. Would he imitate the poetry of Byron, he must at least be possessed of something of his genius, while if he aspires to the aerial flights of Shakespeare, as Ireland did, he must make up by presumption what he lacks in ability. Imitators have need of all the talents, for their work is expressly executed for comparison, which is not the case with those who, like Macpherson and Chatterton, invent their author and provide him with a muse.

A contemplation of the dozen or so famous literary forgeries which have been palmed off during the course of the last hundred years, discloses the fact that youth is more prone to this class of offence than age. The man of mature years treads cautiously, and discards many a plan as impracticable which his younger prototype, reckless and heedless of everything but the immediate object in view, would push by sheer impudence to a successful issue. Hence the chief qualification of a literary forger is impudence. Plenty of this, combined with an open, ingenuous, and youthful countenance, good work and a reasonable explanation of the circumstances attending the acquisition of the treasure to be foisted on the public, and the venture is almost sure to succeed, at least for a time. Virtue is out of place, since it can be counterfeited more easily than a manuscript. There are at present no means of discovering the secret workings of another's mind: false face doth hide what the false heart doth know.

An occasional reference to the practices of literary forgers cannot fail to be pleasing, and this for many reasons. In the first place, the motives which prompted the act raise a certain amount of curiosity; then, it is extremely interesting, as well as instructive, to compare genuine work with the fraudulent imitation, and to draw comparisons between them, and, finally, the method of discovery and its consequences are not without their lessons.

These and other sections of the same subject might be dealt with in folio, and much would even then remain unsaid, and we may add, undiscovered, for there is no telling how many word-paintings of surpassing excellence have been

composed within the four walls of a garret near the sky, while the accredited author was in his grave.

The motives which prompt the literary forger are many and extremely varied. The most innocent of them is a wish to obtain a hearing for a piece which the publishers will not look at because the author is unknown. Every aspirant to literary fame speedily finds out that at first the critic, be he publisher or editor, will not trouble himself with untested compositions. Why not, then, deceive him? This is the first suggestion which a still small voice tremblingly makes, and it is occasionally seized and acted upon with a vigour that commands success.

The public have been swindled, and although the forger cannot be complimented upon his method of procedure, they are compelled either to acknowledge that he is an exceedingly clever fellow or to admit their own incapacity. Chatterton deceived Horace Walpole, the foremost critic of the day, and through him all the reading world; he did it because he was ambitious of literary fame, and though hounded to death by the malice of his dupe and the grinding poverty in which he existed, his name not only lives, but is stamped in brass, while that of Walpole is scrawled on marble.

The forgeries of Chatterton are excusable when compared with those which have their origin in vulgar greed, without even the redeeming merit of hope deferred. Money, as a motive power, engenders the basest acts of all, acts which warp the mind, and crucify each moral faculty, until absolutely not one is left uninjured. Such a forger was Shapira, who foisted his *Moabite Pottery* on the Germans and tried to defraud the Bodleian as well as the British Museum.

The Shakesperian forgeries of Ireland were of this class, so in all probability was that of Macpherson, who, in the person of Ossian, wrote one of the most perfect Hymns to the Sun that has yet been penned.

Payne-Collier's second edition of *Shakespeare*, loaded with ancient manuscript notes, which on investigation turned out to have been first made in pencil and in a modern hand, and then re-copied in a forged ancient hand, needs to be discussed very carefully indeed before the motive for putting it forward can be discovered with anything approaching certainty. Mr. Collier was either deceiving or was himself deceived by somebody who only made 30s. by the transaction.

Surtees, with his ballads of *Bartram's Dirge* and the *Slaying of Anthony Featherstonhaugh*, forgeries which took in Sir Walter Scott, deserves more than a passing notice, as also do the spurious letters of Shelley, which Mr. Browning, the poet, being grossly deceived, wrote a preface for. The author of *Ask Mamma*, and other sporting books of credit and renown, was if anything a laughing philosopher who chastised the public in general and Sir Walter in particular for their good. Any other motive than this it is almost impossible to imagine, and it is devoutly to be wished that the motives of all the other concoctors of prose and poetry had been equally good.

In dealing with the subject of Literary Forgeries, therefore, it is proposed to take the most glaring modern examples, and analyse the motives that appear to have prompted the perpetrators of them. Then it will be convenient to compare the forgery in those cases where comparison is possible, and finally to reckon up the reward of perverted genius.

BISHOP WILKINS' *MATHEMATICAL MAGICK.*

NO one would suspect, on seeing two copies of this curious work, with the date 1648, that in them lay a small bibliographical puzzle. Yet such appears to be the case. I know of an edition, called the "fourth edition, 1691," and also of two others dated 1680 and 1648. Lowndes mentions another, dated 1641, but I must say that I have been unable to hear of an edition so dated, and from my own researches I feel confident that there never was one of that date.

I have recently come across two copies of this work, both dated 1648, and passed them as being of the same issue. When I received the copy of the 1648 edition, wishing to find what was the date of the first, I referred to several authorities. In the meantime, having looked into both copies, I found that they differed in spelling, and other particulars not seen unless carefully looked for. This led me to compare them side by side with the [third] 1680 edition, with the following results.

The *really* first edition can easily be detected by the appearance of the pages, each of which is enclosed within four rules. At the top of the page, between the title and the text, comes another rule, which in this edition is cut through by a horizontal rule. In the other [second] edition of 1648 the horizontal rule goes no farther than the rule beneath the title.

There really cannot be any mistake about these two editions. The first bears evidence of having been carefully printed. The rules are well defined, and the woodcuts well finished. In the second edition the woodcuts have been retouched with the graver, there being, of course, no improvement, but rather the reverse. This *second edition* seems to have been printed hurriedly, as if the demand for the first edition exceeded the supply. For this edition the work was re-set and new type used, but the printer was careful to get exactly the same amount of matter on the same page as was in the first edition. The first, second, and third editions are arranged alike—the same number of pages, signatures, and sheets, the difference being noticeable in the headpieces, initial letters, and the ending of some lines here and there which do not tally with those in the first edition. I may here mention that the third edition has no rules round the print, although the page looks as if they were intended to be there, but omitted at the last moment.

It may be well to give here some specimens of the variations taken at random, but which will be sufficient to mark the distinction between the three first editions.

	1648 [1st Edition].	1648 [2nd Edition].	1680 [3rd Edition].
Title.	VV in Wonders and Powers	W	W
	By "I. W."	By "J. W."	By J. Wilkins, etc.
To his Highnesse, etc. / May it please your Highnesse		Highnesse	Highness.
line	6. jvstly	juſtly	juſtly.
	8. howers	hours	hours.
	9. Vniversity	University	University.
Sig. A 3 (2)	3. preſsures	preſſures	preſſures.
	15. forgetfullneſſe	forgetfulneſs	forgetfulness.
	18, 21 and 22. Highneſſe	Highneſs	Highness.
	22. dayly	daily	daily.
	24. humble	bumble	humble.
To the Reader.			
	2. scholers	schollars	schollars.
	4. whether	whither	whither.
	13. manuall	manual	manual.
	16. bee prejudiciall	be prejudiciall	be prejudical.
	18. usuall custome	usual custome	usual custom.
	21. howers	hours	hours.
	23. form	forme	form.
Sig. A 4 (2)	4. finde	find	find.
	21. publike	publick	publish.
	22. only	onely	only.
	27. mechanicall	mechanical	mechanical.
Page 1.	3. doe	doe	doe.
	endevours	endeavours	endeavours.
	7 and 8. naturall, artificiall	natural, artificial	natural, artificial.

Many more such examples might be easily found. Anyone examining the woodcuts can see the great advantage which the first edition has for clearness over the second edition, and it is evident that great care was taken to get good impressions. In the second edition this seems to be just the opposite, while in the third edition, many of the woodcuts were re-engraved, notably those on pp. 128, 132, 143, and 286.

It is satisfactory after going into these details to find the result of the inquiry so encouraging, for the first edition stands out with unmistakable clearness, having a great advantage over its successors. The following is a collation of the title-pages of the various editions issued of this curious work:

First Edition, 1648. Mathematicall | Magick. | Or, | The VVonders | that may be performed by | *Mechanicall Geometry*. | In Two Books. | Concerning Mechanicall { Povvers. / Motions. } | Being one of | the most easie, pleasant, usefull, | (and yet most neglected) part of | Mathematicks. | *Not before treated of in this language.* | By I. W. *M.A.* | *Τέχνη κρατοῦμεν ὧν φύσει νικωμεθα.* | London, | Printed by *M. F.* for *Sa: Gellibrand* at the | brasen Serpent in *Pauls* Church-yard, 1648. Title enclosed within two rules. Pp. [16] 1—295. Sigs A—I, K—T in 8's, V in 4.

Second Edition, 1648. — The same, with the following exceptions:

"VVonders" and "Povvers" printed "Wonders" and "Powers." "By J. W." instead of "By I. W." Instead of "Sa: Gellibrand" "Sa. Gellibrand." The two rules very much broken.

Third Edition, 1680.—*Mathematical Magick*:—or, The | Wonders | That may be performed by | Mechanichal Geometry. | In Two Books. | Concerning | Mechanical } *Powers.* / *Motions.* | Being one of the most easie, | pleasant, useful (and yet most neg- | lected) part of *Mathematics.* | By *J. Wilkins*, late Ld Bp of *Chester* | [Greek motto] | London: | Printed for *Edw. Gellibrand* at the *Golden* | *Ball* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1680.

Same number of pages, etc. But this edition has a portrait of Bp. Wilkins.

Fourth Edition, 1691, with the portrait.

The above are all the editions printed separately, though the *Mathematical Magick* was afterwards included in the collected edition of Bishop Wilkins' works, first published 1708, and again in 1802. As the Right Reverend author died in 1672 only the two editions of 1648 were issued under his supervision; though there do not seem to be any alterations in the later issues.

G. J. GRAY.

LIBRARY LUNATICS.

AMERICA seems to be the home of what are styled "Book Cranks" in that country, and in this, literary lunatics. Not that we are without our "naturals" by any means, but we take little or no notice of them, while the Americans spy out all their ways, and chronicle their doings with zeal. Every large library has one or more constant readers who seem to be on the staff, so promptly do they appear in the morning, so late do they stay at night, and this not for a few days or even weeks, but month after month, sometimes year after year.

The *New York Herald* recently interviewed the librarian of the Boston Public Library to see whether there were any "Cranks" on hand at present, and if so, what were their peculiar eccentricities. "From morning until night," observed the librarian, "no matter at what time you call, you can always find from one to a dozen eccentrics in these reading-rooms. Whenever a man loses the balance of his reason, he turns his attention to literature. A few years ago a man, then well known in Boston, lost nearly all of a once large fortune. In a short time his mind became affected. Up to the time of his losing his mind he had been anything but a literary character; in fact, while sane, he rarely read a book, but as soon as his intellect became unhinged, off he trudged to the library. He came here steadily every day for three years. He was always the first to arrive in the morning. You could generally see him standing outside, waiting for the janitor to open the door—and he was invariably the last person to leave at night, and

during all this time he was never known to ask for or to read but one book—the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Every morning at nine, up walked our crank to the office-desk, got down his encyclopædia, and then, with a proud, knowing expression, he would march over to the farthest corner of the room, where he would steadily sit, without once moving his chair, or even changing his position, until six o'clock at night, when, after we had rung the 'leaving bell' at least three times, and everyone but himself had left the room, he would slowly and regretfully creep up to the desk. There, with a sigh of intense grief, he would deposit his encyclopædia, and then walk out of the room looking like a man who had parted for ever from his best friend.

"Another, we used to call 'the coffee and cake crank.' He was a man of medium age, and he had a mania for reading books about children, though he was himself a childless man, and had never, I believe, been married. Still, he would come here every day. He was always one of the very first to arrive, and he was never known to read anything that did not tell something about bringing up children. We called him 'coffee and cake crank,' because regularly, as the clock struck each hour, he would walk up to the desk and ask one of the attendants to keep his book for him while he went out and got some coffee and cakes. I assure you he did this every hour. He came to the library at nine, and at ten, eleven, and at each succeeding hour until six, when our library closes, he would go out and get his coffee and cakes. I have often thought what a marvellous digestion the man must have had. If all the books he had read about bringing up children did not teach him that it was wrong to take coffee and cakes every hour of the day, there is very little to be learned from books.

"Beside these two cranks, we had another, one who was almost as bad, and whom we used to call *Heavenly Arcana.* He was a regular visitor to the library every day for five years, and so far as we know, during all that time he never read anything but Swedenborg's *Heavenly Arcana.* He used the book so incessantly that he finally wore the binding off, and, as we always do in such cases, we sent the book around to have a new binding put on. As well as I now recollect, he had given his *Heavenly Arcana* in on a Saturday night, and when he came round on Monday morning and found that we had sent the book to the binders to be repaired, he was furious. He threatened to report us to the Mayor, and he came really very near having a fight with the librarian. But, fortunately, the binders, appreciating probably who it was they had to work for, were very expeditious, and on Tuesday morning our friend was enabled to once more enjoy his *Heavenly Arcana.*

"As a rule, we have very little trouble with our readers. In my experience, and I have been here a great many years now, I have never seen a fight in the library, and very rarely have I seen a disturbance of any description whatever. This, I think, is very remarkable, when you consider that we literally open our doors to the streets and let every man, woman, and child who is not positively

dirty or ragged enjoy the privileges of this great library. Mr. Matthew Arnold was greatly struck by this democratic government of our reading-room when he was in Boston. He came in here one day and saw a little barefooted newsboy sitting in one of the best chairs in the reading-room, enjoying himself apparently for dear life. The great essayist was completely astounded. 'Do you let barefooted boys in this reading-room?' he asked. 'You would never see such a sight as that in Europe. I do not believe there is a reading-room in all Europe in which that boy, dressed as he is, would enter.' Then Mr. Arnold went over to the boy, engaged him in conversation, and found that he was reading the *Life of Washington*, that he was a young gentleman of decidedly anti-British tendencies, and, for his age, remarkably well informed. Mr. Arnold remained talking with the youngster for some time, and, as he came back to our desk, the great Englishman said: 'I do not think I have been so impressed with anything that I have seen since arriving in this country as I am now with meeting that barefooted boy in this reading-room. What a tribute to democratic institutions it is to say that, instead of sending the boy out to wander alone in the streets, they permit him to come in here and excite his youthful imagination by reading such a book as the *Life of Washington!* The reading of that one book may change the whole course of the boy's life, and may be the means of making him a useful, honourable, worthy citizen of this great country. It is, I tell you, a sight that impresses a European not accustomed to your democratic ways.'"

LITERARY NOTES.

AN American periodical which, according to the *Athenæum*, ought to know better, observes as follows: "The 'trade' in London combine to exclude from their auction-rooms all outside buyers. If one shows himself and makes an offer for a book, he is bid against, again and again, by the clique, until he becomes disgusted and withdraws. The combined 'trade' then chip in, buy the book among themselves, and put it up for sale again. Thus a private buyer cannot obtain a book at auction in London at any price." There are, as everyone knows, occasional "knock-outs" and other malpractices in every sale-room in London; but every book-buyer also knows perfectly well that he can generally secure at auction a book he covets at a fair price, and very often for considerably less than its value. The dealers cannot arrange "knock-outs" with that ease and freedom with which the American journal appears to credit them, for a single honest and intelligent bidder has it in his power to upset all their calculations by bidding up to a reasonable price, or near it.

THE judgments of famous men upon writers of recognised ability are frequently amusing, and occasionally instructive. No one, however exalted soever, can escape the critics, professional or amateur, and when Shakespeare himself is assailed, the smaller fry may very well be content to accept an adverse verdict in all gratitude. As a solace and comfort to those who are smarting under the lash, it may be pointed out that Lord Byron's opinion of Shakespeare was anything but complimentary to that genius. "Shakespeare," says he, "has had his rise and will have his decline." As to Southey, the less said the better. King George III., who owned a magnificent library, once observed, "Was there ever such stuff as the greater part of Shakespeare?" Goldsmith says of Milton, that "there is no force in his reasonings, no eloquence in his style, and no taste in his composition;" while Waller expressed an opinion that "if the length of the *Paradise Lost* is not considered a merit, it has none other." Modern authors are whipped all round, and many, be it said, thoroughly deserve it; but even a good whipping is better than contemptuous silence.

IN the opinion of many people the Free Library movement should be kept within reasonable bounds until such time as the special section of the public, for whose benefit it was first set on foot, has acquired a taste for substantial reading. Others, on the contrary, maintain that education is necessarily dependent on the materials at hand, and would therefore found as many libraries as possible, leaving the public taste to assert itself hereafter. These are the Conservative and Liberal parties in literature, and the blood of the former will surely run cold in their veins when they realize the fact that a *Children's* Library has been founded in New York. "This organization, the object of which is to create and foster among children too young to be admitted to the public libraries a taste for wholesome reading, shall be known as the Children's Library Association." So *inter alia* run rules 1 and 2, as drawn up and revised by a president and vice-president, four trustees, a council, a chairman, a treasurer, five standing committees, an executive committee, and a librarian. It would be interesting to have a copy of the library catalogue, and it is earnestly hoped that one or other of the officers in question will forward a specimen at the first convenient opportunity. The principle upon which a collection of books suitable for the precocious infants, who are presided over, not by Nundina or Levana, but by standing committees and councils of ways and means, is formed, should be carefully studied by every one who has anything to do with the Free Library movement, for the same books might be equally useful elsewhere.

THE question whether the unauthorised publication of lectures delivered by a professor before the students of a university constitutes an infringement of copyright has recently been decided again by the House of Lords. The word "again" is made use of because the point was expressly decided many years ago in an action brought by the famous Dr. Abernethy against a student of the name of Hutchinson, who, not content with feasting on the Doctor's utterances, took them down in shorthand and tried to make money out of their publication. Hutchinson was very properly stopped, and the case of Caird *v.* Syme, above alluded to, resulted equally disastrously for the defendant. The conclusion arrived at is that a professor's duty is to instruct his pupils, who in their turn have a right to profit by the instruction, but none to report or publish the lectures. With the case of Abernethy and Hutchinson staring Syme, the Glasgow bookseller, in the face, it is really wonderful that he or anyone else should have taken the trouble to contest the self-evident proposition that a person must use what he is entitled to use, according to the purpose for which it was given him, and for none other.

MR. RUSKIN, on being asked by an inquisitive correspondent what books have most influenced his style, and which are his favourites, observes: "Every book that I like influences my style, and fifty years of constant reading have carried me through more pleasant books than I can remember; but what I suppose to be best in my own manner of writing has been learned chiefly from Byron and Scott. Of favourite books I have—none; every book on my library shelves is a favourite in its own way and time. Some are the guides of life, others its solaces, others its food and strength; nor can I say whether I like best to be taught or amused. The book oftenest in my hand of late years is certainly Carlyle's *Frederick*. It is one of the griefs of my old age that I know Scott by heart; but still, if I take up a volume of him, it is not laid down again for the next hour; and I am always extremely grateful to any friend who will tell me of a cheerful French novel or pretty French play. There is little difference, as far as I can see, between me and any other well-trained scholar, in the liking of books of high caste and cheerful tone. But I imagine few people suffer as I do from any chance entanglement in a foolish or dismal fiction."

REVIEWS.

The Mysteries of Magic, a Digest of the Writings of Eliphas Lévi, with a Biographical and Critical Essay by Arthur Edward Waite. London: George Redway, York Street, Covent Garden. Demy 8vo. 1886.

This is surely one of the most extraordinary books that has been published upon an extraordinary subject for a long time. Mr. Redway is widely known as making a speciality of works of this class, and during the last few years he has probably issued or collected more books on occult philosophy and its branches than any two publishers in England. The *Mysteries of Magic*, therefore, comes from a good quarter, and it is distinctly a credit to its publisher and author alike.

Books of this kind, though scouted and scoffed at by the majority of people who do not quite see that they are called upon to believe every vague and inconclusive story, simply because it is wonderful, seem, nevertheless, to be more sought after than they were, and it is an open secret that when any occur for sale they are snapped up at high prices, showing that a demand for them must exist somewhere.

Eliphas Lévi, whose writings are digested by Mr. Waite, and styled the *Mysteries of Magic*, was the *nom de plume* of Alphonse Louis Constant, to whose "sublime spirit" the book is dedicated, for Constant, be it known, died some few years ago, having apparently failed, like all other aspirants, to rejuvenate himself with the *Elixir Vitæ* he professed to have discovered. The book contains an introduction by Mr. Waite, chapters on certain religious problems, scientific theorems, the realisation of magical science, necromancy, black magic, witchcraft, spiritism, and a host of other curious and interesting questions. This is, undoubtedly, the best book on the subject which has appeared since the publication of Barrett's *Magus* in 1801, eighty-six years ago.

WE have received the following catalogues: W. Spencer, 21, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.; Charles Lowe, Broad Street Corner, Birmingham; Walker and Laycock, 37, Briggate, Leeds; William Brough and Sons, 1, Ethel Street, Birmingham; Jarrold and Sons, Norwich; James Miles, Bore Lane, Leeds; George Bryan, 13, Sherwood Street, South, Nottingham; H. T. Wake, Wingfield Park, Derby; Matthews and Brooke, Sun Buildings, Bradford.

Also the following periodicals: Magazine of American History, 30, Lafayette Place, New York; The Book Buyer, 743, Broadway, New York; The Printing Times and Lithographer, 74, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; The Library Journal, 743, Broadway, New York; The Bibliofilo, Bologna, Italy; The Critic, Astor Place, New York; The Co-operative Index to Periodicals, 57, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.

THE Dante Society of Cambridge, Massachusetts, are now passing through the press the *Concordance of the Divina Commedia*, prepared by Professor Fay, of Washington. The text followed in the Concordance is Witte's (Berlin, 1862), with the addition of such words of the editions of Niccolini, Capponi, Borghi, and Becchi (Florence, 1837), as differ from Witte's. Triibner and Co. are the London agents of the society.

MR. C. EDMUND MAURICE'S work on *The Revolutions in Europe since* 1848, is now far advanced towards publication, by Messrs. Bell and Sons, of Covent Garden. Mr. Maurice is a younger son of Frederick Denison Maurice; and we understand that this book is his first attempt at anything like a weighty work on the progress of history. Both the greater and minor changes in political systems and social evolutions that have occurred in our day in such countries as Austria, Germany, Hungary, Italy, and France, will be discussed.

MR. J. P. MAHAFFY has made considerable progress with his book on *Greek Life and Thought from the Macedonian to the Roman Conquest.* The social, the political, and the artistic life of the times are dealt with, as well as philosophy and religion. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are the publishers.

MRS. ARTHUR BROOKFIELD will shortly bring out an edition of *Æsop's Fables*, which will be illustrated by Miss A. Thackeray, a daughter of Colonel Thackeray.

THE *Outing* Publishing Company of New York have arranged with Messrs. Carr and Co., of 26, Paternoster Square, for the publication of *Outing*, an illustrated American magazine of sport and travel, in England. Mr Alfred C. Harmsworth will edit the English edition, and among the contributors are Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. James Dalziel Dougall (author of the article on "Shooting" in the Encyclopædia Britannica), "Rockwood," General Marcy, Mr. Methven Brownlee, and Dr. Darbishire. The illustrations will be by R. H. and G. Moore, J. and G. Temple, Messrs. Cozzens, Burns, Cyril Hallward, Peter M'Nab, and others. The first number appears on October 1st next. An Australian edition is also arranged for.

A VOLUME of poems by Louise Michel will shortly be published in Paris under the title *Les Océaniennes.*

IN connection with the series of *English History from Contemporary Writers*, edited by Mr. York Powell, and published by Messrs. Nutt, it is proposed to issue a similar series illustrating

Scottish history, as also volumes devoted to the history of Ireland and Wales. One of the volumes now in preparation will be given to Ireland, and negotiations are in progress with Scottish historical scholars respecting the editing of Scottish volumes.

THE death is announced of Mr. Fulford Vicary, the author of *A Danish Parsonage.* Mr. Vicary was in the habit of visiting Norway and Denmark in his summer holidays, and *A Danish Parsonage*, published in 1884, was the result. The book, which at first appeared anonymously, was translated into Danish, and was highly popular in Denmark. Since then he had published *Readings from the Dane, An American in Norway, The Stork's Nest, Saga Time*, etc.

The Life of Adam Smith, by Mr. R. B. Haldane, M.P., will appear in this month's volume of *Great Writers.*

IT is stated that Dr. Tanner, the member for Mid Cork, will shortly publish a novel, called *Gerald Grantley's Revenge.*

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD, the author of *The Light of Asia*, has in preparation a volume of poems which will contain original pieces. One of these, "In an Indian Temple," is a dialogue between an English official, a Nautch dancer, and a Brahmin priest, and embodies Hindoo metaphysics and moral questions. Another, "A Casket of Jewels," brings together in a new form recondite legends connected with precious stones. This volume, which will, besides the above, embrace many minor poems, will be published during the course of the present month by Messrs. Trübner and Co.

THE fourth annual report of the committee of the Ealing Free Library states that the circulation during the year was 102,852 volumes, as compared with 92,590 volumes in 1885-6, being an increase of 10,262 volumes, giving the large percentage to each inhabitant of 6·5 volumes, and bringing up the total issue since the opening of the library to 289,960 volumes. During the year the committee purchased 806 volumes, which, with the books presented during this period, brings up the total in the lending department to 5,275, and in the reference department to 847, making a gross total of 6,122 volumes now in the library.

THE Roxburghe Club has reprinted the *Basilicon Doron.* Of the original edition—printed in Edinburgh in 1599—but seven copies were allowed by King James I. to be executed. The present reprint is made from the Grenville copy, the types being imitated as closely as possible, and the ornamental title-page, initial letters, and typographical ornaments expressly cut in facsimile. The volume is supplemented by the extensive alterations and additions introduced into the authorized edition of Edinburgh, 1603. A facsimile page of the original manuscript in King James's handwriting is given, which seems to show that the work, though first written in Lowland Scotch, was, before being printed, translated (so to speak) into the English dress it now wears. The editor is Mr. Charles Edmonds.

MR. HERBERT RHODES, of Thorncliffe Hall, has contributed £2,000 towards the building of a free library at Glossop, the foundation stone of which was laid three weeks ago. Mr. Rhodes's gift has been increased by other donations, the entire amount being £50,000, out of which public baths and a hospital, in addition to the free library, are to be erected.

MR. JOHN P. PRENDERGAST, the author of *The Cromwellian Settlement*, has just ready for publication a work on *Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution*, an interesting period of Irish history in relation to the Act of Settlement and its consequences. Messrs. Longman and Co. are the publishers.

IT is proposed to print the registers of marriage licences of the counties of Cornwall and Devon, commencing in 1526, which are preserved in the registry of the Bishop of Exeter. The work will be edited by Lieut.-Colonel Vivian, and will be issued in bi-monthly parts. The printers are Messrs. Pollard and Co., of Exeter.

A POPULAR edition of Dr. Jessopp's essays on rural life in East Anglia, entitled *Arcady*, will shortly be published. In New York Messrs. Putnam will issue an edition for American readers, with a special introduction by the author.

MR. ALLEN, of Orpington, will publish, during the course of the month, a selection from Mr. Ruskin's letters to Miss Beever, under the title, *Hortus Inclusus.* Mr. Ruskin has himself written a preface and added notes to the text, the whole being edited by Albert Fleming. This book is intended to be a companion to *Froude's Agrestes.*

A VOLUME entitled *Greek, the Language of Christ and His Apostles*, is in course of preparation by Professor Roberts, of St. Andrews, and will probably be ready for publication before the end of the year.

THE eighth volume of the Pipe Roll Society's Publications is now ready. It contains the Roll of the Exchequer (A.D. 1164-5). The Bishop of Chester has accepted the Presidency of the Pipe Roll Society, to which he was unanimously elected.

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL POETRY OF MR. SWINBURNE.

IT has been constantly asserted that in the same way as there is no modern school of English art, so there is no modern school of English poetry. To a very large extent this is a just criticism. Both in regard to art and in regard to poetry, the English productions possess no national character. Nor is there any marked similarity between either contemporary artists or contemporary poets. Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne are so many types of the individual, without reflecting in that individuality the thoughts of a concurrent society. There is not the bond of union which may be seen in the poetry of any other noted period of literature in the history of the world. In short, modern English poetry is cosmopolitan, and not national. The three poets whose names we have just quoted amply prove this dictum. Browning, in his obscure thoughtfulness, resembles the German ideal; Tennyson, with his elegant refinement, which is often too involved in a labyrinth of verbosity to touch the inner chords of the heart, reminds us more of Ariosto than of any native poet; Swinburne, a professed admirer of Victor Hugo, seems to have taken the Frenchman as his model. The trio have in common very little of native originality. But probably Swinburne portrays in his poems more than either Tennyson or Browning, or, indeed, any other writer of the age, the influence of modern civilization, more especially as that influence is shown through the medium of the advance of philosophical thought. Without plunging too deeply into the metaphysical theories engendered by practical science, it may be of some interest to discuss briefly this poetical reflection of contemporary ideas, mirrored as it is with all the decorative imagination and passionate rhetoric of a man who is universally allowed to be at least one of the most brilliantly-gifted literati of our own times.

It is almost an impossibility for a poet to speak the language of science. The only person of whom we are aware who has attempted to idealize scientific metaphysics of late years is, strange to say, a woman. We allude to Miss Bevington. But we cannot, judging from a poetical standard, give it as our opinion that the attempt has proved successful. Such phrases as "universal immanence," "physical embodiment," "homogeneity," "heterogeneity," and the like, admirable as they are in the prose of Herbert Spencer, become ludicrous when translated into *Bevingtonian* verse. The poet, unlike the prose writer, must

not confine himself to technical limits; he must give a free rein to his fancy, and let his conception soar to the loftiest generalities. If he descends to the dull particular, he at once becomes tedious.

To this latter crime Mr. Swinburne can with truth plead "not guilty." We take, as examples, two of the best known of his works, *Poems and Ballads*, and *Songs before Sunrise*. The former may be described as an English reproduction of the most exaggerated Hellenic sensualism; the latter is a rhapsody on the truth and beauty of the Pantheistic creed, which also of necessity holds up for the praise and imitation of the reader the doctrines of revolutionary republicanism. These two poems deserve a separate analysis.

The sensualism of the *Poems and Ballads* has been described as follows by an eminent critic in terms which appear to us somewhat unfair: "Appetite and desire are the only motive impulses of humanity. It is true that the human being is sometimes acted on by reason, by deference to established custom, by conscience. But these, we are told, are blind guides, because not only in themselves the pale and colourless reproductions of what in sensation is poetic and definite, but also because they have been connected, as history shows, with all sorts of tyranny, superstition, and wrong. The simple human being, with primary desires and strong ineradicable appetites, is the only version of humanity whom Mr. Swinburne would admire." Such is the criticism of Mr. Courtney, with which, with all due deference to such an authority, we venture to disagree. According to Pantheism, as shown from the Vedantic philosophy of the ancient East down to the writings of Mr. Swinburne, the motive impulse of humanity should be general utility. The primary principle has been the superiority of reason over faith. But reason, says Mr. Courtney, has been connected with all sorts of tyranny, superstition, and wrong. We thought it was during the age of faith that cruelty and sensual vice were so rife, and that during the age of reason, when science and its companion Pantheism asserted their sway, unbridled lust received its death-blow. There is, of course, one argument to fall back on, namely, that Mr. Swinburne is a supporter of such chaotic outbursts as the dæmonism of the French Revolution; for it is during such events only that appetite constitutes the sole motive power of humanity. But in these times it is not Pantheism and Republicanism which men profess, but rather Atheism and Socialism. Mr. Swinburne is neither an Atheist nor a Socialist, and although his watchwords are undoubtedly "freedom" and "liberty," we search in vain through his writings for any expressions of sympathy with a creed which only acknowledges slavery to animal passions.

It will be said, with some appearance of truth, that such poems as *Before a Crucifix, Blessed among Women*, and *The Hymn of Man*, are atheistical; the author has certainly betrayed in them that utter indifference to public opinion and the feelings of others which leads to what is commonly termed blasphemy, and which cannot be censured too deeply; he has borrowed Biblical language in order

to force humour. Mr. Swinburne becomes as guilty of bigotry towards Christian orthodoxy as the Roman Church of the Middle Ages was towards freedom of thought. The truth seems to be that these poems are rather a wild profession of Pantheism than an argument in favour of Atheism.

The cause of this unjust accusation against Mr. Swinburne is that few people comprehend the radical distinction which exists between Pantheism and Atheism. Pantheism may be defined as that doctrine which identifies the Creator with the creation, which denies most absolutely the personal character of God, but believes Him to pervade all matter; which sees Him alike in the mind of man, in the movement of the insect, in a blade of grass, or in the brilliant lustre of a gem. In short, which believes God to be within, and not without, the universe. On the other hand, the definition of Atheism is an entire absence of any religion whatever. The meaning which the word religion conveys to the mind of an ordinary Christian is belief in a personal Deity. But the idea of religion is not to be inclosed within such narrow and arbitrary boundaries. It must rather be enlarged to mean that species of philosophy whose theme is the nature of the Deity, whether it be present or otherwise. If these definitions are accepted as being correct, we submit that Mr. Swinburne's philosophical basis is not Atheism but Pantheism; it is not irreligious, but religious. But, inasmuch as the nature of poetry prevents the writer from using the logical arguments of science in the way such philosophers as Herbert Spencer, Huxley, and Draper use them, the poet is apt to be misunderstood, because he indulges in theatrical language, which often becomes even thrasonical in defining his metaphysical propaganda. From the time of Homer downwards, however, the poet, under the name of poetical license, has always been allowed a freedom in expression which is denied to the prose writer. If we were to extend to Mr. Swinburne's poetry the same criticism which we should use in the case of an essayist, then we should be fully justified in saying that in his writings freedom, the right to enjoy, appears to involve no duties, whether of self-denial or self-perfection. In reviewing his poetry, on the other hand, we say that his writings contain a wild profession of Pantheism which, although giving a license, perhaps a pernicious license, to the passions of sensualism, yet restrains those passions with the curb of general utility.

Mr. Swinburne is constantly compared with Shelley. Without making any odious comparison between the merits or demerits of the two poets, there can be no doubt that the genius of each has been directed into the same channel of thought. Shelley, however, was inspired by the great wave of revolution which arose in the sansculottism of Paris, and thence spread over the face of half Europe. In the midst of such an event, it is ever the tendency of humanity to rush to extremes; men become mad with the frenzy engendered by a new and hitherto incomprehensible freedom; from their want of experience they become guilty of the utmost folly. Posterity calls it by a worse name, and terms it sin. This distinction is only a creation of habit or fashion. For, placing religion on

one side, it is the assertion of every species of modern philosophy that that which is foolish is sin, and therefore that all sin is folly. Shelley, in his private life, outraged propriety by deserting his wife and living with his mistress. With the cry of freedom ringing in his ears, the tie of matrimony, like every other tie, must be, in his opinion, abolished. We do not attempt to defend his conduct. Experience has proved that such principles are pernicious to the general welfare of society. Yet Shelley doubtless interpreted the feelings of the men and women of his age. So, we submit, does Mr. Swinburne. But the difference between Shelley and the subject of this essay is conspicuous. Mr. Swinburne lives in an age when progress does not take place by spasmodic leaps and bounds; it proceeds quietly and surely, and therefore is, above all things, practical in its results. Mr. Swinburne is perhaps occasionally incoherent, if we judge him upon logical principles; but we distinctly deny that either in politics or religion he advocates the "wild upheaval of chaotic disorders," of which he has been accused.

We confidently trust that now we have successfully refuted this accusation by showing that Mr. Swinburne, as an advocate of Pantheism and Republicanism, is logically incapable of defending Atheism and Socialism. We wish that space would allow us to add strength to our argument by quotations from his works. Before concluding this necessarily short review, we ought to say a few words on the method in which Mr. Swinburne has treated the passion of love, or, as we prefer to term it, Eros.

In the earlier period of his poetical career we are bound to blame Mr. Swinburne for the reason that he presents us with only the sensual aspect of love. *Rosamond* and *Chastelard* recall to our minds the undisguised polygynism of the Byron and Shelley school. Landor was the model for his Chastelard; the model for his Rosamond we prefer not to mention. But in Bothwell we find a great difference. Queen Mary is a woman brought into subjection to the stronger will of a man. She does not only love Bothwell with a physical lust, but she admires him, and clings to him for his masculine superiority. Let it be understood that we criticise *Bothwell* solely as regards the conjugal feelings. As a drama it is a failure. It lacks "that pregnant conciseness both in incident and characterization without which no practical dramatist can win the ear of a busy and somewhat impatient audience." But in the treatment of Eros, it is true to life in its representation of feminine love. As we have elsewhere had occasion to remark, a sympathy which never jars, a loyalty which is always true and knows no forgetfulness, a generosity which accounts no gift too valuable but that it should be given, are the qualities of a loving woman. Such also appears to be the opinion of Mr. Swinburne.

It is now time for us to conclude. Mr. Swinburne has shown himself to be the champion in verse of a new school of thought, of a school which, though anxious not to hurt in any way the feelings of those with whom they differ in opinion, yet desire to deal the death-blow to those institutions which exist solely

because they are time-honoured, and not because they receive the approbation of reason. The days of blind faith are all but at an end. We ought therefore to thank Mr. Swinburne, because by his poetical expression of Pantheism he has added his mite, and more than mite, towards asserting the superiority of the age of reason over the age of faith.

GEORGE F. UNDERHILL.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

II.

THE arch-toady Boswell, on one occasion, after drinking a tumbler of hot brandy and water, dropped on his knees and piously ejaculated, "Well! I shall now die contented, since I have lived to witness the present day. I now kiss the invaluable relics of our hero, and thanks be to God that I have lived to see them!" On the other hand, the doubting and irreverent Sheridan, after weeks of persuasion on the part of Dr. Parr, blurted forth with an oath, "Well! Shakespeare's they may be; but if so, he was drunk when he wrote them!"

This great disparity of opinion is a good example of the well-defined issues that were raised over what are now historically known as the "Ireland Forgeries." On the one hand a body of men, educated above the common level, declared, like Boswell, in favour of the documents being authentic; on the other, a similar body, with Sheridan at their head, were quite satisfied that they were clumsy and vulgar imitations. Time, of course, has shown which of these opinions was entitled to greater credit; but in the winter of 1795 the whole literary world was agitated by conflicting testimonies, and harassed with doubts. Mr. Samuel Ireland, an indefatigable book-hunter and an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, who, on the 24th December, 1795, lived in Norfolk Street, Strand, in company with his two daughters and a promising son, William Henry by name, obtained on that day a number of papers and legal documents, some of them apparently bearing the signature of Shakespeare, and others being in his handwriting. In fact, there was the original manuscript of *King Lear*, and a small portion of that of *Hamlet*. As may be conceived, it did not take long for this piece of intelligence to become bruited all over the town, and among the celebrities who called to view the precious relics were the aforenamed Boswell and Dr. Lawrence Parr, the famous bibliophile Bindley, and also Dr. Warton. These gentlemen saw and believed; they do not seem to have had any doubt from the first. The "relics," apparently

so genuine, could not have been manufactured by such a respectable man as Mr. Samuel Ireland, nor by his childlike son, William Henry, then sixteen years of age, from whom he said he obtained them.

William Henry, who from all accounts was possessed of an innocent-looking countenance, and who, moreover, in the opinion of those *savants*, could not possibly have gained in the time sufficient knowledge to enable him to commit a forgery compared with which the endorsement of a cheque or a bill of exchange would be a mere *bagatelle*, said that he obtained the relics from a gentleman in the country who did not wish his name to be mentioned. He further explained that being on a visit to this anonymous donor, and time passing somewhat heavily on his hands, he amused himself one day with ransacking his host's muniment chests. Being skilled and learned in the law (W. H. Ireland was an attorney's articled clerk), he came across a bundle of deeds which proved beyond doubt that his entertainer was of right entitled to a large estate then in the hands of an unscrupulous landlord who basely relied on the *possessio longi temporis* in support of his claim. Encouraged to further search, he dived still deeper into the recesses of the coffer, and presently unearthed a magnificent collection of manuscripts, promissory notes, holograph letters, securities for money, and "what not," every one of which referred in unmistakable language to that poet whose only literary remains had hitherto consisted of a single signature at the foot of a mortgage deed. Here was, in truth, a magnificent "find," and the scrupulous William Henry, instead of secreting the treasures about his person and making off with them on the spot, as many better men would have done, showed them at once to his host, who, with a fine gratitude, engendered by the discovery of the deeds relating to the estate, told him to keep them, but never to mention the donor's name.

The dutiful son went home for Christmas Day, and at once transferred the gift to the appreciative district of Norfolk Street, where his father was holding revels in honour of the season.

Mr. Samuel Ireland, indeed, had for some time been engaged in the collection of specimens of early English literature, with special reference to the books supposed to have been used by Shakespeare. His son, aware of this, could not have manifested a greater interest in the old man's labours than by presenting him with those splendid memorials, which subsequently occasioned Boswell to fall on his knees, and Sheridan to blaspheme. Here, indeed, was a splendid fortune, which was, moreover, too much of a national property to justify any attempt at secretiveness. It was clearly Mr. Ireland's duty to allow anyone who chose to participate in the "find;" and he did it, not only by inviting all the bibliophiles he could think of to view the collection, but by reproducing the memorials of Shakespeare in facsimile, and publishing them to the world.

This work made its appearance in large 4to. at the beginning of the year 1796, and with the following title-page:

"Miscellaneous Papers | and | Legal Instruments | under the hand and seal | of | William Shakespeare | including the tragedy | of | *King Lear* | and a small fragment | of | *Hamlet* | from the original MSS. | in the possession of | Samuel Ireland | of Norfolk Street | —Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo | Auderet volvenda dies en attulit ultro | *Æn.* ix. 6 | London | Printed by Cooper and Graham, Bow Street, Covent Garden | Published by Mr. Egerton, Whitehall; Messrs. White, Fleet Street; Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, York Street, | Covent Garden; Mr. Robson, and Mr. Faulder, New Bond Street; and Mr. Sael, opposite St. Clement's Church | 1796 | "

The volume in question, which is truly a magnificent specimen of reproduction, contains, as I have said, facsimiles of the various documents found by young Ireland in the muniment chest, and to each specimen the father appended a kind of running commentary, giving a translation of the somewhat crabbed handwriting of Shakespeare, and illustrating the text with copious notes. There is here a facsimile of a holograph letter from Queen Elizabeth to Master William Shakespeare, thanking him for some pretty verses he appears to have sent, and commanding him to bring his "beste actorres" to play before her at Hampton during the holidays.

There is also a letter to "Anna Hatherrewaye," with a lock of the poet's hair fastened thereto by a strip of parchment, and also some verses to the same damsel, in the hand of Shakespeare himself, who must, indeed, have been uncommonly intoxicated when he wrote them. The verses began as follows:

> "Is there inne heavenne aught more rare
> Thanne thou sweete Nymphe of Avon fayre?
> Is there onne Earthe a Manne more trewe
> Thanne Willy Shakspeare is toe you?"

In the face of such interesting documents as these a mere letter written to the Earl of Southampton is so much waste-paper. Nor would there appear to be —comparatively speaking, of course—much value in a couple of coloured drawings representing Shylock and Bassanio, supposed at one time to have been hung up in the antechamber of the Globe Theatre, much in the same way as the portraits of popular actresses are now in the modern temples of Thespia. The actual manuscripts of *King Lear* and *Hamblette* are better, for we see that Ben Jonson was right when he said that Shakespeare "never blotted out a line" which he had once written. These two manuscripts are beautiful specimens of caligraphy, and do infinite credit to the person who executed them—there is not an interlineation or erasure anywhere.

Possibly the most interesting document of all—the letter and verses to Ann Hathaway apart—was a deed of gift from Shakespeare to one Ireland, supposed to have been an ancestor of the lucky discoverer, and to all accounts a fast friend of the poet. This ancestral Ireland actually had the good fortune to save

Shakespeare from drowning in the Thames, and the latter, as a slight mark of gratitude, made over to him considerable property by the deed in question.

These, and many other documents of a similar construction and nature, were eagerly seized upon by Mr. Samuel Ireland, and in the preface to his book he takes care to inform each of his 163 subscribers that "from the first moment of the discovery to the present time Mr. Ireland has incessantly laboured by every means in his power to inform himself with respect to the validity of these interesting papers." Of a truth, Mr. Ireland ought to be the very best judge in the world of the validity of any document purporting to be in the handwriting of Shakespeare, for he had upon his shelves at home, at that very hour, a large number of ancient works annotated in the handwriting of the poet, and in many cases bearing his signature. All these books, and many others, came to the inevitable hammer at Sotheby's on the 7th May, 1801, and an inspection of the catalogue proves conclusively that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps must be a disappointed man when compared to Mr. Ireland. The former is forced to confine his attention to a few small quartos, an odd folio, and an occasional view of the little house at Stratford-on-Avon; the latter positively revelled in miles of the poet's handwriting, and treated mere print with a lofty contempt.

To return to William Henry, now thirsting for fresh discoveries, and diligently ransacking more coffers at the house of his good friend in the country. A mere superficial search had unearthed many valuable documents, and it was therefore only fair to assume that care and attention might produce more. This, in fact, proved to be the case, for such a mine of wealth had the explorer opened out, that it seemed as if he had only to pick up the nuggets. The next find was nothing less than an entirely new play, called *Vortigern*, also by Shakespeare, and, like the relics, it found its way to Norfolk Street, under a ban of strict secrecy on the part of the gentleman in the country. Here there was something practical, something to appeal to two senses instead of one, and the play was at once put in rehearsal at Drury Lane. It is true that Mrs. Siddons refused to enter into what she called an abominable conspiracy against the memory of Shakespeare, but what of that? Sir James Bland Burgess wrote a prologue, and Robert Merry an epilogue. Mrs. Jordan sustained the character of Flavia, and Mr. Kemble that of Pascentius. No play could possibly see the light under more favourable circumstances. So the theatre was taken for six weeks, and young William Henry was soon running about behind the scenes stimulating the performers and recounting the history of this second lucky discovery.

The day for the performance of *Vortigern* was the 2nd of April, 1796, and so great was the demand for seats that persons camped out on All Fools' Evening and stayed there the whole night and all the next day rather than miss the representation. Seats in the boxes were out of the question, having been secured by persons of quality and position the moment the performance was announced

several days before. Even the pit had been crammed by private admission, and when the doors were at last opened, though the campers-out had eventually to retire, there was a tremendous rush, and several persons were injured. Mr. Samuel Ireland was in one of the stage-boxes, and his son was behind the scenes buzzing about like a bee, and in a state of dreadful excitement. Young as he was, he probably realized the fact that this night must make or mar him in the eyes of all posterity.

Vortigern consists of five acts, and everything seems to have gone on calmly until the last was reached, when some critic recognising, or thinking he recognised, a plagiarism, called out "Henry VI.!" This signal for repetition was immediately followed by different persons, for continually afterwards supposed imitated passages were referred to in the same manner. At last Kemble brought matters to a climax, for in a passage which describes the progress of death upon the human frame, he emphasized the line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," with such a ludicrous gesture that it brought down the house and damned the play. William Henry subsequently gave his version of the story as follows:

"The conduct of Mr. Kemble was too obvious to the whole audience to need much comment. I must, however, remark that the particular line on which Mr. Kemble laid such a peculiar stress was, in my humble opinion, the *watchword* agreed upon by the Malone faction for the general howl. The speech alluded to ran as follows, the line in italics being that so particularly noticed by Mr. Kemble:

"'Time was, alas! I needed not the spur,
But here's a secret and a stinging thorn,
That wounds my troubled nerves. O Conscience! Conscience!
When thou dost cry, I strive to stop my mouth
By boldly thrusting on thee dire ambition:
Then did I think myself, indeed, a god!
But I was rare deceived; for as I passed,
And traversed in proud triumph the Basse-Court,
There I saw death, clad in most hideous colours.
A sight it was that did appal my soul;
Yea, curdled thick this mass of blood within me.
Full fifty breathless bodies struck my sight;
And some with gaping mouths, did seem to mock me;
While others, smiling on cold death itself,
Scoffingly bade me look on that, which soon
Would wrench from off my brow this sacred crown,
And make me, too, a subject like themselves:
Subject! to whom? To thee, O Sovereign death!
Who hast for thy domain this world immense:
Churchyards and charnel-houses are thy haunts,
And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces;

And when thou would'st be merry, thou dost choose
The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
O! then thou dost ope wide thy bony jaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks,
Thou clappest thy rattling fingers to thy sides;
And when this solemn mockery is o'er,
With icy hand thou tak'st him by the feet,
And upward so; till thou dost reach the heart,
And wrap him in the cloak of lasting night.'

"No sooner was the above line uttered in the most sepulchral tone of voice possible, and accompanied with that peculiar emphasis which on a subsequent occasion so justly rendered Mr. Kemble the object of criticism (viz., on the first representation of Mr. Colman's *Iron Chest*), than the most discordant howl echoed from the pit that ever assailed the organs of hearing. After the lapse of ten minutes the clamour subsided, when Mr. Kemble, having again obtained a hearing, instead of proceeding with the speech at the ensuing line, very politely, and in order to amuse the audience still more, re-delivered the very line above quoted with even more solemn grimace than he had in the first instance displayed."

This was, metaphorically speaking, the last drop in a cup which had already been filled to the very brim, and young Ireland handled the vessel so badly that he spilled the whole of the contents. Cobbett relates that soon after the acting of the play *Vortigern*, the indiscretion of the lad caused the secret to explode, and instantly those who had been deceived by his writings did everything in their power to destroy him. The attorney drove him from his office; the father drove him from his house, and, in short, he was hunted down as if he had been a malefactor of the worst description.

Thus fell William Henry Ireland, the Shakespeare redivivus, who surely merited a somewhat better fate than he subsequently experienced. The people who saw merit in the verses to Ann Hathaway, when they thought they were written by Shakespeare, could see none at all in the very same verses when they found out they had been composed by an attorney's clerk. So dense were they, indeed, that they could see nothing valuable in poor Ireland's subsequent poem, entitled the "Modern Ship of Fools," which, though inferior to Shakespeare, is still a very commendable performance in its way; nor in any of his novels, which he wrote to keep body and soul together in the wretched days which followed the discovery of the fraud.

The method by which Ireland, a boy of sixteen years, managed to deceive a score or more of learned enthusiasts and a million or so of persons who were willing to be led by the nose by anyone who chose to do so, is worthy of a separate investigation. It is but few who could forge a whole set of verses and

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tire play to the satisfaction of the lynx-eyed bibliophiles who examine ink paper, and look up varied forms of spelling to trap the ignorant scribe. The who can do this successfully is a master in the art of falsehood and fraud, such a master was William Henry Ireland, who, like George Psalmanazar, afessed to his iniquities and put his friends and supporters to the rout.

The reward of genius perverted is worthy of computation, and in this instance it appears to have been £90 from the first and last performance of *Vortigern*, and a miserable ending in Sussex Place, St. George's Fields, on the 17th April, 1835. The boy who was mistaken for Shakespeare lived in poverty and misery for forty years afterwards, and died forgotten.

J. H. SLATER.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

PROFESSOR C. PIAZZI SMYTH, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, has for many years been the leader of an extensive body of *savants*, who, after minute search, combined with much thought, have arrived at the conclusion that the great Pyramid of Ghizeh, so far from being erected by Cheops, was built unwillingly by Egyptian workmen, who were impelled by some mental force exercised, as tradition asserts, by a Shepherd Prince from Palestine, who had "overcome them without a battle." This famous monument was intended, so they think, by Divine wisdom to be a sign and a witness to the true God, from the earliest antiquity to and for these latter days in which we live. Professor Smyth, in his work entitled *The Great Pyramid*, has tabulated a large number of measurements and compiled certain statistics taken from a personal inspection of the monument, which, if the result of accident or too vain a belief in what must appear, after all, to be a most curious collection of circumstances, are none the less extraordinary.

It is claimed that the Pyramid was built with reference to certain facts, chiefly astronomical, and which we are only now just beginning to recognise—that not a single stone in this extraordinary structure has been placed on another without a nicety of calculation which puts Napier and his logarithms, as well as the whole circle of modern mathematicians, to the blush.

This theory in its inception created a great *furore*, particularly as Professor Smyth was known to be a scholar, and not one of those quacks and charlatans who look upon the mysterious as a happy hunting-ground, free by reason of its remoteness from the slings and arrows of adverse criticism.

Without wishing to enter into the exceedingly abstruse and difficult arguments which either support or are supposed to refute the latest doctrine with regard to the Pyramid, we present the following list of books, all of which are

by Professor Smyth, whose original notes are also appended by way of explanation:

1. *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.* 1 vol., 12mo., with plates. Published by Strahan and Co., Edinburgh and London, in 1864.

This book was founded on, and was little more than a literary and scientific examination of, the previous London book by John Taylor, of Gower Street, London, publisher to the London University, and called *The Great Pyramid: Why was it built, and who built it?* a first edition of which was published in 1859; and a second in 1864. Neither Taylor nor Professor Smyth had then been in Egypt, nor seen with their own eyes what they wrote about.

2. *Life and Work at the Great Pyramid.* 3 vols., 8vo., 36 plates and above 1,300 pages. Published in Edinburgh in 1867, by David Douglas and Co.

The first of these three volumes contained the journal of proceedings of Professor Smyth (accompanied by his wife, his only assistant), in Egypt, and at the Great Pyramid, from December, 1864, to May, 1865.

The second volume gave all the observations and measurements actually made on the Great Pyramid on that occasion *in extenso*, while the third set forth the results deduced from those measurements, and discussed their bearings on, and in many cases their remarkable extensions of, John Taylor's original theory.

3. *The Antiquity of Intellectual Man.* 1 vol., 12mo., 500 pages. Published in 1868, by D. Douglas and Co., Edinburgh. This work discussed the above general questions anew by aid of the exacter kind of knowledge and clear contemporary data afforded by the then just obtained results from the Great Pyramid.

4. *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.* Second edition. 1 vol., 8vo., in 1874, with new plates. Published by W. Isbister and Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

Though under the same title, this was an almost completely re-written and much more extended book than that of 1864, being for the express purpose of giving in one volume the results of the actual observations, measurements, and discussions made on the ancient building subsequent to the appearance of the first edition.

5. *La Grande Pyramide*, a French translation by the late Abbé Moigno, of special MSS., prepared for the purpose by Professor Piazzi Smyth. 1 vol., 12mo., 300 pages. Published by M. Gauthier Villars, Quai des Augustins, Paris, 1875.

6. *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.* Third edition. 1 vol., thick 8vo. Again largely re-written and considerably extended, to include the latest discoveries up to 1877. Published by W. Isbister and Co., Ludgate Hill, London.

The original negative photographs taken by the author, of crucial portions of the Great Pyramid, were about this time given over to Mr. Pollitt, Market Street,

Manchester, a young photographer of much promise, and he has prepared from them many series of glass transparencies for optical projections at public lectures, besides large paper copies and a small descriptive pamphlet showing his full faith in the Biblical view of the Great Pyramid, as the monument which, though in, is not of or belonging to or partaking of, the idolatrous abominations of ancient Egypt.

7. *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.* Fourth edition, in 1880. Published by W. Isbister and Co., Ludgate Hill, London. One thick volume, with 25 plates. Again largely re-written and with addition of much new matter.

This is, indeed, the only edition of the *Inheritance* work which should now be quoted, for though still improvable, it has not yet been excelled by any other.

8. A re-issue of the fourth edition of *Our Inheritance* took place in 1881, when the author was out of the country, and is not quite so accurate in its typography as it should be. Illness and then death alone prevented the worthy Abbé Moigno from bringing out a full translation of it, with all the plates, in France, in the course of that year.

9. *New Measures of the Great Pyramid by a New Measurer.* A thick 12mo. pamphlet. Published in 1884, by R. Banks and Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, London.

This was a critical examination of some recent measurements made in Egypt (supposed at first to invalidate certain of Professor Smyth's conclusions, but found really to strengthen them) to prove that the *beginning* of the end of the present dispensation did take place in the year and month indicated of old, in the Grand Gallery of the Great Pyramid. It was inaugurated at that time (1882) by Egypt, contrary to the wishes of the then Government of Great Britain, falling into the hands or practical possession of this country. It remains there still (1887), in spite of all human efforts to get rid of it.

JOHN SAMUELS.

THE "NOVEL" IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES do not, and in the nature of things cannot, exist merely for the delectation of the philosopher or student, or for the one purpose of diffusing knowledge, classical or technical. A certain portion of its utility is bound to be absorbed in the endeavour to make its constitution popular and pleasing to the masses.

In order to meet this obligation, and while defining a certain limit, the line should not be too acutely drawn between what is of permanent value in the literature provided, and that which is clearly of a more ephemeral character.

The public library, in order to meet the requirements of its heterogeneous mass of readers, and while keeping within its means, must have upon its shelves the widest possible range of book-lore—the novel, in the multiplicity of its species, forming by no means an unimportant factor in its composition.

Before proceeding, and by the way, the term novel (and it is mainly the term) is in bad repute. So much so is this manifested in the minds of many, that it is associated with all that is evil and to be avoided; but so flimsy is the prejudice that the term only needs to be changed to "story-book," and all fears are calmed and the conscience is at ease. Amongst many readers some subtle distinction is supposed to exist, apart from the composition of the book, between the terms "novel" and "story-book." The same feeling exists in the minds of some with regard to the manner in which a book is bound. A novel in its native yellow boards, if not altogether refused, is carried home surreptitiously under the coat, and immediately clothed in brown-paper covers; while the same book, bound in leather with gold letters, is eagerly taken and openly placed on the table—the supposition apparently being that the solidity of its cover imparts some of its virtue to the contents.

To resume, however, is it advisable to admit works of fiction within the lines of a public library? The controversy on the subject hitherto appears to have been barren of results. Fiction, as imaginative literature, includes poetry and the drama. No one would think of excluding these on any ordinary grounds; and if these, it would be a thing unheard of to refuse a place to Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Kingsley, or George Eliot, to mention only a few British novelists. And then the question would come, Where to stop? Rather than face such a dilemma, would it not be better to admit, with due reserve—for of course some limit is absolutely necessary—the class of fiction generally? With reference to the supply of this class to the public, it would be found incumbent that a restriction would have to be placed upon the demand, their issue being in accordance with the age of the applicant. A plan that has been adopted with some success for the benefit of the younger members of a Public Library is the formation of a special juvenile section within the larger library, from whence alone they are able to draw their supplies. Special catalogues are compiled for this section with copious notes appended, drawing attention to the merits of particular books on various subjects. By exercising this supervision over him, the probability is that by the time the youth is old enough to join the library proper, an accurate taste will have been formed, or, at all events, a distaste for that which is merely sensational and fleeting.

On the other hand, however, great mischief may be done by not allowing sufficient latitude. Confining a boy or girl to the simplest possible primers or any strictly educational works would assuredly result in creating in the minds of such a loathing for study, and the end in view would be defeated; for when opportunity offered, Marryat, Cooper, or Aimard would be perfectly revelled in.

It would be difficult to express any sympathy with those who declaim against the reading of the world's fiction as vicious; thousands are having their lives made happier, brighter, and purer by the aid of a healthy, cheery novel.

It is not to be supposed that all fiction is written to amuse or tickle the passing fancy, neither is it the fate of all fiction to be lightly read and tossed aside; on the contrary, some of our great social reforms have been the practical result of the skilful wielding of the romancer's pen.

To one whose daily labour (either mental or physical) is a continual strain upon his energies, a wholesome novel—that pictures everyday life as one is accustomed to find it, a book that neither lifts one into an ideal world where men and women act like what is generally supposed to be the peculiar privilege of angels, and infants speak and act like men and women, nor nauseates one by portraying life as an everlasting attempt to elucidate some sickly mystery—is a boon indeed. With an absorbing interest which brings into play all his faculties of imagination, such a one is encouraged into fresh endeavours in his fight of the battle of life, and is often inspired with emulation in an effort to imitate that which is praiseworthy in what has been read.

It would appear, however, that the signs of the times are not encouraging. When one reflects upon the enormous amount of cheap novels which are annually issued from the publishers' and which have a ready sale, it is not difficult to surmise that the popular taste is not in favour of the more solid and practical side of fictitious literature. This is to be deplored, for it is evident that that which is written with the sole intention to excite, or possibly to amuse, cannot, by its perusal, be other than disastrous to many.

So difficult is it to define the line where the veto can be exercised with absolute confidence, that perhaps this class of literature is a little too generously represented in most public libraries, a state of affairs which deserves a little attention, for while to many their presence may not be hurtful, to others it is a very possible source of danger.

Here may step in the administration of the library, the underlying principle of which is that readers should be trained and encouraged by various methods to choose and read only those books which will be of value, or, while offering to them a means of relaxation, will not prove injurious.

Moreover, does not the reading of the best fiction excite a desire for the perusal and study of that which is more solid and educational? Many say not, that it only renders the mind feeble and unable to grasp that which is calculated to improve it. Habitual novel-reading may have that effect, but when such measures are taken as have been described as being desirable, it will be found that the tendency in one's reading is decidedly of an upward progress in the scale of literature. Once the interest is aroused in plain unvarnished statements of facts, the reader is slow to return to that which is purely imaginative.

Even in the lighter and more sensational novels there are points worthy of

thought which make it questionable whether their exclusion from the public library would be the best policy. There is a certain set, of course, which on no account whatever should be found on any library-shelf; but the class to which reference is now more particularly made is that popularly known as the "shilling dreadful." This is a book much run after, and is generally composed of two opposing elements—virtue and vice—struggling virtue which is ultimately triumphant, and vice which is invariably depicted as a course of conduct which meets with dire consequences. This being so, however puerilely the subject in hand may be treated, if the author has succeeded in arousing our sympathies for the better part of his book, transient though those feelings are, may it not be assumed that the time spent in reading it is not wholly wasted? At any rate, if they serve no other purpose they may often keep one snug at the fireside, and so ward off temptations of a more decidedly obnoxious nature. If this is done they have served a useful end, and accomplished their mission.

Furthermore, fiction is an educating power. It has been before observed that to bring into activity the powers of a retentive memory, that which is received must be palatable and of a pleasing nature. A short season of happy amusement is not all that is received by the reader of fairy literature, or by the one who breathlessly follows the fortunes of Marryat's or Cooper's hero. It is understood that the characters portrayed are mere puppets dangled before the delighted eye; but the romancer's subtle powers stimulate into existence capabilities of imagination undreamed of, arouse the quickening influence of heartfelt emotion, and give an impetus to the ambition to gather knowledge outside the limit of fictitious literature.

Enough has been said to show that the novel plays an important part in the composition of a public library—a part, I venture to submit, which, at any rate, is not burdened with that evil-working power with which it is often credited. Like most things, it is abused, and in return leaves its sting; but read in moderation, it is a panacea for numerous evils, and, treated judiciously, is calculated to improve one as a man and a citizen.

LOCKWOOD HUNTLEY.

AMATEUR ANNOTATORS.

EVERY intelligent and scholarly person who habitually frequents a public reading-room or uses the books of a public library meets with numerous annoyances and hindrances to his full enjoyment. There are those who from lack of thought or breeding accost their friends in full voice in tones that jar upon the sensitive ear of one intent upon the study of a favourite subject, to which, perhaps, he is only able to devote a few moments snatched from the pressure of business; there are also the "whisperers" and "mutterers," who indeed pay outward regard to the

decorum proper in such surroundings, but whose monotonous mumbling, continued until patience is well-nigh exhausted, is to many a worse infliction than audible speech itself. Of course, the selfish and inconsiderate who try to secure the first and best of everything abound in libraries and reading-rooms as in every public place. But the annoyance occasioned by any of those mentioned is insignificant compared with that caused by the "pencil pests," the "amateur annotators," as they have been aptly styled, who read a book or periodical with pencil in hand, and wound the feelings and disturb the equanimity of the readers who follow them by scribbling on its margin or underscoring words or passages. Although the parson who inscribes his pet theory on the margin of a theological work with which he does not agree, the philosopher who similarly criticises the facts or opinions of a writer of another school of thought, the literary critic who corrects the style of an author, or the pedant who appends a translation of a foreign phrase, would doubtless scorn to be classed with the schoolboy who scrawls on the title-page or at the end of a favourite story, "This is a boss book —you bet!" in the regard of the bibliophile—the true lover of books and the man of culture—all are sinners together. It can scarcely be allowed that they differ even in degree, for the same spirit animates every one who thus offends, and the more learned and presumably thoughtful of them is really more culpable than the thoughtless boy who knows no better.

The writer once knew an habitué of a public library who was possessed with this species of *cacoëthes scribendi*. He was a literal devourer of books, reading everything that came in his way, from theology to the turf. He would take up a book, turn the pages carelessly for a few moments, then become absorbed and retire from all outward impression. Soon he would begin to "breathe hard" and to grunt in a way peculiar to himself at such times; then out would come a stub of a pencil from his waistcoat-pocket and be busily engaged in recording, perhaps, a correction of text or statement, but more likely some sarcastic comment upon the writer of the book or his opinions. This man made himself so obnoxious in this particular that the directors instructed the librarian to warn him that he must abandon the practice or be denied the privileges of the library. He took the admonition very much to heart, and even claimed that the books were enhanced in value by his marginal annotations. Doubtless every one of this class would hold the same opinion—that his criticism, correction, comment, or translation would be valued by subsequent readers. But such a belief is only the outcome of conceit, an assumption that no one as wise as he will ever read the book.

Those who think they have something to say in this wise are bad enough, but there are yet worse—who, pencil in hand (but touched to the tongue before using to ensure a blacker mark), underline word after word or enclose sentence after sentence in parentheses throughout a book, disfiguring nearly every page by their inanity, and spoiling the pleasure of every other reader who is not like-minded.

A man may do as he likes with his own books—treat them fairly and keep them well or deface them to any extent he will; but the books of a public library are not to be marred at the pleasure of any pedant or boor who may take them in hand. They are for the good of all, and as such are stringently guarded by the law of the State, which says that "Whoever wilfully and maliciously or wantonly and without cause writes upon, injures, defaces, tears, or destroys a book, plate, picture, engraving, or statue belonging to a law, town, city or other library, shall be punished by a fine of not less than five nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the gaol not exceeding six months." Moreover, he who indulges in this reprehensible propensity needs naught but his own act to be "writ down an ass."

C. H. BURBANK.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.

II.

ACCORDING to De Foe, who in 1726 wrote a *Political History of the Devil*, in two parts, which had the good fortune to pass through as many editions in the same year—

> "Bad as he is, the Devil may be abus'd,
> Be falsely charged, and causelessly accused
> When Men, unwilling to be blam'd alone,
> Shift off those crimes on Him, which are their own."

It will be noticed by the acute observer, that De Foe uses a capital letter when he speaks of the Devil, and it may truly be said that his history is entirely based on the same courteous recognition of the standing and position of another, even though that other be spirit and an enemy. Even Milton, who, as some people think, extended his Puritanism so far as to believe nothing good of anyone who was not crop-eared like himself, is forced to admit the majesty and power of De Foe's awful hero:

> "Satan, so call him now, his former name
> Is heard no more in heaven; he of the first,
> If not the first Archangel, great in power,
> In favour and pre-eminence."

We have said, then, that De Foe's *Political History of the Devil, with a Description of the Devil's Dwelling, vulgarly called Hell*, passed through two editions in twelve months, and we may add that it has since passed through a score and more, and been translated into various European languages, with great success.

De Foe had, perhaps, half a belief in the personification of the Devil, and an entire one in a principle of evil, which, called by any name, is equally efficacious

in creating mischief and disorder. However this may be, it was pretty evident that the public taste in 1726 ran in the direction of the mysterious, and so De Foe, having created his Devil, commenced to expatiate on his practices.

In 1726—the same year—he wrote the *Friendly Dæmon; or the Generous Apparition*, London, 8vo., which also had a most successful run, and the same remarks, even to the date, apply to the *Supernatural Philosopher; or the Mysteries of Magick*, another book which De Foe rattled off to the printers, perhaps in anticipation of his famous *System of Magic*, which was published in 1727.

This last-named work professed to be an historical account of mankind's most early dealing with the Devil, for it is the very essence of a belief in magic, that an acknowledgment of the power of man to barter away his soul for a consideration should be implicitly recognised.

> "Our Magick, now, commands the Troops of Hell,
> The Devil himself submits to charm and spell,
> The Conj'rer in his circles and his Bounds
> Just whistles up his Spirits, as men do Hounds,
> The obsequious Devil obeys the Sorcerer's skill,
> The mill turns round the Horse, that first turns round the Mill."

Our author wrote several other books on the same subject, such, for example, as the *Essay on the History and Reality of Apparitions*, which was carefully read and digested by Mrs. Crowe, as a preliminary to writing her hideous *Night Side of Nature*. All the books of De Foe have benefited the world, whether merry or melancholy, ignorant or wise, for the wise world has been pleased with them, the merry world has been diverted with them, and the ignorant world has been taught by them, and none but the malicious part of the world has been offended at them. De Foe's *Political History of the Devil* is indeed a fine satire upon the credulity of mankind.

Dr. Dee, the learned mathematician, was at one time attached to the parish church at Manchester. The church is now the Cathedral, and stands just on the site of old Humphrey Cheetham's library of dead and forgotten books, the very same which were studied, no doubt, by Dr. Dee in his search after the Powder of Projection and the Philosopher's Stone.

The oak floor of this old library, its time-stained walls, its books behind the wire lattices, designed as a protection against the fingers of the profane, the warped and creaking doors, the ticking of the Elizabethan clock, all somehow or other seem to re-echo the sayings and doings of Dr. Dee. Were he suddenly to walk in, in his suit of rusty black, and with wig awry, it is to be doubted whether the librarians of this unique establishment would say a single word. They might, perhaps, stare a little—return a courteous stare with the Doctor, and presently they, too, would go quietly away. Everyone moves so silently here

that they seem to be dead, as dead as Humphrey Cheetham, their founder, and fit companions for the forgotten tomes in the iron-fenced racks.

Dr. Dee, as is well known, collected a most valuable library of books and manuscripts, most of which were destroyed by the mob, as belonging to one who dealt with the Devil. Most, in fact we may say all mobs, even a mob of scientists, are ignorant, and the conduct of the fanatical populace, though it must be deplored, cannot very much be wondered at. Dr. Dee had, indeed, a shocking reputation; his associates, Edward Kelly, for example, had a sinister and evil look about them, which inspired horror in the breasts of all beholders. And so the mob burned Dr. Dee's books, and had he lived a hundred, or even fifty years earlier, they would have burned him as well. Every man educated above the common level, from Roger Bacon and Artephius downward, has been looked upon, until quite recently, as an associate and companion of evil spirits, and it would have been next to impossible for Dr. Dee to have escaped censure.

The worst part of his conduct consisted in inflaming the passions of the people by openly indulging in necromantic practices with Kelly, and in the publication of such books as *A True and Faithful Relation of what passed for many years between Dr. Dee and some Spirits.* This scarce work, which was published at London in 1659, in folio, contains a preface by Meric Casaubon, and made a very great noise on its entrance into the world. Kelly looked into a crystal, in this instance a piece of polished coal, now in the British Museum, and after prayers on the part of the deluded Dr. Dee, and sundry suffumigations, invariably declared that he saw a spirit. Dr. Dee then copied in a book Kelly's description of the aspect of the spirit, and what it said in answer to the questions propounded to it. Charm he never so wisely, Dr. Dee could never see the spirit for himself; he tried hard, and did everything in his power to raise up Gabriel, or one of the other angels, who had apparently taken Kelly into their confidence, but without the slightest success. The *True and Faithful Relation* is, however, a most desirable book to possess, and for many reasons. First, it is secondary evidence of how far human credulity will go; secondly, it is primary evidence of how completely a man of undoubted genius may succeed in deceiving himself or in being deceived; lastly, but not leastly, there is a great competition for it on those rare occasions when it appears for sale.

If anyone would see further into the character of Dr. Dee, and obtain a regular account of his conjurations, prophetic intimations, and magical resources, we would commend him to the *Private Diary* of this famous child of the Devil, which was published by the Camden Society in the year 1842.

We presume the diary is genuine, and if so, it surely contains the most extraordinary mixture of sense and inanity that was ever penned outside the walls of an asylum.

SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST.

DURING that unsettled period of English history, extending from the death of Henry VIII. to the accession of Elizabeth, men's minds were too heated with the fierce envenomed struggle that raged between the old and the new religious parties, and too vexed and strained by the ominous outlook of the political situation of the nation to devote attention to aught but the affairs of the moment. Literature, amongst other of the arts, was completely abandoned, and save what hasty effusions were put forth dealing with the absorbing events of the day, there were none produced. The strenuous exertions of the new schools of learning seemed towards the close of Mary's reign to have almost brought about their own defeat and extinction; that this was not so is, however, shown by the alacrity with which learning was resumed so soon as peace and order were again established. This enforced barrenness had, moreover, a lasting good. Desuetude gave the final death-blow to the nerveless and effete imitations of Chaucer that had passed current for literature in England, and men craved for work of more substance, something that had closer alliance with their own age and feelings; and the literary outburst that responded to this demand has ever been, and will be, a source of wonder on account of its plentifulness and splendour.

First among those who came forward and nobly endeavoured to supply the public want, and no less prominent by reason of his strong creative genius, was Thomas Sackville, the first Lord Dorset, or, as he was earlier known, Lord Buckhurst. To him we owe the introduction of blank verse into our language as the vehicle of dramatic declamation; and although by him this new medium was not used so successfully as by later writers, yet the first play in which this bold innovation was made is by no means destitute of intrinsic merits. But it is as the inventor and first contributor to the well-known *Mirrour for Magistrates* that Sackville has been more justly esteemed, and short as are his whole poetical writings, consisting only of the Induction to the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, and the one legend of Buckingham, they are works of striking force, both of creative power and imagination.

Sackville was the son of Richard Sackville of Buckhurst, in the parish of Withiam, or Witham, in Sussex, a man of considerable estate, and Winifred, daughter of Sir John Bridges, Lord Mayor of London, and afterwards wife of John Powlet, Marquis of Winchester. Sackville was both at Oxford and Cambridge, and at the former resided for some time at Harthall, now Hertford College, but neither graduated there nor at Cambridge. Whilst at the Universities he seems to have shown uncommon facility as a Latin poet; and Wood speaks of him as "having been in his younger years poetically inclined, and wrote while he continued in Oxon several Latin and English poems; though

published either by themselves, or mixed among other men's poems, yet I presume they are both lost or forgotten as having no name to them, or that the copies are worn out."

It becoming fashionable about this time for young men of family to have some knowledge of the laws and legal constitution of the country, Sackville entered as a student of the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar, and here, in company with Thomas Norton, a fellow-labourer of Sternhold and Hopkins, he wrote the tragedy of *Terrex and Porrex*, which was acted before Elizabeth at Whitehall by the students of the Inner Temple in 1561. This play was printed incorrectly and surreptitiously in 1565; an emendated edition appeared in 1570; and in 1590 a further edition appeared with the title of *Gorbuduc*, which it has since retained. It is written on classical models, but wants the strictness of the classical drama in the unities. It was in this play that Sackville first introduced blank verse in the drama, as above mentioned; but it has neither the true form nor harmony which was afterwards given to it by Marlowe in his *Tamburlaine*. Sir Philip Sidney in his *Defence of Poesie* praises the piece highly, saying, "*Gorbuduc* is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, clyming to the height of Seneca in style, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the verie end of poesie;" and in the preface to the Dodsley version it says that Pope "wondered that the propriety and natural ease of it had not been better imitated by the dramatic author of the succeeding age."

About 1557 Sackville formed the plan of the *Mirrour for Magistrates* on the model of Boccaccio's *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*, an English translation of which had been done by Lydgate. In the *Mirrour* it was originally intended that all the illustrious personages of English history, from the Norman Conquest to the end of the fourteenth century, who had sacrificed principle and morality for the sake of power or gain, should individually narrate their wickednesses and the misfortunes pursuant to their committal to the poet; who, guided by the Spirit of Sorrow, had, after the fashion of Dante, descended into hell. Sackville himself had only leisure to write the introduction, a sort of lengthy prologue, and the legendary life of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, the noble who had mainly contributed to place Richard III. on the throne, but rebelling was taken prisoner and executed at Salisbury. Abruptly ending the poetical preface and adapting it to the appearance of Buckingham, Sackville handed over the work for completion to George Ferrers and Richard Baldwin, two poets who enjoyed some amount of contemporary fame. Other writers, among whom were Churchyard and Phayer, also wrote many legends for the *Mirrour;* but they nearly all diverged from the original idea, selecting for their subjects such lives from the Chronicles of Fabyan and Hall, as possessed the most pathetic incidents and striking catastrophes irrespective of station.

The *Mirrour* was first printed in a quarto volume in 1559, but constantly received fresh additions, and was not finished until almost the close of the sixteenth century. The first edition has the following title: "*A Myrroure for Magystrates*, wherein may be seen, by example of others, with howe greuous plages vices are punished and howe frail and unstable worldly prosperitie is founde even of those whom fortune seemeth mostly to favour. Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cantum." Baldwin in his dedication to the *Nobilitie*, in the 1563 edition, says: "This worke was begun and parte of it prynted in Queene Maries tyme, but hyndred by the Lord Chancellor (Heath) that then was; nevertheles, through the meanes of my lord Stafford the fyrst parte was licenced and imprynted the fyrst yeare of the raygne of this our most noble and vertuous Queene, and dedicate then to your honours with this preface. Since whyche tyme, although I have been called to an other trade of life, yet my good lorde Stafforde hath not ceassed to call vpon me to publyshe so much as I had gotte at other men's handes, so that through his Lordshyppes earnest meanes I have nowe also set furth an other parte conteyning as litle of myne owne as the fyrst parte doth of other mens"—and further on he says it was designed—"which might be a myrrour for al mē as wel nobles as others, to showe ye slypery deceytes of the waueryng lady and the due rewarde of al kinde of vices."

Chief among the narratives by writers other than Sackville, are those of Richard II., by Ferrers; Owen Glendower, by Phayer; Jack Cade, by Baldwin; Jane Shore, by Churchyard and Collingbourne—the author of the well-known satrical couplet on Richard III. and his myrmidons Catesby, Ratcliffe, and Lovell,

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the dog,
Rule all England under the Hog"—

who was barbarously executed for his witty proclivities.

Throughout the reign of Elizabeth the *Mirrour* was held in high esteem and obtained a wide popularity. Many writers of that period, including Sidney, Heywood, Webbe, and Bolton, refer to it in high terms, and there seems no doubt but that it proved an inexhaustible mine to the dramatists of the succeeding age. Shakespeare is indebted to it for many scenes in his plays, and Horace Walpole says that "our historic plays are allowed to have been founded on the heroic narratives in the *Mirrour of Magistrates*—to that plan and to the boldness of Lord Buckhurst's new scenes, perhaps, we owe Shakespeare;" whilst Warton thinks that Spenser drew on it largely, and that the critical reader will perceive many parallel passages.

Poetry, however, was relinquished by Sackville for political life; in 1564 he was returned as one of the members for Buckinghamshire, the same year that his father was elected Knight of the Shire for Sussex. For some time after this he travelled in France and Italy, and was detained a prisoner at Rome on account

of a pecuniary embarrassment he had fallen into; but on the death of his father in 1566 his liberty was procured, and he returned home to take possession of an ample fortune and estate. Sackville's abilities and address now acquired for him the esteem and confidence of Elizabeth; in 1567 he was knighted in her presence by the Duke of Norfolk, and at the same time raised to the peerage as Baron Buckhurst. It is said that at this time, being scolded by the Queen for his unthinking expense and prodigality, he restrained his taste for magnificence and display—which at times caused him serious inconvenience—and exercised prudence and economy; but another account says that it was to the sense of indignity at being kept waiting by an alderman, from whom he was trying to borrow money, that this reform was owing. In 1573 Sackville was sent as ambassador to France, and the following year, being at that time in the Privy Council, sat on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk. He was also nominated as one of the Commissioners for the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots; but it does not appear that he was present when judgment was pronounced, although after its confirmation he was appointed to convey the sorrowful tidings to her at Fotheringhay, and to see the execution of the sentence carried out. The same year Buckhurst was sent as ambassador to the States-General; but having fallen under the displeasure of Leicester and Burleigh, he was recalled and imprisoned in his own house for nine months. On Leicester's death he was again received into the Queen's favour, and was made Knight of the Garter. In conjunction with Burleigh he negotiated a peace with Holland and Spain, and in 1591, by the Queen's recommendation, was elected to the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford in opposition to Essex, who was out of the pale of Elizabeth's favour. On Burleigh's death Buckhurst was appointed Lord High Treasurer, and joined in a commission with Essex and Sir Thomas Egerton for negotiating an alliance with Holland; and when Essex and Southampton were brought to trial, he was constituted Lord High Steward. When James I. ascended the throne, Sackville's patent of Lord High Treasurer was renewed for life, he was advanced to the Earldom of Dorset, and made one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord Marshal. Five years afterwards, on April 19th, 1608, whilst seated at the council table, Whitehall, he suddenly died, being then eighty-one years of age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"Few ministers," writes Walpole, "have left behind them so unblemished a character. His family considered his memory so invulnerable, that when some partial aspersions were thrown upon it, after his death, they disdained to answer them." From the temptations of a court governed by favouritism and caprice, Buckhurst steadily kept aloof, and long as was his connection with State affairs, he never became involved in any of the numerous intrigues that were rife, nor forfeited the confidence or esteem of his sovereign. His favour was more sought after, and he was more complimented by poets and other literary men, than any nobleman of his time, save Essex. In the Star Chamber he was nicknamed the

"Star Chamber Bell" on account of his eloquence and energy. In his tastes he was peculiarly refined, and Naunton relates that "his secretaries had difficulty in pleasing him, he was so facete and choice in his style." Himself a poet and "patriarch of a race of genius and wit," he was the patron of contemporary poets, and was eulogized by Spenser in the following lines:

"In vain I think, right honourable lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name
Whose learned muse hath writ her owne record
In golden verse worthy immortal fame.
Thou much more fit were leisure for the same
My gracious soveraigne's prayers to compile,
And her imperiall majestie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroic style."

It has often been regretted that Sackville wrote so little, for we have scarcely sufficient of his poetical writings by which a proper estimate can be formed of his powers. Resting as his reputation does on the two companion pieces in the *Mirrour*, we are too apt to regard Buckhurst's genius as being of a peculiar and intense gloominess, with a considerable inlay of pessimistic fatalism; whereas, if we had any other work from his pen, we might probably find that it was but the strong devotion he had for poetry, and the thoroughness with which he undertook his labours, to which this is due. The steadiness with which he keeps his object in view, although productive of great concentration of force, at times is prone to weigh heavy on our imaginations and make the narratives in part tedious. There is too little change, too little alternation of light and shade, and the light occasionally bursting in is "somewhat like a shade." The vigour of Sackville's inventive imagination seems to have precluded him from paying that attention to the clothing of his images which is requisite in the highest flights of poetry.

In the Induction, superior to the legend by reason of its greater rapidity of movement and general touches, Sackville tells us how the idea of the *Mirrour* was conceived. The changed aspect of the earth after it had doffed the gay robes of summer, the trees standing stark and hard against the misty sky, the frost-bound land and the sudden darkening of the heavens by storm-clouds and night, raised in his mind deep musings on the variability of man's condition and the too frequent lapse from welfare and prosperity to indignity and misfortune.

"The wrathfull winter 'prochinge on apace
With blustring blastes had al ybared the treen,
And olde Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling cold had pearst the tender green.

The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsom groves that nowe laye overthrowen,
The tapets torne and every blome downe blowen."

Hereupon the Spirit of Sorrow appears and conducts the poet to hell and heaven. The allegorical figures of Remorse, Revenge, Miserie, Famine, Death, Warre, and others, who greet with shrieks and groans the poet at the gate of hell, are the outcome of his own invention, stimulated perhaps by the sketches in Skelton's *Bowyr of Court*, and are powerfully and vividly drawn—those of Dread and Warre in particular.

"Next sawe we Dread at tremblyng how he shooke,
With foot uncertaine profered here and there,
Benumde of speaches and with a ghastly looke
Searcht every place al pale and dead for feare;
His cap borne up with starting of his heare,
Stoynde and amazde at his own shade fordeed,
And fearing greater daungers than was nede."

Plunging through hell-gate, Sorrow leads the poet to the banks of Lake Acheron, the horrible hell-hound, Cerberus, receiving them with furious raging until quelled by the well-known glance of Sorrow. On the shores of Acheron they are met by Charon, who ferries them over the pitchy gulf. For this part Sackville appears to have carefully studied both Dante and Virgil, and to have entered deeply into the spirit of their works. Landed on the further shore, they journey on to the innermost confines:

"Thence come we to the horrour and the hell,
The large great kingdoms and the dreadful raygne
Of Pluto in his trone where he dyd dwell,
The wyde waste places, and the hungrye plaine,
The waylinges, shrykes, and sundry sortes of paine;
The syghes, the sobbes, the diep and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and al resounding playnt and moane.

* * * * *

That (oh, alas!) it was a hell to heare.
Thence did we pass the threefold empirie
To th' utmost bounds where Radamanthus raygnes,
Where proud folke waile their wofull miserie,
Where dreadful din of thousand dragging chains,
And baleful shrykes of ghostes in deadly paines,
Tortured eternally, are heard most brim (cruel),
Through silent shades of night so dark and dim."

Here they find themselves in a concourse of men, mostly arrayed in armour, who met with untimely death, and whose final place of rest is veiled in uncertainty. They file past the poet and Sorrow, each staying awhile to recite his calamities in a soliloquy. The first to appear and speak is Buckingham:

> "Thryse he began to tell his doleful tale,
> And thryse the syghes did swallow up his voice."

At this point the Induction concludes, and the legend proceeds, Buckingham giving a rapid sketch of his early life, and the temptation by which he fell:

> "But what may boot to stay the sisters three,
> When Atropos perforce will cut the threde;
> The doleful day was come when you might see
> Northampton fyeld with armed men orespred."

The bitter and vindictive reproaches of Buckingham against his former friend Banastre for his traitorous conduct are conceived with much force and spirit:

> "Hated be thou, disdayned of every wyght,
> And poynted at wherever that thou goe;
> A trayterous wretche, unworthy of the light
> Be thou esteemed; and to encrease thy woe,
> The sound be hatefull of thy name alsoe;
> And in this sort with shame and sharpe reproche,
> Leade thou thy life till greater grief approch."

Buckingham concludes by fervently beseeching the rulers and great ones of the earth to bear before them the constant fear of adversity and deprivation, and to so rule their lives as to merit the esteem and goodwill of their fellow-men, supporting and illustrating his exhortations with examples of some of the renowned heroes of antiquity, whose lives are freely related, often with animation, clearness, and eloquent expression.

In connection with Sackville's work, it may not be out of place to mention that in the Middle Ages, especially with the French writers, *Mirrour* was a favourite title for books. One of the earliest productions with this title is the *Kongs-Kuyglio*, or *Royal Mirrour*, an ancient prose work in Norwegian, written about 1170. The *Speculum Humane Salvationis* was one of the earliest printed books, and was executed before movable types were invented. Among other works with this name there occur *Le Mirouer des Pecheurs*, *Mirour de la Redemption humaine*, and the *Miroir de l'Ame pecheresse*, all written in the fifteenth century.

LIONEL G. CRESSWELL.

LITERARY NOTES.

SAYS the *Bookbinder*, "Bookbindings are deteriorated in many ways. If they become stiff and rigid, an application of vaseline is good, especially for those bound in calf and morocco; it leaves no trace of its existence to either smell or touch a few hours after its use. Mildew, which shows itself in the form of roundish or irregular brown spots, cannot be cured, but its growth may be checked by thoroughly drying the volume. If the leather bindings are dilapidated, broken, rubbed, or decayed, fill up the crevices with good paste, then take the yolk of an egg, beat it up with a fork, and apply it to the leather with a sponge. To produce a polished surface a hot iron must be passed over it. If the interior is stained, grease or wax spots may be easily removed, either by direct evaporation by holding a hot iron close to the place affected, or by washing it with ether or benzine. The remedy for oil stains is sulphuric ether. The faded ink of old parchments may be restored so as to render the writing legible, by moistening the paper with water and passing over the lines of writing a brush wetted with a solution of sulphide of ammonia. In the case of parchment the colour will remain, while in that of paper it will gradually fade, the explanation of the chemical action being that the iron, entering into alliance with the ink, is transformed by reaction into a black sulphate."

WITH the death of Mayhew one of the last links which binds *Punch* to the past has snapped asunder. Mayhew certainly did not take a particularly active part in the foundation of that popular journal, but he was identified with its existence for many years, and contributed some of the best articles to its pages. Mr. Hodder, in his *Memories of My Time*, told the story of the birth of *Punch* at considerable length, and how he and Mayhew walked up and down the Strand (the office was then in Wellington Street) discussing the prospects of the first number, which appeared on July 17th, 1841. In the above-named volume, the original prospectus (drawn up by Mark Lemon) is quoted in full. Like most other publications in their early days, *Punch* had a struggle for existence, and it was not very long before it passed into the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. It was at its best from 1845 to 1850, when its principal contributors were Gilbert à Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, and Thackeray.

MR. JUSTIN WINSOR, an American author, has, with the assistance of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., his publishers, put forward a Shakespearian theory, which, like all other theories, good or bad, will most certainly find a number of supporters. The question now is, "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?" or, in other words, are William Shakespeare and William Shapleigh identical? It seems proper to remark that another and preliminary inquiry would hardly be out of place, viz., And who is Shapleigh? Who is this interesting but obscure person who hid himself under the *nom de plume* of Shakespeare? There is some little similarity in the names certainly, inasmuch as the first three letters of each are identical, and in all probability this is as far as the likeness between Shakespeare and Shapleigh can be traced.

SOME of the literary queries which are forwarded to the editors of the London journals are simply frightful specimens of inquisitive intermeddling with a subject which is as far above the capacity of the correspondent as the day-star above the earth's orbit. The more ignorant the correspondent the more abstruse, as a rule, the query will be; and a man who cannot spell will not hesitate for a moment in asking for a Chinese translation of *Maid of Athens*, or a transcript of the Rosetta Stone. A short time ago, a correspondent, whose caligraphy was simply disgusting, wanted a complete list of Daniel Defoe's works, and to know the published price and the present market value of each. Another asked for information as to where he could obtain a book "treating on the cruelty of fishing with the live worm;" a third wished to know whether Robert Flud was ever at Paris, and, if so, when; a fourth asked a foolish question about the death of the father of Ben Jonson. These questions would be legitimate if they were genuine; but the earnestness of a correspondent who inquires about "Robbert" Flud, the whole of whose works (with one exception) are in difficult Latin, may very well be doubted.

A TABLET has just been placed on the house No. 42, Lothian Street, Edinburgh, setting forth that there Thomas De Quincey at one time lived. The tablet is composed of six tiles accurately fitted together, the letters being in ivory-white on an Indian-red ground. The inscription, enclosed by an egg-and-dart ornament, also in ivory-white, is as follows:

THOMAS DE QUINCEY,
Prose Writer.
Born 1785. Died 1859.
Lived Here.

The tablet, which is of an exceedingly neat design, is placed between two of the windows of the rooms on the second flat, which De Quincey occupied. It may be remembered that when De Quincey went to Scotland he settled with his family at Lasswade; but in order to be near his publishers he took rooms in Edinburgh, and died there—his remains being interred in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard. The Society of Arts in London erect commemorative tablets on houses which have been occupied by distinguished personages; but this, it is understood, is the first memorial of the kind which has been placed in Edinburgh, and it is rather singular that in a city associated with the names of so many great Scotsmen the tablet should be to the memory of an Englishman. Just before the tercentenary of the University there was some talk in the Town Council on this subject, and it was generally agreed that something should be done in the way of erecting commemorative tablets, not only by way of interesting strangers, but with the view of giving "a local habitation and a name" to the residences of some of the eminent men who were intimately associated in their life and labours with the capital.

BOTH Sofia and Philippopolis have public libraries—that of Sofia has about 25,000 volumes, that of Philippopolis about 15,800 volumes. There are about 4,000 English works; and not only works on the Eastern question, but works of a general or scientific character, such as Mr. J. S. Cotton's book on India and Mr. Romanes's on Animal Intelligence. The building intended for the Eastern Roumelian Parliament in Philippopolis is now used as the public library. In connection with this, it may be observed that a poll on the proposal to adopt the Free Libraries Act in York was taken on the 2nd September last, the result being 2,015 for and 2,832 against, showing a majority against of 817. A poll was taken in 1881, when there was a majority of 1,895 against. Upwards of £5,000, which had been subscribed towards a free library, will now be returned to the subscribers. York and Sofia are far apart, and not only from a geographical point of view.

COVETOUS bibliophiles will be sorry to hear that the second portion of the library of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres is not likely to see the interior of Messrs. Sotheby's establishment in Wellington Street for a considerable length of time to come. That it will eventually find its way there may be taken for granted, for every private collection must, like the owners, die at last, and the death of a library is the sound of the hammer. Some day Earl Spencer's collection will go; it is only a question of so many years. In the meantime, those who know the grief felt by Lord Crawford in parting with his books will be right glad to learn that the necessity of parting with the remainder has passed away.

REVIEWS.

The Mask of Anarchy, written on the occasion of the Massacre at Manchester, by Percy Bysshe Shelley. London. Published for the Shelley Society by Reeves and Turner, 196, Strand. 4to. 1887.

The Shelley Society are certainly issuing their publications with startling rapidity. It is only the other day since the facsimiles of Shelley's miserable pamphlet on the advisability of putting Reform to the vote was published to the members, with an introduction by Mr. Forman. That reproduction was excellent so far as the workmanship was concerned, and this volume before

us is as excellent in this respect as its predecessor. What we object to is a long-winded preliminary dissertation on what Shelley did, or did not think, of the constitution under which he lived. Very likely he thought very little of it, but his opinion on the subject was really of no importance one way or the other, and we should have thought the proper method of publishing his political effusions would have been to do so without comment.

To us, therefore, Mr. Forman's chapter on "The Manchester Massacre," and what Shelley thought of it, seems out of place, more particularly as Shelley's opinions happen as time has shown, to have been wrong. The remaining chapters on the "Recovery of Manuscripts of the *Mask of Anarchy*," and certain details connected with the holograph, constitute, however, a very valuable preliminary; while Mr. Forman's name is in itself a guarantee that the information is correct.

Only 500 copies of this, the most recent publication of the Shelley Society, have been issued.

My Ladie's Sonnets, and other "vain and amatorious" verses, with some of graver mood, by Richard Le Gallienne. Privately printed. Sq. 16mo. 1887.

Mr. Le Gallienne has a happy capability of composing light verse, which is as rare as it is pleasing to discover. In the small volume before us there is nothing ponderous, either in sentiment or structure, nothing, in fact, which the poet too often regards as absolutely necessary to elevate his muse to the top of Parnassus. The heavenly muse soars on its own pinions; the modern poet, as a rule, works exceedingly hard to push *his* composition over the hill, and, for the most part, fails. Mr. Le Gallienne has certainly not endeavoured to imitate the modern poet, for his verses flow smoothly without apparent effort, while the measure of his verse seems, so far as we have tested it, to be unimpeachable. In our opinion these few sonnets and verses do the author great credit, and are far and away in advance of most that is published under the name of poetry. The following extract, entitled "Cherry Blossom," has a freshness about it that would stand a great deal of imitation without losing its crispness:

I would, if sweet Carina please,
That when she first shall look on these,
She should not think this rare perfume
Mere essence of the cherry bloom;
But rather, just for sake of me,
Believe that these my tear-drops be,
Which in a strong solution bear
The fragrant thoughts I think of her.

A poem entitled "A Ballad of Bindings" appeared in a back number of *Book-Lore*, and the "Bookman's Avalon" will be found especially interesting by Bibliophiles.

WE have received the following catalogues: Edward Avery, 53, Greek Street, Soho Square, W.; John Noble, 10, Castle Street, Inverness; Frederic Muller and Co., 10, Doelenstraat, Amsterdam (Ancient Medical Works); Douglas and Foulis, 9, Castle Street, Edinburgh; Sotheran and Co., 49, Cross Street, Manchester; F. A. Brockhaus, Leipsic, Saxony; Charles Lowe, Broad Street, Birmingham; B. H. Blackwell, 50, Broad Street, Oxford; William Downing, 74, New Street, Birmingham; R. H. Sutton, 25, Princess Street, Manchester; Albert Cohn, Berlin; Walter Scott, 7, Bristo Place, Edinburgh; James Fawn and Son, Queen's Road, Bristol; Thomas Simmons, 164, Parade, Leamington; Karle W. Hiersemann, 1, Turner-Strasse, Leipsic; James Hart, 25, Sackville Street, Bradford; W. and E. Pickering, 3, Bridge Street, Bath.

Also the following periodicals: American Book Maker, 126, Duane Street, New York; L'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin, Paris; Courrier de L'Art (same address); Revue Bibliographique Universelle, 195, Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris; Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen, Leipsic, Saxony; The Book Buyer, Broadway, New York; Shakespeariana, Philadelphia, U.S.A; The Library Journal, 57, Ludgate Hill, London, E C.; Il Bibliofilo, Bologna, Italy; Magazine of American History, 743, Broadway, New York; Northamptonshire Notes and Queries, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; The Printing Times and Lithographer, 74, Queen Street, London, W.C.; The Century Illustrated Magazine, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.; Book Chat, 5, Union Square, New York.

BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.

MR. NELSON, the well-known publisher of Edinburgh and London, died at his residence in the first-named city on Saturday the 10th of September last.

THE new volume of *The Badminton Library* is all but ready. The subjects are "Football" and "Athletics." Mr. Montagu Shearman is the writer. The volume to follow it, possibly early next year, is on *Fencing*, the contributors to it being Messrs. Crauford Grove, Walter H. Pollock, and M. Provost.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON'S autumn list includes the following: *The Life of Samuel Morley*, by Edwin Hodder, biographer of the late Earl of Shaftesbury; *Modern Science in Bible Lands*, by Sir J. William Dawson; and *The Life of W. Morley Punshon*, by Professor F. W. Macdonald.

A WORK on the mystical, poetical, and philosophical aspects of the reign of King Charles I., by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, will shortly be published by Mr. George Redway. The title of the book is *The White King*.

MR. THOMAS KOIKUP'S article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "Socialism," has been considerably enlarged by the author, and will be published as a separate treatise by Messrs. Longmans under the title, *An Inquiry into Socialism*.

THE recent stories which have been industriously circulated respecting the Queen's intention to publish a new book are mere *canards*. Her Majesty has no such intention. The origin of the report probably lies in the fact that the Queen is engaged in literary pursuits, though of quite a different nature to those ascribed to her. The Empress of India might be engaged in a much more incongruous occupation than the study of Hindustani.

MR. W. G. TEMPLE, Thorpe, writes to the *Times*: "Among the Chauncy collection of autographs recently dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby, and which included some *Manuscripts of Pope*, there lay, hidden and unnoticed, the original warrant under which Bunyan was apprehended for that third and final imprisonment of some six months' duration, during which, according to his latest biographer, he wrote the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It fills a half-sheet of foolscap, and is dated March 4, 1674-75, under the hands and seals of twelve justices, six of them—either then or in the Parliament of 1678—members for county or borough, and three of whom had originally committed him for the previous twelve years' imprisonment. The sufferer is described as 'Tynker,' which may indicate that he worked at his trade while ministering, a fact hitherto doubted. I have been able to trace its pedigree to some extent. I am informed by the family solicitor, Mr. Teesdale (whose courtesy I have to acknowledge with thanks), that when the Chauncy collections were disposed of by the original Sotheby in 1790, the autographs were retained by the family, who have now sent them to the hammer. Dr. Chauncy probably acquired it with some other articles, also included in the sale, from his grandfather, Ichabod Chauncy, who died 1691. Ichabod was the general legal adviser of the persecuted folk, and, as such, exiled with forfeit of land and goods in 1686. From the perfect condition of the document it may possibly have been sent to him by Bunyan's friends in the faint hope that a *habeas corpus* might lie, and, as no loophole existed, remitted to one of his pigeon-holes.

THE letters of Schiller to Dalberg have been presented to the University Library at Munich by Freiherr von Veningen-Ulster, a great-grandson of the manager of the Mannheim Theatre.

IF there is an unusually prolific publishing season during the next few months we are to attribute it, says a contemporary, to the cheapness of paper, owing to the excellent crops of Spanish grass and the introduction of wood-fibre.

MESSRS. JAMES CLARKE AND CO. will in a short time bring out an English translation of a new book by the author of *Letters from Hell*. The work will bear the title *For the Right*. Dr. George Macdonald has written a preface to it.

THE *Athenæum* states that Cavour's diaries during the years 1835-37 will be issued in the autumn at Rome by Signor Domenico Berti. The diaries relate to the author's travels in England, France, and Belgium, and are principally written in French.

THE volumes issued in the lending department of the Birkenhead Free Library during its thirty-first year of existence numbered 150,832, an increase of 12,956 on the previous year. In the reference department, 109,054 volumes were issued, as against 94,943 last year. The total number of volumes is now 39,046.

THE work upon which the Rev. Cunningham Geikie, D.D., has been engaged for several years past, and to collect materials for which he visited Palestine, is now nearly ready for publication, and will be issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co., in two volumes, early next month, under the title of *The Holy Land and the Bible; a Book of Scripture Illustrations gathered in Palestine.*

The Best Books, a classified bibliography of about 25,000 of the best current books in all departments of modern literature, with the prices, sizes, dates of first and last edition, and the publisher's name of each book, by Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein, which has been in preparation for about four years, is now through the press, and will be ready for issue at an early date.

DUODECIMOS are once more becoming popular. We have Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens in this form. To their number may now be added another series, *Knickerbocker Nuggets*, which Messrs. Putnam have in preparation. Among the world's classics promised in the series are: *Gesta Romanorum; Tales of the Old Monks*, edited by Mr. C. Swan; Thomas Love Peacock's *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey; Tales from Washington Irving;* an edition of Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Book of British Ballads* (a facsimile reprint with all the illustrations); *The Vicar of Wakefield*, with Stothard's illustrations; *The Travels of Baron Münchausen*, a reprint from the early complete edition, fully illustrated; and *Letters, Sentences, and Maxims*, by Lord Chesterfield, with a critical essay by C. A. Sainte-Beuve.

IT has long been known that the poet Gray had a taste for music; but to what extent and in what direction his taste lay has not till now been made quite apparent. It appears that during his visit to Italy with Horace Walpole he set about collecting the music of those times, 1739-40. The collection then made is in nine volumes. One of these gives evidence of the seriousness of Gray's studies. It contains several pages of rules written in Italian for accompanying on the harpsichord from the thorough-bass figures to which composers were in the habit of restricting their accompaniments for keyed instruments a hundred and fifty years ago. The whole of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" may be found in another volume. The bulk of the music is plainly the work of a professional copyist. Gray seems to have confined his personal labours in the compilation to the table of contents, to indicating in the music the title of the opera from which it was taken, and occasionally a date and an identifying epithet after the name of the composer, such as "Mazzoni, Bolognese," "Selitti, Napolentano," "Carlo Arrigoni, Fiorentino," etc. As the majority of these composers are unknown, some of these memoranda are historically interesting. With scarcely an exception, the subjects are classical. Here are some of the titles: "Catone," "Alessandro nell' Indie," "Semiramide," "Demofoonte," "Andromaca," "Olimpiade," "Temistocle," "Achille," "Ciro Riconosciuto." Among the singers whom Gray notices are: Farinelli, Carestini, Farfallino, Faustina, Senesino, Cuzzoni, Gabrielli, Monticelli, and Viscontina—names at that time a power in the musical world.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*, a small volume purchased by the Bodleian Library at the Brice sale at Sotheby's, catalogued as *Quatuor Evangelia.....sec. XIV.*, is found to be the very Evangelistarium described in the life of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, written by her confessor, as the book which she most valued, and as the subject of a miracle. Since she died in 1093, the MS. cannot be later than the eleventh century. The miracle was that when a priest dropped this volume into a river it remained entirely uninjured for some hours, till its loss was discovered and it was fished up. The clue to this identification was given by Miss Lucy Hill, author of *Old Saints and New Demons*, who recognised the miracle thus described on a fly-leaf of the MS. to be identical with one recorded of St. Margaret's book. For nearly 800 years this book must have lain unrecorded, and perhaps unrecognised, for there is no trace of any writing which would suggest the connection now established.

THE death is announced of Henry Mayhew, one of the originators of *Punch*, and the author of *The Greatest Plague of Life*, as well as of many other works. Mr. Mayhew was born in 1812.

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THE "BUCANIERS OF AMERICA."

EXCEPT among youths who delight in blood-curdling stories, I doubt very much if, in spite of its fascinating title, such a book as the above would find many readers nowadays, but I can well imagine that when this now very scarce volume was printed, in 1684, such a pregnant heading would have attracted many; and this no doubt accounts in part for the rarity of the work.

The Book is now but very little known, and is only referred to occasionally, as a great part of it relates to the life and exploits of that much-maligned person, Sir Henry Morgan, he having had a great deal to do with the early history of some of our West Indian colonies. A "Bucanier" was not so much then what we understand by the title now, viz., a pirate, and consequently an outlaw; on the contrary, he very often sailed in a privateer with the King's license in the cabin, empowering "our well-beloved" so-and-so to cruise about in certain seas and make free with the goods and chattels of the ships and rich merchantmen of any nation with whom his Sovereign might be pleased to have a squabble: this was his ostensible purpose, and no doubt he found it admitted of wide expansion. Sir Henry Morgan and Captains Cook and Sharp, and the other worthies whose exploits are related, found that it admitted of such expansion, for instance, as sacking large towns and burning them after massacring the inhabitants. The title of the work runs as follows:

Bucaniers of America; or, a true account of the most remarkable assaults committed of late years upon the coasts of the West Indies, by the Bucaniers of Jamaica and Tortuga, wherein are contained more especially, etc.

There are many references to Sir Henry Morgan and his brother Bucaniers in works treating of the history of the latter part of the seventeenth century, such, for example, as the late Mr. F. Bannister's *Life of Paterson* (the founder of the Bank of England), who says of him: "Sir Henry Morgan, their (the bucaniers') leader at Panama, had become Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, and many of his despatches are recorded in the State-paper office; whence his real story ought to be written, to replace the romances of which he is a favourite subject." Paterson, doubtless, knew him as well as the others; but it would be unreasonable, the historian goes on to say, "to charge him with taking any share

in the guilty adventures of the buccaneers," from which we may infer that Bannister, at least, was no worshipper of Morgan, though he afterwards says: "The strange manners, the heroic bravery, and the crimes of those wild warriors of the sea are full of interest."

Another famous literary man, Eliot Warburton, evidently found that the subject possessed considerable attractions, and he actually came to a horrible and untimely end when setting out to visit the scene of their exploits, in the ill-fated *Amazon*, burnt, with all her passengers, a day or two after starting. Bannister says that of all men he (Warburton) "was perhaps the best qualified to describe those exploits and to appreciate the influence of these daring men upon the waning fortunes of Spain in America." Although Sir Henry Morgan may not be so black as he is painted, still many horrible atrocities were committed by the soldiers under his command, acts for which he was no doubt both morally and actually responsible. From what I gather he seems to have been a sort of Robin Hood of the seas, in that he never flew at small game, but made cities and fleets his quarry; though he certainly did not imitate the famous Nottingham rover in the courtesy with which he treated his victims.

Warburton, in his story of *Darien*, does not often refer to Morgan, although he tells of Paterson meeting him once when Governor of Jamaica. The short sketch of his remarkable life given there is worth reading (see p. 81, vol. ii., *Darien*). I have gathered the following perhaps more authentic details from vol. ix. of the *Retrospective Review:*

A Welshman born and bred, he ran away to sea, and after many vicissitudes joined the Bucaniers at Jamaica. He quickly rose to be a captain, and through the death of one of their admirals was universally elected to fill the vacancy. Through a marvellous combination of dexterity and pluck he captured the town of St. Maria, and, not content with the booty taken, followed this up by taking one of the strongest cities in the Indies at that time, viz., Porto Bello. Still wishing for greater game, he turned his attention to a project he had long designed, viz., the capture of Panama, and this apparently herculean and totally unheard-of feat he accomplished with a force amounting to about 1,200 picked men. With this little army he devastated the forts at the mouth of the River Chagres, along whose banks his course for some time lay, and after an extraordinary nine days' march across Darien to the Isthmus of Panama, performed amid vexation and difficulties of all descriptions, he reached a height above the doomed city with his men worn out and reduced by about one-sixth of their former number. To cut the story short, by sheer hard fighting he captured the town and massacred the principal inhabitants, and it was set on fire, probably by some of its own people, who preferred this to seeing their household gods desecrated by the ruffians under Morgan's command. After this exploit he returned to England, where, strangely enough, he was welcomed with open arms. The King knighted him, and gave him the rank of commander in the Royal Navy. He was subsequently super-

seded, however, and a new governor sent out with instructions to punish by death all the bucaniers who could be proved to be continuing in their evil courses.

However, bucaniering went on in a desultory manner for many years after the new governor appeared, in spite of the rigorous measures he adopted.

The remnant of Morgan's army gradually dwindled down till it reached a single shipful of men, who, it is believed, sailed to England, and arriving here, received the King's pardon, and, settling down, "lived happy ever afterwards." But I am deserting the more immediate subject of this article, viz., the rarity and interest of the remarkable book printed in the year 1684 for Mr. William Crooke, at the sign of the "Green Dragon, without Temple Bar." It was received with much favour on its appearance, and the number of copies printed seems to have been readily bought up, as in the preface to the second edition, also printed in 1684, the translator remarks that it is but three months since the first edition came out. The portrait of Sir Henry Morgan in the frontispiece shows us an unpleasant-looking, heavy-featured, stout-faced man, with a large under jaw. There are many extremely quaint and curious little maps and engravings interspersed throughout the book, which always form an important factor in determining the value of a copy. Its value may, I think, be best shown by the ordinary test of what it will fetch at an auction. The other day a copy sold at Sotheby's for £14 14s., and it is marked in several booksellers' catalogues at prices varying from £8 to £12. I see in *Book-Lore* that the correctness of these prices has been questioned and even discounted by fifty per cent., but I cannot think that a volume of such real historical value as the *Bucaniers of America*, though no doubt full of the errors common to the time in which it was written, would be considered a worse return for the money paid for it at a public auction or a bookseller's shop than many another scarce volume for which much more than a £10 note goes into the vendor's pocket; neither do I think that at present the work is likely to decline in value or interest, seeing the way in which anything pertaining to the early history of America is snapped up by American buyers.

H. Saxe Wyndham.

A RATHER novel kind of advertisement for a new tale was adopted by the proprietors of a well-known newspaper in Paris. This consisted in decorating the dead walls and the buildings available for advertisement purposes with large coloured likenesses of the principal characters in the tale. For three weeks these posters appeared without anything to indicate their signification, the pictures of the characters with their names underneath being given, and no more. People were accordingly puzzled to make out what it all meant, and many thought that the counterfeit presentments of handsome men and beautiful women were those of some foreign theatrical company or circus about to visit the French metropolis. It turned out, however, that the figures portrayed in such glowing colours on the metropolitan walls were intended as representations of the characters in a *feuilleton* by a famous old sensational hand. The ingenuity of the advertisers will very probably be crowned with the success which it deserves.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE business of Wednesday, the 21st of September, began with a paper "On the Connection between Free Libraries, Art Galleries, and Museums," read by Mr. Whitworth Wallis, curator of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. His subject was the elevation of the masses by the culture not only of the intellect in the Free Library, but of the eye in the Art Gallery and the Museum. Great success had rewarded the labour and expense incurred in his department. An increase of 20,000 readers of books on art and science had taken place in the five years extending from 1882 to 1886, and popular lectures on "The Art Gallery" had been attended by nearly 5,000 people. Care was taken that the objects in the Museum should bear labels as descriptive and explanatory as possible.

Mr. R. K. Dent, of Aston, fixed the attention of the audience by a very clear and well-written paper "On the Free Libraries of the Town and Neighbourhood." The paper possessed a local interest only. Then followed a most amusing paper, "Wanted, a Librarian," by Mr. MacAlister, of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, London, who kept the meeting in a roar by the satirical force with which he sketched the members of the Library Committee of Blankborough, and their selection from two hundred candidates for the librarianship, among whom were retired officers, unbeneficed clergymen, luckless doctors, lawyers and schoolmasters, a few decayed tradesmen, one signalman, and a missionary returned from the Andaman Islands. The triumph of the last-named in the competition, on account of his knowledge of Andamanese, was vividly depicted, and excited much merriment among the librarians and committee-men present. The more serious aspect of the subject was also brought out, and the importance of appointing to these posts men well versed in the business of a library was strongly insisted on. In the discussion which followed, stress was laid upon the point that it is necessary to have well-qualified committee-men in order to secure good librarians.

In "Some Experiments as to the Influence of Gas on Bindings," Mr. C. J. Woodward showed that gas injures bindings, and that heat does so in a less degree. Professor Tilden, of Mason College, thought that in actual experience the injury was much greater than it was in experiments, because of the rise and fall alternately of the temperature when the gas was lighted and extinguished. When the gas was lighted a film of moisture was deposited on the books on the upper shelves, which moisture contained minute quantities of sulphuric acid, and when it evaporated, the acid remained. This, by degrees, accumulated until it destroyed the books.

In the afternoon a pleasant excursion was made to Stratford-on-Avon, which to many of the librarians present was a new experience.

The first paper read on Thursday morning was one by Mr. Frank Pacey, of Richmond, Surrey, on "Town Libraries and Surrounding Districts," the main purport of which was expressed in a resolution moved by Mr. Pacey at the conclusion of his paper, and carried, namely, "That the resolution passed last year with respect to receiving in free libraries individual subscriptions from residents outside the rating area is in direct opposition to the spirit of the Public Libraries Acts, and is hereby rescinded." The resolution being carried, the whole matter was then referred to the Council for consideration.

Mr. W. Downing, in a paper on "Birmingham and Literature," proceeded to show what part the town had taken in the literary history of the nation. He gave an account of the occasional business visits of Michael Johnson to Birmingham, bringing his son Samuel with him. To the *Birmingham Journal* Dr. Johnson contributed various periodical essays, and in Birmingham was published his first literary work, his translation of *Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*. The writer also descanted on the careers of Baskerville, Hutton, Priestley, and other local celebrities.

Mr. W. Salt Brassington followed with an account of "Thomas Hall, and the Library founded by him at King's Norton." Hall, though he died in poverty (1665), gave 900 volumes of books to the parish of King's Norton, and was also a benefactor to the first public library in Birmingham, the library of King Edward's School.

Mr. C. E. Scarse, of the Birmingham (Subscription) Library, and secretary to the local committee, read a paper on "Subscription and Proprietary Libraries in the Town and Neighbourhood," in which he told of the Birmingham "Old Library," the library of the Law Society formed in 1818, the library of the Medical Institute, and that of the Friends' Reading Society. He treated also of the Mason College, opened in 1880, to which Dr. Heslop was a munificent donor; and referred to the firemen's library at the chief station of the Birmingham Fire Brigade, founded in 1879, and now containing more than 800 volumes.

Mr. J. W. Bradley read a paper on "Books before Printing," in which he treated of illuminated and other manuscripts, suggesting that the art of making transfers or stamps of frequently recurring subjects was practised by book illuminators as early as the time of the Emperor Augustus.

The last paper read was on "An Open Reference Library at Cambridge," by Mr. J. E. Foster, who said that access to the books of reference was freely allowed, and that comparatively few had been lost or stolen since the establishment of the library in 1855, the readers themselves being vigilant protectors of volumes so useful to all.

The business of adopting the reports of the Council, of the treasurer, and of the auditors was then gone through. An addition to the report was carried, on the motion of Mr. S. Timmins, seconded by Mr. Blades, "recording the earnest protest of the Association against the recent reduction of the annual grant to the

British Museum for the purchase of books." It was resolved unanimously to accept the invitation to hold next year's meeting at Glasgow. The officers for the coming year were appointed, Mr. MacAlister being elected joint secretary with Mr. E. C. Thomas; and Professor Dickson, of Glasgow University, vice-president in place of the Bishop of Down and Connor. The usual thanks were voted.

In the afternoon an excursion was made to Lichfield. Dean Bickersteth conducted the librarians over the cathedral, explaining the architectural and other points of interest. Canon Curtis led the visitors to the library, the manuscripts of which were exhibited. Among the curiosities was the "Lending Book," which contained an entry indicating that Dr. Johnson, on his last visit to Lichfield in July, 1784, borrowed "Sir John Floyer's work on Asthma," which was returned to the library the following November. In the evening the president entertained at dinner a number of members of the Association and their friends.

This meeting, which was more numerously attended than any which have preceded it, was brought to a close on Friday by a visit to Lord Spencer's famous library at Althorp.

INCUNABULA.

THE term *cunabula*, or *incunabula*, was first applied to the productions of the printing-press during the fifteenth century by German bibliographers, and from its picturesqueness and appositeness at once became a favourite. The term is derived from the Latin word *cunabula*, a cradle, with the prefix *in*, that is, "in the cradle," or during the childhood—if the expression be allowed—of the art of printing.

Now, first, within what dates must a book—the word here is intended to include image-books and books printed from wooden blocks, upon each of which the words of an entire page were carved in relief, as well as books printed from movable type, wooden or metal—fall in order to be classed among *incunabula?*

Bibliographical writers are by no means agreed among themselves as to these limits. Some hold that the term *incunabula* applies solely to the productions of the fifteenth century. Others again are prone to push the limit as far as 1510 or even to 1520, claiming, and with great show of reason, that an art which has worked such stupendous changes in the development of human possibilities cannot be said to have emerged from childhood in the brief space of half a century.

The very earliest form of typographical impression must be sought in the printing of playing-cards from wooden relief blocks, very rude designs about the

size of the modern playing-card, which was practised as far back as the end of the fourteenth century.

These were followed in the first half of the fifteenth century by the image-book or block-book, consisting of a few pages, never more than fifty, each of which was printed from a solid block of wood, the design being in relief. As may be imagined, no printing-press, strictly speaking, was then in existence. The relief block was smeared with a sticky, brownish-hued ink, the paper wetted and laid upon it, and then rubbed with a leather pad stuffed with hair.

These xylographic impressions are mostly *in folios*. The very earliest are single-paged prints, in which there is no trace of any other work than might be wrought by any pointed, knife-like instrument. There are no cross lines. The graver was not yet in the artist's hands. The St. Christopher by some writers is attributed to the first quarter of the fifteenth century. When the books contained a number of such prints, with or without text, the impressions were still restricted to one side of the paper. Two leaves were then pasted together, back to back, forming what is termed an anopistographical book—that is, a book containing blind sheets.

The engraver or carver who cut the relief blocks of "explanatory text" which always accompanies that class of block-book known as "with text," reproduced in a rude way the Gothic character of the manuscript books of his day. The letters of each word are hooked together in these rude beginnings; all lines are equally heavy, and a page of the printed text reminds one of the effect of a modern "stub pen" used in a stiff and cramped manner. There are no capitals to mark names and places; abbreviations are so numerous and obscure that no one save an expert can decipher them. The only points in use are the colon and full-stop. The lines show all the lack of alignment found in a boy's copy-book. The limbs of tall letters reach the bottom of the line above, and letters falling below the line come into contact with the line beneath.

With the invention of movable type came a wonderful change for the better. In Gutenberg's Bible the sharpness of the cut letter at once strikes the eye. Capitals make their appearance. The heavy faces of the type—for as yet there are no hair-lines—give the printed page the look of a wall of ink; but although there is still a manifest intention to make the printed book resemble its manuscript prototype, there is a general expression of mathematical accuracy which leads the expert to know that the book had been printed "not by means of pen or pencil or stencil-plate." The gothic types of the earliest printed books belong either to the plain, round, "cursive" style of the ordinary copyist, or to the larger, more angular and decorated letter sometimes designated as "pointed gothic." Whence came this heavy-faced letter with its points and curls? It was the plain and clean-cut roman as modified by the monastic caligraphers. The gothic style of type passed into Italy, France, and England, becoming in the last-named country the father of the famous 'black-letter." About 1471 a formidable rival,

the roman, entered the field; it was not unknown to man, for in its characters hope, life, death or degradation had often been carried to princes, kings, and nations when Rome ruled the world; but it *was* new to the type-founders and bookmakers of the day. In 1471 Nicholas Jenson published his first book in light-face roman. In 1501 Aldus issued his *Virgil* in italics—this was still another early style of type, and original, too, designed, it is said, from the handwriting of Petrarch. Somewhat before this date printing had been done in Naples in Hebrew characters.

To sum up, then, the type styles of incunabula take their rise with the cutting of the rude gothic relief plates of the block-books early in the fifteenth century, assuming in 1450 the heavy-faced gothic character of Gutenberg's Bible, turning in 1471 to the light-face roman of Jensen, putting on about the same time the "black-letter" garb of Caxton's fonts, in 1487 making their first use of the Hebrew letter, and in 1501 of the italic. In spite of the innovations of roman and italic type-styles the gothic held its own, and of the 18,000 books printed in the fifteenth century a large majority of them are in gothic characters.

Linen paper at and prior to the discovery of printing was a strong, coarse fabric, but so poorly sized and so yellow and unattractive that neither copyist nor scholar took kindly to it. It was not a favourite material for writing upon. Bookmaker and student both preferred vellum, with its polished surface and wonderful strength. But vellum was costly; the huge folios—so heavy, it will be remembered, that one of them came near breaking Petrarch's leg, upon which it fell—kept the supply pretty well exhausted. Treatises, philosophical and scientific text-books, etc., in order to be within the reach of the people at all, were copied upon the odds and ends, we might almost say, of vellum gathered up in the scriptorium of some royal or princely establishment. Legal writings were transcribed upon narrow strips, and long after linen paper became the common material for writing and printing this form was preserved for certain mandates and rescripts of courts of law.

With his writing-surface so narrowed down, the copyist, as the demand for cheap booklets increased, set his ingenuity to work to devise abbreviations, contractions and condensations, in order that he might get the largest possible amount of text on the smallest possible writing-surface. His imagination soon ran riot in this new field of labour, until, without exaggeration, some of the manuscript booklets bore the appearance of cryptographic records. For instance, to give a single line:

Sic hic e fal sm qd ad simplr,

which, if it were written out in full, would read: *Sicut hic est fallacia secundum quid ad simpliciter.*

Things went on from bad to worse in this matter of abbreviations. John Petit issued a treatise (Paris, 1498) entitled "*Ars Legendi Abbreviaturas*"—that is,

The Art of Reading Abbreviations. In Gutenberg's *Letter of Indulgence*, printed about 1454, occur the following abbreviations: *Oīnibz* for *omnibus*, *noīe* for *nomine*, *ecclie* for *ecclesiæ*, *nr* for *noster*, *p* for *per*, etc. The Psalter of 1457 is likewise filled with these contractions. The word "*peccorum*" becomes *pccor;* a hyphen, however, is placed directly over the co and the r has an additional limb or pendant dropping from its knob. After o, n is indicated by a hyphen placed over it. In words ending in tur the ur becomes an r sign placed over the t. *Dni*, with hyphen over the n, stands for *domini*, and *qd* for *quod*. It was the usual practice to put *c'* for *cum*, *ëe* for *esse*, *z̈c* for *et cætera*, *p̈ponatur* for *proponatur*, *volūtas* for *voluntas*. The final "us" was always elided, and an apostrophe set to mark the omission, thus: *quib'* for *quibus*, and so on.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.

III.

THE belief in the personification of the Devil, in his power to ruin mankind by charms and spells and one-sided contracts, was implicitly accepted during the Dark Ages. After a while, however, so much discredit began to be poured on the witnesses who appeared on behalf of the great Archangel, that many persons seriously doubted whether Devil and witnesses were not equally unreliable. Wierus, who wrote a book entitled *De Prestigiis Dæmonum*, published in 4to. at Basle in 1583, was, perhaps, the first to hint that the supernatural powers had, in all probability, no power at all upon flesh and blood; that their authority, if any, was directed against aërial objects, and that mundane affairs were altogether beyond their ken. Observe that Wierus did not deny the existence of the kingdom of the Devil; he merely questioned its power, at any rate for the present, except for the good of mankind, and that only in a very superficial and perfunctory manner.

The very year following—viz., in 1584—Reginald Scott published his famous *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, so that the age of infidelity had fairly set in both in England and abroad. King James VI. of Scotland, the champion of orthodoxy, was naturally not a little shocked at these two public exhibitions of unbelief, and hesitates not to say that Scott's treatise was "monstrously heretical;" and, as a consequence, every copy found by the authorities within the kingdom of Scotland was burnt.

Here, then, is a well-defined issue, about which there can be no mistake—King James and the Devil on one side, and Wierus and Scott in their own proper persons on the other. Each side had its supporters; for there never yet was a question which did not admit of a plausible argument *pro* as well as *con*.

Glanvil, in his *Saducisimus Triumphatus; or, Full and plain Evidence concerning Witches*, is certain of the existence of such persons. So is Peter de Loier, who dedicated his *Treatise on Specters and Straunge Sightes* to King James; while the Jesuit Delrio does not take the trouble to state explicitly what he considers to be an obvious fact, but proceeds as if the assumption had never been questioned.

In this nineteenth century, it is the general verdict that Glanvil was a "speculative dreamer," that Peter de Loier "misapplied his vast knowledge," and that Delrio was too deeply saturated with the bigotry of his order to be able to discriminate between good and evil. It must not be forgotten, however, that if this question had to be settled by the weight of opinion, there is no doubt at all but that the Devil would have gained an easy victory. Nearly everybody believed in his power, learned and unlearned alike; the former from conviction, and the latter in ignorance. Who were Scott and Wierus? Certainly no match in intellect, even together, for the Jesuit, to say nothing of King James and Peter de Loier.

So evidently thought Bodinus, who, in his *De la Demonomanie des Sorciers*, roundly abuses the sceptical, asserts that all witches ought to be burnt for the good of mankind, and chief among them Wierus, the German physician above referred to.

What old Robert Burton thought of all this we shall never know. True, he says that Devils are often in love, and suggests certain specifics for their cure; but he is careful to quote Bodinus and other authors in support of his statements —he advances nothing whatever of his own. This "delight of the learned, the solace of the indolent, and the refuge of the uninformed," had too much respect for his personal comfort to involve himself in any disputes tending to aggravate the melancholia under which he groaned. He kept, therefore, to his "Anatomy," patiently collating and marshalling his facts, taking the author's own words and venturing nothing. Yet even he was tinged with a superstition he could not gauge nor define. Like others of the age, he was an ardent student of astrology; and, having calculated the time of his death, it was one day whispered among his awe-stricken pupils that he had designedly shuffled off this mortal coil, rather than own his favourite science to be vain.

If this be true, Burton was the only man among the whole set of "Witch-mongers," as Scott calls them, who had the courage of his convictions. While others disputed, Burton acted, and hesitated not to ascertain the truth by practical experience. Perhaps he quoted:

> "Why stand you thus in fear of Styx and such vain dreamings,
> Of Manes and of Spirits, which are nought else but leasings?"

If he did, though we cannot congratulate the author on his verse nor approve of his act, we are compelled to admire the sentiment which inspired both.

The number of authors who entered the lists at the close of the sixteenth century was prodigious. Book after book was issued in hot haste; and though not one of them contains anything new on the infernal subject to which they relate, they are all very pleasant reading, and somehow or other raise a doubt whether all these men can have been mistaken, whether there was not a slight substratum of truth in what they taught, and whether even in this case there could be smoke without a fire.

In the nineteenth century—nay, in this very year of grace—this question has been again revived. Mr. Sinnett and the talented authoress of *Isis Unveiled* know what they know, as did Sprenger and Institor in the days gone by. The Devil can never be destroyed. If smothered in one shape, he springs up again in another; and instead of the monster with cloven foot and barbed tail which frightened sixteenth-century children, we, the children of the nineteenth, quail in the presence of that universal power of evil which we can feel around us, but which is invisible, save in its effects.

Of one thing we may be quite sure, that the Devil, personified or otherwise, expects and always receives his just debts, or as William Hone puts it:

"Good people all, who deal with the Devil,
Be warn-ed now, by what I say:
His *credit's* long and his tongue is civil,
But you'll have the Devil to pay."

J. HERBERT SLATER.

HOW LITERARY MEN WORK.

AN Edinburgh newspaper lately contained a most interesting article on the practices followed by literary men when engaged in their daily or nightly occupation. Habits are easily acquired by persons whose pursuits are sedentary, and once acquired they are seldom or never discarded. An Edinburgh journal—the *Evening Dispatch*—proceeds to point out the idiosyncrasies of some of the better-known modern writers, and starts with the hypothesis that literary men at work might almost be divided into smokers and non-smokers, and there is little doubt that the smokers have it. Among them are not included the men-of-letters or journalists who smoke only before they begin to write, or after they have finished. Such a one is Mr. Andrew Lang, who is such a busy man nowadays that he would probably grudge the time spent in lighting his pipe occasionally. Mr. Lang does most of his work in the early part of the day, in which habit he resembles Mr. Sala. Both get through an astonishing amount of work, twice as much certainly as they get credit for, yet they are often seen in society. Mr. Sala is such an authority on cooking—he

has the largest library on culinary matters in this country—that the public would be astonished could they see him at his frugal breakfast, and still more frugal lunch. He breakfasts well if he eats one egg, and lunches heavily if he has a chop. It is acknowledged among literary men generally that the best work is done on the lightest food. Many of them make up for their abstemiousness in the early part of the day by an exhaustive and even exhausting late dinner, but not if they have to work after it.

A great many literary men who are spoken of as resident in London do not really live there. Brighton, for instance, is the home of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. William Black, Mr. Edmund Yates, and many others. Though these writers, other things being equal, would prefer London, they find that their health is not only better in Brighton, but that they can do more work away from the roar of the Metropolis. It is rather curious that the only two society papers of note in London should be edited by gentlemen whose residence is outside it. Mrs. Oliphant lives on the Thames near Eton, and is understood nowadays to be assisted in her literary labours by her son. Mr. Blackmore is among the writers who do not like to be "driven," and only care to write when in the vein. Consequently he pursues two callings, combining literature with market gardening.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is like Descartes in this respect, that he works out some of his best ideas in bed. Descartes kept to his bed on principle, but Mr. Stevenson cannot always help himself. According to an American reporter who recently interviewed him and found him on his couch smoking a cigarette, this writer's *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* was dreamt before it was written. If so, Mr. Stevenson dreams to some purpose. As a matter of fact he only dreamt the continuation of a story that had haunted his waking hours. He is an author who writes best with quiet surroundings, and his house at Bournemouth, within high walls, is in curious contrast to the life and incident of his romances. Mr. George Meredith writes his wonderful comedies in three volumes in an arbour. It consists of two or three rooms erected in the garden of his house near Dorking (where Keats wrote *Endymion*). Here Mr. Meredith does most of his writing, and his friends know that it is one thing to be asked into his house and another (and a rarer) to be taken to the arbour. As can be gathered from his novels, Mr. Meredith is of opinion that smoking is an assistance in thinking out a story. Mention must also be made of the historian—whose name it would probably be unfeeling to mention—who, while he writes, smokes not one cigar, but several. To manage this he had to invent a new cigar-holder. This has the ordinary mouthpiece, but branches off, so to speak, at right angles at the other end. There are holes in these branches into which the cigars are placed, as many as four at a time being a possibility. Though Carlyle was a great smoker he flung himself too completely into his work to be able to keep his pipe in while he wrote. Had he contrived to do so, some of his writings might have been less bitter, for a pipe is said to check irritability. A good story of Carlyle in this connection is

not generally known. When he was still a young man he walked from Ecclefechan to Edinburgh—a distance of more than eighty miles—to consult a doctor about his health. The doctor asked if he smoked, and hearing that he did, said that was what was wrong with him. Carlyle gave up smoking, and some time afterwards he went for a walk in a wood. Here beneath a tree he saw lying a pipe with tobacco and matches. He at once remembered that the medical prescription had done him no good, and came to the conclusion that the whole affair was providential. So he lit the pipe, and never again gave up smoking. Carlyle's walk in a wood reminds one that this was Trollope's favourite prescription for planning a fresh novel. He held that once you were inside a wood of which you could not see the limits, a quietness came to you that was admirable for inventing. As he always tried a wood himself when he could get it, there is doubtless something in this. Trollope's way of working, however, was so methodical that he could plan a story or write it anywhere. Others besides he have found it possible to beguile the voyage between England and America by writing, but he is the only author who is known to have triumphed over the difficulties of writing in a railway train. Trollope always felt uncomfortable at the thought that a long railway journey meant the loss of great part of a day, and it preyed on his mind till he got a writing-table specially constructed for the train. This was a complete success. There might be other persons in the compartment, but as soon as the novelist got in he set up his table, got out his writing materials, and worked as unconcernedly as if he were at home. As Trollope held that serial stories for magazines were spoilt if written from month to month, and always, except in one case, finished his own before its publication began, it is notable that the exception, which appeared in the opening numbers of *Cornhill*, is generally acknowledged to be his best novel.

In *First Person Singular*, one of Mr. Christie Murray's stories, there is a novelist, whose manner of working is doubtless to some extent autobiographical. Sometimes this novelist is longer worrying over a sentence than writing the rest of the chapter. In another of his books Mr. Murray gives a curious glimpse into the manner of writing pursued by more Bohemian writers, who find that inspiration goes if there is not a tumbler beside the ink-pot. One of these, when he had a little money, considered that he saved up for a rainy day by spending the greater part of it in soda-water. Then if he wanted ready money all he had to do was to send back a few empty bottles to the shop, for which he got twopence each. Of course this compelled him to go on drinking the soda-water, but he did not mind that. Our writers nowadays are so busy that they have not the time to play the Bohemian. Mr. James Payn has said that in seven years he only took one holiday of more than a few days, and Mr. Grant Allen speaks of being "glad enough to lay down the pen out of my aching fingers as soon as the day's work is fairly over." It used to be no uncommon thing for literary men to make some money by writing, and then not put pen to paper till it was spent.

Artists twenty years ago worked on the same principle, but now they, too, seek to make large incomes—though they still sometimes spend it all and more. Lamb is not by any means the only writer who has found London an aid to composition. Many, however, write more comfortably in the country.

It is curious to think of Mr. Herbert Spencer's playing tennis. One would have as soon expected to see Carlyle at battledoor and shuttlecock. A few years ago, however, Mr. Spencer used frequently to lay down his pen and lift a racquet. His brain was overworked with less than an hour's writing, and it became quite a common thing with him to seek relaxation in the tennis-court. Before he became so much of an invalid Mr. Spencer also went a good deal to the theatre—always to the pit, into which he enjoyed fighting his way. Nothing shows Miss Braddon's popularity with novel-readers more than a change which she made in her way of writing a number of years ago. She used to write a large hand, but discovered that she could "get over the ground" quicker by writing small, as she does now. Perhaps the pleasantest picture of a literary man at work is afforded by Professor Blackie. He sings to himself while he writes, as well as when he climbs a mountain (to write a sonnet on it) or walks down the street. In one of the letters published in *Scribner's* last month, Thackeray gives a humorous description of the selfishness which came over him when he was writing verse. While composing his ode in connection with the Great Exhibition he forgot that there was anybody in the world beside himself, and anything worth thinking of except his ode. Had some one come to him and announced a serious accident to his dearest friend, he would only have murmured in reply, "Tidum-tidy, tidum-tidy." While he was writing novels, however, he was less engrossed. He could stop and count up the lines to see how much they would come to—at, say, half a crown a piece. Mr. W. S. Gilbert finds a piece of blotting-paper by his side a great help when he is writing comic operas. This is not for blotting his manuscripts, but for drawing pictures on. These are caricatures, and oftener the sketch suggests a quaint thought than a thought suggests the sketch. Some literary men write by means of an amanuensis. M. du Chaillu, the traveller, for instance, largely employs an amanuensis for writing the books for children which he makes out of his own works. *The Land of the Midnight Sun* afforded several books for the young, all of which were dictated by M. du Chaillu. These have an enormous sale—far greater than the original work itself. Tom Nash, the Elizabethan, used, according to himself, to make an income out of writing books for other persons to which they put their names. Perhaps there is a little of that still.

"LITERARY EPOCHS."*

IN his preface to this work the author disclaims any attempt to deal with a universal history of literature, and informs his readers that his immediate purpose is to prove that the practical events of the world are reflected in the mirror of contemporary writings, and from such arguments to gain a logical explanation for the fact that it has ever been the tendency of intellectual power to gather in clusters. The former of these two *quasi* hypotheses needs no demonstration, nor are we aware that the latter has ever been questioned, at least by anyone with a knowledge of his subject. Mr. Underhill's third and last factor consists, therefore, of a "logical explanation" of the reason why intellect is essentially gregarious, and it is this explanation which we look for in his book.

Many theories have from time to time been submitted for the purpose of proving that genius is called forth not by its own inherent strength, but by the popular impetus which stirs it into action. We see an illustration of this almost every month, for "genius" is but a term which exists when it happens to be recognised. There is without doubt many a "mute inglorious Milton" at this very moment living neglected, as he will die neglected, and this because he is remote from those influences which alone can embody the spirit of his dreams. Genius may and does exist, and when it is called for it appears, as most think, spontaneously, but in reality because it is invoked. The dramatists of the Elizabethan age—Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ford, Greene, Jonson, and the rest—found an eager audience; had they not done so, they would have devoted their talents to some other purpose, which might, but probably would not, have rendered them immortal.

The tendency of intellectual power to gather in clusters depends, therefore, upon the circumstance whether there is or is not a *vis major;* we regard it a radical error to assume that intellect must assert itself. Assuming this *vis major* to be existent, as it always is in one form or another, then it naturally bends to its will the inferior forces which are everywhere present, and trains them in its special groove. At one time there is a demand for dramatists, the supply is forthcoming immediately; at another for sensational novelists, and they also spring into being, and live and die with the craving upon which they feed.

According to Mr. Underhill the birth of genius has been caused by great commotions, either military, political, or religious, which have so influenced contemporary writers that their works constitute a reflecting mirror of the stirring events with which they were surrounded. True, no doubt, of a certain class of genius; but as the events of the age are mirrored in the pages of its writers, so

* *Literary Epochs.* Chapters on Noted Periods of Intellectual Activity, by George F. Underhill. London: Elliot Stock, fcap. 8vo., 1887.

we see the quiet meditations of Cædmon and Bede undisturbed by the scenes of butchery which were being enacted in the outer world. The *Scriptorium* of the monk smells of the lamp, and Roger Bacon, in his cell, had as much of the spirit of genius implanted in his breast as any of the writers who flourished during the French Revolution. It is not the quality of genius that is deteriorated by peace and quietness, it is the *form* that undergoes the change. So far, therefore, we do not agree with Mr. Underhill when he assumes that commotions are the primary cause of intellect, because it would necessarily follow that an age of peace would be an age of listless apathy in which nothing would be done but what contributed directly to personal ease and comfort. This is clearly not so, for both the Augustine and Elizabethan eras, though not particularly remarkable for disorder, but rather the reverse, were productive of some of the greatest geniuses that the world has ever seen.

As far as the Elizabethan age is concerned, Mr. Underhill seeks to prove his case by the introduction of the Reformation, and the turbulent scenes which heralded its approach; but the Reformation was past and gone when Marlowe and Shakespeare and the host of other contemporary lights were born. As a matter of history, there were very few distinguished men living at the time of the Reformation; they came afterwards, when they were wanted—that is to say, when the passions of their customers, the people, had calmed down into attentive appreciation.

This is merely one view of what is, after all, a very difficult question to decide, and be it far from us to say that the author of *Literary Epochs* has failed to prove by his examples what he asserts with his tongue. It may be that natural activity stirs up and goads genius from its obscurity, and that it is recognised brooding over the scene when the disturbance has passed away. If this is the author's meaning, he has much sound sense in his favour; action is the best mental tonic, but the cure is, in our opinion, assumed to be more rapid than is really the case.

This question apart, we regard *Literary Epochs* as a work calculated to open the door to much reflection. It is an attempt to group, chronologically, the greatest of the world's lights, and to account for their appearance in the mass. We are not aware that this has been undertaken before, and if Mr. Underhill's work is regarded in the light of an introduction to what is an immensely wide and difficult inquiry, it is not only worthy of special attention, but must be accorded its proper place in literature.

We consider the best chapter in the book to be "The Elizabethan Era," and the worst "America;" in fact, the latter is a mere sketch which has evidently not been filled in. We are not surprised at this, because, if Mr. Underhill would seek to identify the genius of the United States with periods of disturbance and commotion, he will, we think, find his theory anything but easy of demonstration.

OLD BOOKS UPON SWIMMING.

THE Natatory Art, as it is politely termed, has undergone little or no improvement since the days when Noah entered the Ark, rather than trust himself to the mercies of the deep sea. Then, as now, the great masters of the craft were not—curiously enough to relate—men, but in all probability frogs; and there is hardly an author of repute, from Wynman downwards, who has not introduced as his perfect model the skilful reptile referred to.

Dr. Franklin was a great paper authority upon swimming, and he lays down a number of distinct rules, nearly every one of which recognises the frog as the most perfect swimmer yet discovered. The frog, previous to making his leap into the puddle, takes a deep respiration—that is, if he has time—and this he does upon the principle that air has a buoyancy unpossessed by any other substance save gas. His method of "striking out" seems to be well-nigh perfect, and he can float with much elegance on the surface of the water.

Dr. Franklin acted quite logically when he drew up a series of rules based upon the actions of the frog; and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was logical also when it translated a whole article, including Dr. Franklin's remarks, from the *Cyclopédie Méthodique* without a word of acknowledgment. The English and Oxford Cyclopædias were clearly within their rights when they "conveyed" the translation as it stood, from the *Britannica*, also without a word of acknowledgment. *Chambers's Cyclopædia*, on the contrary, was clearly to blame when it ventured upon an original article, full from beginning to end of the most frightful blunders, betraying practical incompetence in its highest form. In plain English, "Chambers" threw over Dr. Franklin and the frog theory with the most disastrous results.

Should anyone search an encyclopedia upon the subject of "swimming," the above is precisely what he will find; if he wants original information from works of this class, he must go direct to the *Cyclopédie Méthodique;* if he wishes for a master of the art, he must yet turn to the frog, as his remote progenitors have been compelled to do before him.

Human beings, though they learn to swim with great expedition, are certainly not naturally gifted in this respect. Throw an unpractised hand into the water, and the chances are he will drown, and this because he has too much apprehension of the result, and, finding himself out of his element, gives himself up as lost. As author after author has demonstrated, if the man would remain quiet he *cannot* drown, it being in reality a much more difficult feat to remain under the water than to float on the surface. These paper rules are, however, useless; and although a drowning man may clutch with desperation at

the smallest piece of wood within his reach, he is deaf to advice, and in his struggles destroys the last chance of safety.

The above remarks comprise the pith of everything that has been written on the subject. All other information is superfluous; for with a frog as a guide, the aspirant has the best teacher that can be obtained.

Nicholas Wynman, the first English author on the art of swimming, bases his instructions on such sound common-sense, that his book, in a translated or modified form, is even yet accepted as an authority second to none. The art of swimming has undergone no change, and will always remain the same.

The book to which reference is made has the following title-page:

"Colymbetes, sive de arte natandi, dialogus et festinus et incundus lectu, per Nicolaum Wynman, Ingolstadii linguarum professorem publicum. Propertius lib. 2. Qualem purpureis agitarem fluctibus Hellen, Aurea quàm molli tergore vexit ovis. Anno M.DXXXVIII."

The leaves in the body of the work, which is excessively scarce, are not paged. For fifty years nothing seems to have been done to exemplify the remarks of Wynman; but in 1587 Everard Digby published his *De Arte Natandi*, copies of which are to be found in the British Museum, Bodleian and Lambeth Libraries. The work is in small 4to., and contains 114 pages (not numbered), and 44 whole-page woodcuts. The title reads as follows:

"De Arte Natandi. Libri duo, quorum Prior regulas ipsius artis, posterior verò praxin demonstrationemque continet. Authore Everardo Dygbeio, Anglo in Artibus Magistro. Londini Excudebat. Thomas Dawson, 1587."

This, then, is the second book published exclusively on swimming, and it is not too much to say that as it is itself based entirely upon the earlier work of Wynman, so all subsequent works of any repute are either copies or translations of this. An example of this will be found in the next work—chronologically speaking—which is by Middleton. The book differs from Digby's in this, that Middleton has discarded the whole of it except four chapters, which he simply translates word for word. The book is in small 4to.

"A short introduction for to learne to swimme: gathered out of Master Digbie's Booke, by Christopher Middleton. Lond. 1595."

The other three books which are all that were published to the close of the seventeenth century are each of them copied more or less from Digby and Wynman; the first-named being a word for word translation of the former author.

"The Compleat Swimmer; or, The Art of Swimming; Demonstrating the Rules and Practice thereof, in an Exact, Plain, and Easie Method. Necessary to be known and practised by all those who studie or desire their own Preserva-

tion. By William Percey, Gent. Lond. for H. Fletcher. 1658. 12mo. 92 pp. with the preface."

This book begins Book I., Cap. 3, of Digby. It is scarce.

"L'Art de nager, démontré par figures, avec des avis pour se baigner utilement. Par M. Thèvenot. À Paris, chez Charles Moette. rue de la Bouclerie. Avec privilege du Roi. 12mo. 12+xii. 47."

Published circ. 1696. Not worth much—a few shillings. Should have 39 plates, but usually found imperfect.

"The Art of swimming, illustrated by proper figures, with advice for bathing. By Monsieur Thèvenot. Done out of French, to which is prefixed a prefatory discourse concerning artificial swimming, or keeping one's self above water by several small portable engines, in case of danger. Lond. D. Brown. 1699. 12mo."

Forty engravings on wood.

AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN BOOK.

MANY of the younger members of the honourable guild of bookmen—both readers and writers—will doubtless regard it as quite a startling piece of literary intelligence to be told that Dr. Noah Webster, whose spelling-books, half a century ago, carried so much light and language into our public schools, and whose unabridged dictionary at a later period rendered him so famous that the world often insisted upon laying the mantle of the "godlike Daniel" upon his shoulders, was the author of a corrected, emended, and expurgated edition of the Scriptures, the New Testament of which was lettered on the back, "Webster's Testament." When one calls to mind the strong and wide-spread opposition to the revision of our day, although the work of a congress of the world's most pious and learned men, it does seem almost incredible that Dr. Webster was not at the very outset carried backward from his purpose by a deep and violent current of public opinion. There was some opposition, but apparently not enough to deter Webster from entering upon the task which he in after-life pronounced the grandest result of his scholarship.

Starting out with the postulate that the beauty of many passages and the sense of others had suffered injury from the fact that the lapse of two or three centuries had wrought changes in the meaning of many words, while it had permitted others to fall into disuse, he marked out for himself the following as the only logical course to pursue: 1. To substitute words and phrases now in general use for those now wholly obsolete or beneath the dignity of the subject. 2. To

correct all errors of grammar. 3. To insert euphemisms in the place of words that cannot with propriety be uttered before a promiscuous audience. He bravely faced the charge of arrogance which was made against him, and proclaimed that the revision was undertaken upon his own responsibility.

In a ten-page introduction Dr. Webster states and explains the alterations made by him. A few of the changes are noted, as follows: "Take no thought" becomes "Be not anxious." "Ship" of the New Testament is replaced by "boat." Festus tells Paul that he is "insane" instead of "mad." Light under a "bushel" is made to read "under a close vessel." The "beast" of the Apocalypse gives place to "living being." "Strain at a gnat," etc., is corrected to read "Strain *out* a gnat," etc. Recognising the fact that the term "hell" stood for the Hades of antiquity, Dr. Webster would have most willingly drawn his pen through it, as did the revisers in our day; but he durst not. The time had not yet come for so radical an emendation, and therefore he contented himself with a foot-note calling attention to the mistranslation of the term. The great lexicographer did his work thoroughly, carefully refraining, however, from altering the general style of the version.

The emended Bible—an octavo of 900 pages, printed by Hezekiah Howe and Co., and published by Durrie and Peck, New Haven—appeared in 1833. Webster boldly set his name upon the title-page, as follows: "With amendments of the language by Noah Webster, LL.D."

In 1839 an octavo edition of the New Testament was published by S. Babcock, New Haven, intended for the use of schools and academies, the welfare of which always lay close to Webster's heart. In 1841 a pocket edition of his Bible, in pearl type, was published by Webster himself. How rare Webster Bibles may be the writer is unable to say; but certainly it would be hard to conceive of a more interesting addition to the bookshelves of dealer or amateur than one of these proofs of Noah Webster's piety, courage, and erudition.

TITLE-PAGES.

ANY simpleton may write a book, but it takes a wise man to compose a correct title-page, one which states enough and no more than enough. Some writers exhaust their ingenuity in devising a quaint, curious, or striking title, and this done, they deem their task complete, and often disdain even to set their name upon the page, or, if they do, conceal it beneath some stupid *nom de plume*, made up at times of their own name spelt backward. Other authors appear to be possessed of the idea

that their titles must mislead the reader, and hence their brains are cudgelled to effect this purpose.

There are three ways of explaining Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera.* The title and sub-title of a book should be composed for the purpose of guiding the reader, not misleading him. It should be couched in plain, concise terms, telling exactly of what the book treats; and next in importance are the date and place of publication, for a title-page *sine loco et anno* is a monstrosity. An intelligent reader may, if he knows when and where the book was printed, succeed in getting at the kernel of the nut, provided it has any; but if these be omitted, he is at once at sea, for the name given as author may or may not be as set forth. It is hardly necessary to say that the names of the printer and publisher add value to a title-page.

In strictly logical enumeration a title-page ought to start out with a statement of place and date, then the name of the author, which in turn should be followed by the title of his work, and last of all the individual who publishes the book. "But why in this order?" may be asked. For the simple reason that time is the most essential element in the matter. A title-page which bears the name of Adams as author, without date and place of publication, might be ordered down from the book-shelves by a student in quest of points in the history of the American Revolution, only to prove to be some commonplace narrative by an Adams of our day.

Above all does the importance of a date become manifest when, as in many families, several generations follow the calling of *littérateur*, and often do not even take the trouble to append "Jun." to the family name. In such cases the date becomes of prime importance.

That the place of publication should occupy a prominent position upon a title-page must be apparent to everyone. The language used by the writer cannot be relied upon to supply this deficiency. English is the written language of half a dozen countries. French might indicate that the book had been written in Switzerland, Alsace or Canada, while Spanish without the *loco* would be still more misleading.

Objection might be made to placing the author's name above the title of his book; but is not this procedure strictly logical? What the intelligent student or reader desires to know, before going carefully through a book, is who wrote it, so that he may not have his labour for his pains. The world is not slow to make record of reliable writers in different branches of science and art, and these names should be set at the top of the title-page. They are the guarantee for which the scholar yearns.

The publisher's imprint is naturally of extreme importance, for it proclaims the "authorized edition," which has reaped all benefits of correction and revision at the hands of the writer. The student's mind is at rest upon an important point—he is enjoying the writer's best thought in its best printed form.

SHAKESPEARE'S SCHOOL-BOOKS.

SHAKESPEARE had probably learned to read at home with the aid of a "horn-book," such as he afterwards referred to in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i., 49: "Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on his head?"

This primer, in common use down to the middle of the last century, was a single leaf, set in a frame of wood and covered with a thin plate of transparent horn, from which it got its name. There was generally a handle to hold it by, and through a hole in the handle a cord was put by which the "book" was slung to the girdle of the scholar. In a book printed in 1731, we read of "a child, in a bodice coat and leading-strings, with a horn-book tied to her side." In 1715 we find mention of the price of a horn-book as twopence. The leaf had at the top the alphabet, large and small, with perhaps a list of the vowels and a string of easy monosyllables of the ab, eb, ib sort, and a copy of the Lord's Prayer. The alphabet was prefaced by a cross, whence it came to be called the Christ Cross Row, corrupted into "criss-cross-row," or contracted into "cross-row," as in *Richard III.*, I. i., 55, where Clarence says:

> He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
> And from the cross-row plucks the letter G.

At the grammar school Shakespeare studied little else save arithmetic and Latin, with perhaps a little Greek and a smattering of other branches. His first lessons in Latin were probably derived from two well-known books of the time—the *Accidence* and the *Sententiæ Pueriles*. From the first of these works the improvised examination of Master Page in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is almost verbally remembered. Recollections of the same book are to be traced in other of his plays. The *Sententiæ Pueriles* was probably the little manual by the aid of which he first learned to construe Latin, for in one place he all but literally translates a brief passage, and there are in his plays several adaptations of its sentiments. This book was sold for a penny, and contains a collection of brief sentences from many authors, including moral and religious paragraphs intended for the use of the boys on saints' days. The Latin grammar studied by Shakespeare was certainly Lily's, the standard manual of the time. Some of the grammars of the time have on the title-page the suggestive wood-cut of "an awful man sitting on a high chair, pointing to a book with his right hand, but with a mighty rod in his left." Lily's grammar, on the other hand, has the picture of a huge fruit-tree, with little boys in its branches picking the abundant produce We hope the urchins did not find this more suggestive of stealing apples than of gathering the rich fruit of the tree of knowledge within. The schoolmasters of that day were not likely to be remembered with much favour by their pupils in after years. "Whereas they make one schollar, they marre ten," says Peacham, who tells of one pedagogue who used to whip his boys of a cold morning "for no other purpose than to get himself a heate."

LITERARY NOTES.

As everyone knows, the immortal John Bunyan was at one time lodged in Bedford Gaol, where he remained for a considerable length of time. No little interest has lately been roused by the discovery of a copy of the warrant for his arrest. The original warrant itself would of course remain in the hands of the constables, and the warrant lately discovered can, therefore, be nothing more than a copy, obtained perhaps by some of Bunyan's friends with the view of moving for a *Habeas Corpus*. It will be remembered that the *Habeas Corpus* Act was passed in 1679, five years after the date of the warrant; but it had, nevertheless, been the custom since the days of Henry VI. to grant these writs at the instance of private subjects who complained of the detention of their friends in gaol. The following is a transcript of the warrant:

"To the Constables of Bedford and to every of them Whereas information and complaint is made unto us that (notwithstanding the Kings Majties late Act of most gratious
J Napier goodwill and free pardon to all his subjects for past misdemeanours that by his said clementie and indulgent guard and favor they might bee mooved and induced
W Beecher for the time to come more carefully to observe his Highness lawes and Statutes and to continue in theire loyall and due obedience to his Majtie) Yett one John
G Blundell Bunnyon of ye said Towne Tynker hath divers times within one month last past in contempt of his Majtie good Lawes preached or teached at a Conventicle
Hum : Monoux Meeting or Assembly under color or ptence of exercise of Religon in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practiss of the Church of England
Will Franklin These are therefore in his Majties name to comand you forthwith to apprehend and bring the Body of the said John Bunnion before us or any of us or other his Majties Justice of Peace within the said County to answer the premisses and
John Ventris further to doo and receave as to Lawe and Justice shall appertaine and hereof you are not to faile Given under our handes and seales this ffourth day of March in the seven and twentieth yeare of the Raigne of our most gracious Soveraigne Lord King Charles the Second Ao que Dne juxta gr 1674

Will Spenour
Will Gery St Jo Chernocke Wm Daniels T Browne W Foster
Gaius Squire"

ONCE more "Zadkiel" has issued his prophecies for the coming year, and it is announced to a gaping world that there will be a severe frost in January, and probably some snow. There will also be trouble for the King of Sweden, owing to the machinations of plotters at home and enemies abroad. The ladies are "to exercise great prudence in all affairs" during February, and those who are marriageable or who have money will "receive offers of marriage." Russia, Turkey, and Austria will be subject to an epidemic during August; and during May the Tzar of Russia will be on pins and needles—a very safe prediction, considering that that monarch has been in a similar condition for years. Travellers are warned off France and Italy during September; and in November the Count de Paris is not on any account to issue a manifesto. In the agricultural counties "Zadkiel" has got a very high reputation, and it is not so long since several hundred miners actually struck work because the prophet had declared that it was dangerous to "quarry from the bowels of the earth" on a certain day. "Raphael" and "Old Moore" have their believers as well as "Zadkiel," but their forecasts are received by the prudent with caution.

MRS. ALEX. CARLYLE, niece of the late Thomas Carlyle, has since June of the present year sent down to the birth-place of her illustrious uncle at Ecclefechan several interesting relics from the house in Cheyne Row. On the wall of the apartment in which Carlyle was born hangs the old Dutch clock from the Chelsea kitchen; and in the room there is also a chair from the drawing-room, a reading-table, and a reading-lamp and shade, a tobacco-cutter from Carlyle's bedroom cupboard, and a medallion of Sartor as he appeared about 1854. This is worthy of being recorded, for so quickly does time travel, and so speedily are even great men forgotten, that before long all remembrance of these relics will have died away.

THE question of what is the proper use of a public library was raised in a somewhat novel form at the conference of librarians held the other day at Birmingham. A Mr. Jones, of London, affirmed that a library was not a place to go to sleep in. He stated that he had visited a public library once, and found that out of a hundred persons present there were fifty asleep. It does not appear that any speaker ventured to maintain the opposite proposition, public libraries being of more recent institution than churches. The ingenious excuses for somnolence which have been formed in connection with the latter have not yet been transferred; but plainly some elucidation is wanted. It would be interesting to know what kind of literature acted as the chief soporific—whether a reader dozed most restfully over a volume of *Punch* or a volume of sermons. If the observer had pushed his inquiries with something resembling a scientific spirit, he might have discovered a specific for sleeplessness. What would the sufferer from insomnia not give to possess a volume warranted to induce slumber? The difficulty lies in the "warranty;" this apart, there are scores of books which would in all probability produce the desired effect in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. *A Father's Reasons for Repose* is one of them; but these volumes are legion—each slumberer can easily pick his author for himself.

IMITATION bronze plates for book-covers are now coming into use in the States. They are produced by embossing a metal-covered foundation plate of pasteboard or other suitable material, faced with silk, muslin, or cloth, which is then covered with a thin layer of metal-leaf, metal-covered paper, foil, tinsel, or bronze powder. The plate is then embossed by means of an embossing plate, into which the required design has been engraved or otherwise produced. The surface of the foundation plate is next sized and coated with pulverized graphite, bronze powder, or other metallic powder, over which a coat of varnish is placed to protect the bronze coating. The plates thus produced have the semblance of real bronze, present a handsome appearance, and can be used for a variety of purposes. By using bronze powders of different colours on the same plate a variegated effect may be imparted and the artistic appearance of the plate considerably enhanced.

IF the Japanese advance on the road towards civilization much further, they will die of a sheer surfeit, as all nations who follow an artificial system of living have done in the past and will do in the days to come. The progress of the Japanese is illustrated in a variety of ways, but perhaps in none so graphically as in their manufacture of newspapers and books. Of the former, scarcely half a dozen were in existence twenty years ago; there are now 551. Of the number of books in the empire we have no record, but some estimate may be made when it is said that there are 3,538 booksellers' shops. The Japanese are evidently voracious readers; and they ought to be, even if they are not, thoroughly well versed in the literature of the day.

WE have received the following catalogues: R. H. Sutton, 25, Princess Street, Manchester; Thomas Hayes, 50, Broke Road, Dalston, E.; B. Stretton, 7, London Lane, Hackney, E.; Charles Lowe, New Street, Birmingham; J. E. Cornish, 33, Piccadilly, Manchester; J. Salisbury, 4, Paternoster Row, E.C.; Matthew and Brooke, Sun Buildings, Bradford; F. A. Brockhaus, Leipsic, Germany; B. H. Blackwell, 50, Broad Street, Oxford; Andrew Iredale, Torquay (Voyages and Travels); J. R. Evans, 14, Magdalen Road, Oxford; George Redway, York Street, Covent Garden.

Also the following periodicals: Shakespeariana, Philadelphia, U.S.A; The Book Buyer, 743, Broadway, New York; The Printing Times and Lithographer, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; L'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin, Paris; Book Chat, 5, Union Square, New York; Australian Public Opinion, Sydney; The Curio, 6, Astor Place, New York; The Genealogist, Washington, U.S.A.; Magazine of American History, 743, Broadway, New York.

BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.

A NEW monthly magazine, entitled *The Curio*, made its first appearance in September last. It is published by R. W. Wright, of New York, and is devoted to the subjects of genealogy, biography, coins, autographs, books, old furniture, and bric-à-brac generally.

A NEW novel by Mr. G. F. Underhill, entitled *In at the Death*, has just been published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S volumes of Poems, entitled *My Ladie's Sonnets*, has met with a most satisfactory reception. The whole of the copies on large paper have been disposed of, and but few of the ordinary copies remain on sale. The work was privately printed, but the nominal publishers are W. and J. Arnold, 18, Redcross Street, Liverpool.

THE main interest of Sir Henry Layard's *Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia*, which Mr. Murray announces, lies in his journey through Persia and the country west of the Tigris, a district in which he has had scarce any, if even one, European forerunner or successor. He resided for many months with a chief of the Bakhtiyari tribe, as one of his own family, until the said chief was treacherously crushed by the Persians. On one occasion Mr. Layard was sold for £10, and in many instances he owed his life entirely to his own nerve and readiness.

THE absence of copyright between Spain and her colonies has given rise to an odd action for libel. Messrs. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, publish editions of Trueba's tales, and export them largely to South America. Señor Trueba wrote, complaining that these editions were printed without his leave, and that he had never received a farthing for them. A German newspaper reprinted the letter, and Messrs. Brockhaus at once brought an action against the editor, who in his defence quoted the definition of literary piracy in the *Conversations Lexicon*, a definition which did not say flattering things of literary pirates. The defendant obtained a verdict, and was also successful in an appeal brought by the angry publishers.

A NUMBER of special *Festschriften* were printed and distributed at Zürich by different local learned societies in honour of the thirty-ninth annual gathering of the German "Philologen und Schulmänner" in their city. The University *Festschrift* contained an essay by Prof. Arnold Hug, "Ueber die Testamente der Griechischen Philosophen." The writer, who was elected president of this year's assembly by the meeting in Giessen in 1885, was unhappily too ill to take part in the discussions. It also contains a paper by Prof. A. Kägi on the "Alter und Herkunft des Germanisches Gottesurtheils." The *Festschrift* of the Cantonal School has papers by MM. Wirz, Surber, Stiefel, and Suter. The subject chosen by M. Suter is the study of mathematics in the mediæval universities. M. Stiefel handles the Swiss tales of Jeremias Gotthelf (Bitzius), by which Mr. Ruskin has been fascinated. The *Festgruss* of the archæologists has an account of some Greek vases in Zürich by the Cantonal Librarian, Herr Müller. The Antiquarische Gesellschaft prints a treatise by Prof. Vögelin on Egidius Tschudi's epigraphical studies in Southern France and Italy. The author presents a hitherto unrecognised side of the character of the old Swiss historian, and claims a place for him in the ranks of the Humanists. The *Festschrift* of the Philological Society gives papers by Prof. Hitzig and Prof. Fröhlich.

A SERIES of articles, headed "How to form a Reference Library," has been running through Monday's issue of the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart* since the 11th of July last. These articles, which are written by Mr. J. H. Slater, will, when complete, deal with every department of literature, and are said to be the most exhaustive that have yet appeared on the subject to which they relate. The opening chapter, on "Philosophical Works of Reference," appeared on Monday, the 24th October last, and will continue for some weeks.

MR. J. R. DORE, of Huddersfield, the well-known expert on Biblical literature, is preparing a second edition of his *Old Bibles*. He is also about to make a series of slides for the magic-lantern, reproducing a large number of photographs of some old and rare Bibles in his collection. The slides will be especially useful for lecture purposes.

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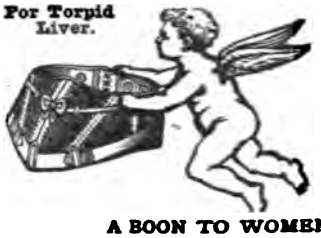
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